J. Watts de Peyster:

LL. D.

MASTER OF ARTS, COLUMBIA COLLEGE, OF NEW YORK, 1872.
ROSE HILL, in the TOWNSHIP of RED HOOK, near TIVOLI P. O., DUCHESS CO., N. Y.

January, 1886.

JUDGE ADVOCATE, with the rank of MAJOR 1849.
COLONEL N. Y. S. I., 1846; assigned for "*Meritorious Conduct*" 1849;
BRIGADIER GENERAL for "*Important Service*" [first appointment—in N. Y. State—to that rank, hitherto elective] 1851, M. F. S. N. Y.
ADJUTANT GENERAL, S. N. Y., 1855.
BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL, S. N. Y., for "*Meritorious Services*,"
[first and only General officer receiving such an honor (the highest) from S. N. Y., and the only officer *thus* brevetted (Major General) in the United States,]
by "*Special Act*," or "*Concurrent Resolution*." *New York State Legislature*, April, 1866.
(In the State Military Roster, "*Legislative Manual*" and "*Civil List*," as fifth Major-General, by Brevet, of the five Major-Generals, S. N. Y.)

LAWS OF NEW YORK, Vol. 2.—89th Session, 1866, Page 2142.

Concurrent Resolution requesting the Governor to Confer upon Brigadier-General J. WATTS DE PUYSTER [de Peyster] the brevet rank of Major [General] in the National Guard of New York.*

Resolved (if the Senate concur), That it being a grateful duty to acknowledge in a suitable manner the services of a distinguished citizen of this State, rendered to the National Guard and to the United States prior to and during the Rebellion, the Governor be and he is hereby authorized and requested to confer upon Brigadier General J. WATTS DE PUYSTER [de Peyster] the *brevet rank* of *Major-General* in the National Guard of New York, for meritorious services, which mark of honor shall be stated in the Commission conferred.

STATE OF NEW YORK, *in Assembly*, April 9th, 1866.
The foregoing Resolution was duly passed. *By order of the Assembly*,
J. B. CUSHMAN, Clerk.

STATE OF NEW YORK, *in Senate*, April 20th, 1866
The foregoing Resolution was duly passed. *By order of the Senate*,
* *So in original.* JAS. TERWILLIGER, Clerk.

MILITARY AGENT, S. N. Y. (in Europe), 1851-'53.
HONORARY MEMBER SECOND CLASS, of the MILITARY ORDER of the LOYAL LEGION of the U. S.
FIRST HONORARY MEMBER Third (Army of the Potomac) Corps Union.
HONORARY MEMBER of the THIRD CORPS RE-UNION ASSOCIATION, and MEMBER of COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS for the Grand Meeting of the Corps upon the Battlefield of Gettysburg.
HONORARY MEMBER of the CLARENDON HISTORICAL SOCIETY of Edinburgh, Scotland, and of the NEW BRUNSWICK (Canada) HISTORICAL SOCIETY (of St. John).
ASSOCIATE MEMBER of the MILITARY SERVICE INSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.
MEMBER—10th June, 1872, DIRECTOR—of the GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, and VICE-PRESIDENT of the SARATOGA [Battlefield] MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.
MEMBER of the NETHERLANDISH LITERARY ASSOCIATION
[*Maatschappij der Nederlandsche Letterkunde*], at Leyden, Holland.
RECIPIENT, 1856, of *Three Silver Medals* from H. R. M. OSCAR, King of Sweden and Norway, &c., for a Military Biography of LEONARD TORSTENSON, Field Marshal, Generalissimo; of a *Gold Medal* in 1852, from WASHINGTON HUNT [Governor S. N. Y.], for "Efforts to Improve the Military System of New York," &c., &c., and Suggestions for a Paid Fire Department with Steam Fire Engines, &c., &c.;
of a *Gold Medal*, only similar distinction ever ordered and directed, and conferred by the supreme military authority of the State of New York, by a Special Order, dated September 8th, 1851, of WASHINGTON HUNT, Governor and Commander in Chief of the Military Forces (S. N. Y.), authorized to be worn in attest of "*Zeal, Devotion and Meritorious Service*;"
of a *Gold Medal*, in 1852, from the FIELD and STAFF OFFICERS of his Command, 9th Briz., 3d Div., N. Y. S. Troops, "In testimony of their Esteem and Appreciation of his Efforts towards the Establishment of an efficient Militia," &c.;
in 1870, of a Magnificent *Badge, Medal* and *Clasps*, voted at the Annual Meeting of the Third Corps (Army of the Potomac) Union, held at Boston, Mass., Thursday, May 5th, 1870, when
A Resolution was adopted to present a *Gold Medal*, of the value of $500, to Gen. J. WATTS DE PEYSTER, of New York, as a testimonial of the appreciation by the Corps of his *eminent services* in placing upon record the true history of its achievements, and in defending its commanders and their men from written abuse and misrepresentation;
and of several other Badges, Medals, &c., for services in connection with the military service of New York State.
HONORARY MEMBER
of the NEW JERSEY and of the MINNESOTA and MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETIES, and of the PHRENOKOSMIAN SOCIETY of PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE, *Gettysburg*; of the PHILOSOPHIAN SOCIETY, *Missionary Institute, Selin's Grove*; of the DIAGNOTHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY of *Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster*; of the EUTERPEAN SOCIETY, *Muhlenburg College, Allentown, Penn.*, and of the GASMAN LITERARY and PHILOLOGIAN SOCIETIES of *Nebraska College, Nebraska City*.
HONORARY MEMBER of the LYCEUM SOCIETY, *Cazenovia, Madison Co., N. Y.*; and HONORARY MEMBER FOR LIFE of the AMERICAN RIFLE ASSOCIATION, to whom Gen. DE PEYSTER presented the most original, exquisite and unique *Gold Badge* and *Clasp*, to be shot for at the Annual Tests of Marksmanship.
HONORARY MEMBER of the NEW YORK BURNS CLUB.
(BURNS was a member of the *Dumfries Volunteers*, of which Col. ARENT SCHUYLER DE PEYSTER, 8th or King's Foot, B. A., was Colonel, to whom the "National Bard of Scotland" addressed just before his death, in 1796, "POEM ON LIFE"), and
LIFE MEMBER of the ST. NICHOLAS CLUB OF NEW YORK
(of which city JOHANNES DE PEYSTER—*first of the name in the New World*—was *Schepen*, 655; *Alderman*, 1666; *Burgomaster*, 1673; *Deputy Mayor*, 1677. *Mayoralty offered and refused*)
MEMBER
of the NEW YORK, of the RHODE ISLAND (Newport), and of the PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL SOCIETIES; HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK; AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION, and of the MILITARY ASSOCIATION of the STATE of NEW YORK, and of the CENTURY CLUB, New York City.
LIFE MEMBER
of the HISTORICAL SOCIETY of MICHIGAN, of the NEW YORK GALLERY OF FINE ARTS, of the ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE, in the City of New York, and Director of the NEW YORK INSTITUTION for the INSTRUCTION of the DEAF and DUMB, AMERICAN NUMISMATIC and ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY of NEW YORK, and of the HUGUENOT SOCIETY OF AMERICA, N. Y.
LIFE MEMBER or FELLOW of the AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY; of the ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN: PATRON of the ASSOCIATION for the BENEFIT of COLORED ORPHANS, and of the NEW YORK DISPENSARY;
LIFE DIRECTOR of the AMERICAN TRACT and LIFE MEMBER of the AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY, N. Y.
CORRESPONDING MEMBER
of the STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETIES of MAINE, of VERMONT, of RHODE ISLAND (Providence), of CONNECTICUT, and of WISCONSIN; of the LONG ISLAND, of the BUFFALO, and of ONEIDA COUNTY [S. N. Y.] HISTORICAL SOCIETIES; of the NEW ENGLAND HISTORICO-GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY; of the QUEBEC LITERARY and HISTORICAL SOCIETY; of the NUMISMATIC and ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY of PHILADELPHIA, Pennsylvania;
&c., &c., &c.

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MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

MARY,

QUEEN OF SCOTS.

A

STUDY.

"Behold, every one that useth proverbs shall use this proverb against thee, saying, 'As is the mother [progenitors], so is her daughter.'"

Ezekiel xvi., 44 (compare 38).

BY



"ANCHOR."



New York:

CHARLES H. LUDWIG, PRINTER, 10 & 12 READE STREET.

1882.

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Mary, Queen of Scots.

PREFACE

"NEBSECT was dearer and nearer to PENTAUR than any other of his associates. He admired his learning and skill; and when the slightly built surgeon, who was indefatigable in his wanderings, roved through the thickets by the Nile, the desert, or the mountain range, the young poet-priest accompanied him with pleasure and with great benefit to himself, for his companion observed a thousand things to which without him he would have remained forever blind; and the objects around him, which were known to him only by their shapes, derived connection and significance from the explanations of the naturalist, whose intractable tongue moved freely when it was required to expound to his friend the peculiarities of organic beings whose development he had been the first to detect."

GEORGE EBER'S "*Uarda*," I., iii., p. 35.

"The hollow orb of moving Circumstance
Roll'd round by one fix'd law."

TENNYSON'S "*Palace of Art.*"

"Because all words, tho' cull'd with choicest art,
Failing to give the *bitter* of the *sweet*,
Wither beneath the palate, and the heart
Faints, faded by its heat."

TENNYSON'S "*Dream of Fair Women.*"

CIRCUMSTANCES, as Byron says, "masters of men"—circumstances very peculiar, a mingling of the pleasant and the painful, led to this "STUDY." Its germ was a suggestion. It originated very much as if an amateur naturalist, turning the page and finding a mention of a recently extinct bird—like the Dodo (*Didus ineptus*) of the island of Mauritius, or *l'Inconnu* of the Isle de Bourbon, or the gigantic Moa of New Zealand—should become, at

once, so much interested as to look up every accessible fact in connection with a lost species. The historian, who seeks to investigate the hidden causes of manifest results, is influenced in a great degree by the same motives as the specialist in natural research. Psychology, likewise, frequently steps in with mysterious speculations which stimulate curiosity, until at length not merely a few but numerous dissimilar lines of thought, unite—like many variegated threads in a rich tissue—to render the researches and reflections more and more interesting. Thus the mind becomes completely absorbed in the investigation. Such a subject is the career of Mary, Queen of Scots, which has enlisted so many able pens, excited so much feeling, and aroused such bitter antagonisms, that, strange to say, they are—contrary to the rule—rather intensified than weakened by the lapse of time.

Thus from works, the most superficial while agreeable, like "The Abbot" and "Tales of a Grandfather," of Sir Walter Scott, the investigation has gone on, through many uniting the "*utile cum dulce*," to others deeper and dryer, until it has ended in the examination as well as the accumulation of enough of books to form a small library.

When this "Study" was commenced, it was intended to embrace the whole life of Mary. But as it went deeper and deeper into the subject, it became apparent that Mary's life as an independent existence ended with her parting from Bothwell at Carberry Hill. In the full sense of the

word she never again was a perfectly free agent. What is more, her reign as a reality, terminated at that crisis. Afterwards she became an ideality. The dethroned Queen Mary was not the Mary Stuart for whom men lost their senses on beholding her and listening to her. From the moment that she fell into the hands of Elizabeth, her power consisted altogether in the imagination of those who saw in her the head of a party and a suffering saint,—a wronged princess and a victim, without assistance destined to become a martyr.

There are admirable works that treat of all the phases of Mary's romantic life, but certainly the best three are John Hill Burton's "History of Scotland,"—which covers her entire career; Leader's "Mary Queen of Scots in Captivity, 1569—1584," and Schiern's "Life of Bothwell." An excellent article on Mary appeared in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, No. 273, for February, 1873. The latter is perhaps the best accessible compendium.

After this "Study" was elaborated and already in the hands of the printer, a book turned up, by chance, which is one of the most remarkable and interesting ever published about Mary. It is entitled, "*Histoire de Marie Stuart*," a work in two large 12mo. volumes, and was published in Paris, in 1850. Its author is J. M. Dargaud. This "*History*" takes very much the same view as this "Study" in regard to the paramount influence exercised upon Mary by Bothwell, and makes him out what he was, *the* in-

dividual on whom Mary lavished the matured strength of her affection, confidence and fealty.

Dargaud's "*History*" is almost unsparing of Mary in many respects, and with these this "Study" is entirely at disagreement. Her history—even if she was as abandoned as Dargaud represents her—under the circumstances of the case, in a *manly* heart, should excite only the highest degree of pity, and inspire an attempt at palliation.

Finally, let readers remember, that the *effect* of testimony depends on temperament, experience, observation, and other physical and mental peculiarities which are beyond the control of the individual, because they are innate as well as the results of growth and development. Perfectly cool and dispassionate judgment is as rare as absolute truth. Therefore the opinion of any student who approaches his subject with a desire to do justice, examines, analyzes, criticises, and determines, his—such an opinion—is worthy of courteous consideration, and no one has a right to impugn *his* integrity or *its* honesty.

This "Study" is the expression of such an opinion. If it can be shown to involve error, the author replies with the Greek champion,

"Give me but light and Ajax asks no more."

Portraits of Mary.

REALITIES VERSUS IDEALITIES.

"And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively *portraiture* display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid."
MILTON'S "*Il Penseroso*."

"The *portrait* soothes the loss it can't repair,
And sheds a comfort even on despair."
SOUTHGATE'S "*Many Thoughts of Many Things*."

"A picture is a poem without words."
HORACE.

"Mary Stuart was an admirable actress; rarely, perhaps, on the world's stage has there been a more skilful player."
FROUDE'S "*History of England*," VIII., 367.

THAT no engraved portrait of Mary is presented with this "STUDY" is due to the conviction that it is very questionable if any reliable portrait of her—in the flower of her age and charms—exists. John Daniel Leader, in his "Mary Queen of Scots in Captivity," furnishes a likeness, "reproduced by permission of the Duke of Devonshire and of the Marquis of Hartington, from the famous 'Sheffield Portrait' preserved in Hardwick Hall. The original

is painted on oak panel, and represents the Queen, in her thirty-sixth year, as anything but the beautiful woman traditionally described. She has, also, *a very decided cast in the right eye*, which the artist, with some skill, has rendered less obvious by representing her as looking towards the left. The upper portion of the picture, down to the hands, is reproduced in this volume with striking fidelity; but the lower part of the dress, the table on the right, and the carpet on which the Queen stands, though approximately correct, are not entirely so, owing to the difficulty of expressing in photography so dark an image as this old painting shows."

Before proceeding with further quotations from Mr. Leader, it seems pertinent to remark that this portraiture in colors is not irreconcilable with the portraits in words by Brantome, Michelet, and others; always bearing in mind, however, the remark of Froude, that she was "an admirable actress," and "rarely, perhaps, on the world's stage has there been a more skilful player."

She was accomplished in the highest degree. Even after her marriage she devoted two hours a day to study. She was a poet—that is, not a Sappho, but a rhymster who produced verses not much worse than the poets who made a mark at that time in France. She was a musician, doubtless a good one for her rank. She declaimed well; and in French, which was in fact her own language, she wrote with force.

Brantome, who knew her personally, bears witness that her prose was excellent. She was eminent in epistolary composition, of which he says, "I have seen some very beautiful, very eloquent and dignified specimens." Her letters, which have been preserved, if not retouched or remodelled by her secretaries, are sufficient evidence of her ability in that line. "Conversing, she used very gentle, winning and agreeable language, mingled with a suitable majesty, a very discreet and modest propriety, but above all an extreme grace. Even her native tongue, which in itself is very rustic, barbarous, harsh and inflexible, she spoke with such a grace, and managed so deftly, that she made it seem very elegant and very agreeable as coming from her lips, although not so in the mouths of others." The French chronicler then goes on to say that, if she appeared so charming in the barbarous costume of Scotland, what a glorious picture did she present in that elegant and rich apparel made according to the French or Spanish fashion, or with an Italian head-dress, or again—when she appeared, as often styled, "*La Reine Blanche*"—in the white of her deep widow's mourning. In that she was something lovely indeed to contemplate, for, in it, the fairness of her complexion rivalled the whiteness of the veil which she wore, to such a degree that her skin of snow outshone the spotlessness of the tissue. She shone a goddess, whom to behold there was no other choice than to die or succumb—"*mourir ou d'estre pris.*" Thus, truly captivating did

this princess appear in every style of dress, whether barbarous, wordly, or austere. In addition, she possessed enough perfection to set the world on fire with her remarkably sweet and gentle voice, for she sang with judgment—adjusting her tone to the lute which she played very prettily with those beautiful white hands, and lovely symmetrical fingers which even an Aurora might have envied. Brantome then bursts into a rhapsody, and declares that the sun in Scotland was inferior in brilliancy to her, since, at certain periods of the year, it does not shine over five hours in the day, whereas she shone always, so that her country and her people had no need of other light. This, however, was nothing more than what Chastelard sang of her, that on her return voyage to her native country, amid the night and fog there was no need of lanterns and torches, for her eyes were brilliant enough to illuminate the enveloping darkness. There is nothing in all this eulogy—the generalities of characteristics rather than the details of likeness—inconsistent with the "Sheffield" or "Hardwick Portrait," which develops dignity, and is conspicuous for an exceedingly fair complexion and well-formed hands with long, tapering fingers.

Michelet, who certainly did not love Mary or her Guisan connections, says, "there never was a like bewitching creature (*fée*). Her beauty, celebrated by contemporaries, was the least element of her power. Trustworthy portraits represent her with decided red (auburn?) hair, with

that fine transparent and pearly skin which was peculiar to her mother's brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine; piercing eyes, although brown, *which*, on occasion, *could assume a very hard expression.* Marvellously acquainted with books, facts, and men, she was a politician at ten years of age. At fifteen she governed the Court, carried every one away with her conversation, with her charms, influenced every heart. This prodigy of the Guises, like every other member of that family, possessed every gift except discretion and good sense. Visionary in spite of her intrigue, with so much appearance of ruse and cunning, she nevertheless fell into every trap set for her. All foresaw that in this flame the royal youth (her husband Francis II.) would soon be consumed."

"The Duke of Alva, a very acute observer, expressly declared, 'that he [Francis] died of Mary Stuart'—who tried on every one she sought to gain 'the various resources of her passionate and subtle nature.'"

Again, after a long interval of silence, Michelet resumed his work upon this likeness. "All the world knows by heart the intensely beautiful verses, in which Ronsard, this time the true as well as the great poet, recalls the charming impression, solemn and melancholy, which he experienced when he beheld Mary under her white veils of widowed queen in the forest of Fontainebleau, when the trees, the old oaks, the savage pines, bowed themselves and saluted her as 'a holy thing.' Ineffaceable remembrance and un-

ceasingly renewed by the poets of all parties. Our most serious [French] historians became subjected to the sorcery. I, myself [Michelet], could not have resisted it, if I had not had so many proofs which demonstrate that in this fatal sorceress were concentrated all that constituted the peril of the world."

"Her portraits also, it must be confessed, at least the most reliable, protest against the legend. In the Great Library, that of Ste Genevieve, at Versailles, we catch a glimpse of the fantasmagorial charm of this pale rose in prison. But, at the same time, the *long face*, framed in a white head-dress of a *beguine* or nun, reveals the genius of the Guises. The small mouth, tightly shut; the eye, fixed and lowering, do not indicate in the slightest degree the gentle resignation which gave birth to so many mendaciously favorable stories. They bespeak the Queen, and not the Saint. All these clearly betray the tragic violence which avenged upon Darnley his offence against her royalty, and which, without scruple, accepted the murder of Elizabeth."

All the portraits of distinguished personages of the period of Mary were highly flattered. They were so of necessity. Had they been faithful, Elizabeth would have been handed down as a fright. Elizabeth, if not positively ugly, certainly was no beauty. With the colors of flattery, laid on by sycophantic brushes, she became a goddess, a Venus. Mary, with undoubted claims to a certain loveliness, had a

royal right to an even greater perversion of art. Nevertheless, truth has the right to ask, how would Mary appear divested of her witcheries which cannot be transferred to canvas, her grace, her voice which was music, her gesticulation which was eloquence, her hundred attractions each of which was a powerful magnet to draw susceptible souls to her and fix them; or, to change the simile, lures like those of an existing fish, which arouses the appetites of smaller species, invites, and then devours them.

According to Chalmers, her advocate and panegyrist, "As Mary's mother [Mary of Guise] was one of the largest of women [all the Guises were tall*], so was she [Mary] of higher stature than Elizabeth [tall and large], as we learn from Melville, while Elizabeth considered her own as the only true standard of perfection. Elizabeth's hair was *more red than yellow*, says Melville, while Mary's was light auburn; with chestnut colored eyes. Mary had Grecian features, with a nose somewhat out of proportion long—as her father's was. The Queen of Scots seems to have been the handsomest of the two, according to the general opinion. [Very slight praise *this.*] Elizabeth asked Melville, whether she, or his Queen,

*For instance, after Mary Stuart's cousin, Henry of Guise, had been assassinated at Blois, by order of Henry II., the King, having stepped out the length of the corpse as it lay, outstretched, dead, observed: "Ah! how tall he is. Even taller dead than living!" (MICHELET, X., 299.)

danced best? He said, my Queen danced not so high and disposedly as Elizabeth did; and he might have added, that his Queen danced most gracefully, though this would have been amiss. Elizabeth had clothes of every country, which on each successive day she changed, preferring, however, the Italian dress. Mary had a great variety of dresses, as we learn from her wardrobe accounts, though they were not more numerous than Elizabeth's. Mary had ten pair of woolen [wolven] hois [hose] of gold, silver, and silk; three pair of woven hois of worsted Guernsey. She had thirty-six pair of velvet shoes pasmental (laced) with gold and silver. She had six pair of gloves of worsted of Guernsey. The two Queens seem to have delighted in dress; and it is not easy to decide which of them was the best provided."

"They were both learned women, according to the fashion of the time: Elizabeth read Greek with Ascham; Mary read Latin with Buchanan. The minds of both were highly cultivated: but Elizabeth possessed in a high degree the masculine faculty of decision and action. Mary, though superior, as a woman, was defective in this quality of a sovereign; a defect this, which she had learned at the court of France, where she saw the sovereign constantly yielding an easy assent to a predominant minister. And only on two occasions, in which she was personally interested, did she act powerfully; the first, when she resolved not to ratify the Treaty of Edinburgh; the second, when

she determined to marry Darnley. She would have been a blessing, as a queen, to any civilized country, with ministers of any talents, any honesty, any honor. From her arrival among her people, to the passing moment, she had borne her faculties so meekly; her conduct was so gracious, and her manner was so full of serenity and goodness, that she was the subject of every one's eulogy, from Melville to Randolph; all except the reformed ministers, whose charity led them to regard their sovereign as an idolater, who, as such, ought to be maligned and opposed. We have seen how familiarly she took her place in her privy council, with her work bag in her hand, and some pleasant observation on her tongue."

This comparison recalls the *Epigram* of CATULLUS, translated by *Elton:*

"Quintia [Elizabeth] is beauteous in the million's eye;
Yes, beauteous in particulars, I own:
Fair-skinn'd, straight-shaped, tall-sized: yet I deny
A beauteous whole: of *charmingness* there's none:
In all that height of figure there is not
A seasoning spice of that—I know not what;
That *piquant* something, grace without a name;
But Lesbia's air is charming as her frame;
Yes—Lesbia [Mary], beauteous in one graceful whole,
From all her sex their single graces stole."

As also the *Epigram* of CAPITO, translated by *Fawkes:*

"Beauty, without the graces, may impart
Charms that will please, not captivate, the heart;
As splendid baits without the bearded hook
Invite, not catch, the tenants of the brook."

In 1575, Mary, in writing to her ambassador, in Paris, observes: "There are some of my friends in this

country who ask for my portrait. I pray you have four of them made, which must be set in gold, and sent to me secretly, and as soon as possible."

"Does not this passage throw some light on that curious subject, the portraiture of Mary Stuart? Likenesses bearing her name abound in the old houses of England, yet few of them can be proved genuine, and *many are utterly irreconcilable with the idea that they represent the same face.* This letter offers a solution of the puzzle. The portraits were ordered from France, probably copied hastily from some picture there, and were distributed rather as tokens of recognition, than with any idea of recalling the features of a familiar face. Some would go to persons who had never seen the Queen of Scots, and would be prized, not because they were likenesses, but because they were her gifts. Hence we find all those strange diversities of features and of complexion which have perplexed enquirers, and led some to ask whether the Queen of Scots were a chameleon in her frequent changes of appearance.

"The month of August [1577] had been passed at Sheffield Castle, where one of the Queen's recreations was *sitting for her portrait.* The work was not quite completed at the end of the month, but the artist had very nearly applied the last touches, and the Queen hoped to be able to send it to her friends in France by the first opportunity that might arise. Most probably the picture was the one now preserved at Hardwick Hall. * * * It is

known as the '*Sheffield Picture*,' and bears the date 1578. Mr. George Scharf, F. S. A., Keeper of the National Gallery, regards this picture as the original from which the Morton, the Hatfield, and others have been painted. He says: 'There are in existence several pictures of this type, and all of them bearing the same inscription and date. They are on panel, and exhibit precisely the same details of dress, and peculiarities of countenance; but they are full length, and represent the Queen standing on a Persian carpet, the pattern of which is drawn without any regard to perspective. The feet are concealed by the long dress. Her left hand hangs down, with the fingers wide spread, touching the end of her rosary. * * * The actual original of these pictures appears to be the Cavendish one, still preserved in Hardwick Hall, and is the property of the Duke of Devonshire. It is the counterpart of the rest, but has on the cross wooden rail of the table, in the left hand corner, the name of the artist, a French one, thus: 'P. Ovdry, Pinxit.'

"Precisely similar pictures, with the same inscription and date, 1578, on the background, are preserved at Hatfield House (probably intercepted by Burghley), Cobham Hall, the seat of the Lennox family, and at Welbeck, a seat of the Cavendish family. But the name of the artist occurs only on the Hardwick portrait."

"Again, speaking of the groups of authentic portraits, Mr. Scharf says: "In these portraits there are certain

destinctive points which they all possess in common. The most remarkable among them is the color of the eyes. They are decidedly brown, sometimes of a yellowish hue (hazel), but more frequently of an absolutely *reddish color, like chestnut*, or the paint known to artists as burnt sienna. With this, as seen in pictures of Venetian women, especially by Paris Bordone, the white of the eye assumes a blueish tint. In all these portraits there is a *sharp and almost a cunning expression* in the eyes. The form of the nostrils is also very peculiar. The lip often has a V-like dip in the centre, with a strong depression at the corners, and the lower lip by no means protruding. Her cheek bones are very high, and there is a singular space—especially observable in the monument—between the eyes and ears. The eyebrows are raised and arched, although not strongly defined, and the forehead is lofty and capacious."

"Dr. Chalmers also refers to the portraits of the Queen of Scots, in the introduction to his work on her life. He says: "It is a point of much less importance, even in the life of such a queen, to ascertain what were her characteristic features as a woman. Robertson, the late historian of her reign, professed not to know whether her hair or eyebrows were black or brown; whether her eyes were black or blue, whether her nose was long or short; whether her complexion was fair or dark."

"In this state of uncertainty, in respect to her characteristic features, the late *Earl of Hardwick entertained some*

doubts whether she had ever been as handsome as flattery had feigned. If his lordship had founded his opinion on a view of the 'Hatfield' Mary, he might well doubt. The portrait has the features of Mary, but not the youth and beauty, the elegant manners and captivating address of the Queen of Scots."

"*To arrive at a portrait to satisfy his* IDEAL, Chalmers entrusted Mr. Pailou, "a very ingenious artist," with a commission to *construct* a portrait from the different authorities, taking the Morton picture as the basis of his work. In reporting upon what he had done, Mr. Pailou said: "I found the same contour that I had obtained from sketches and drawings, the principal difference arising from the characteristic traits of the marble [of the monument in Westminster Abbey] being more strongly marked than the drawings and prints, which enabled me more accurately to define the true form of the features. The statue discovered also to me," he adds, "two traits which had not been expressed in any one of the drawings, viz., a small degree of flatness at the point of the nose, and a gentle indentation in the chin. A slight indication, indeed, was given in the French print, as I afterwards observed. From this inspection of the tomb, my picture was considerably advanced by the introduction of these two traits, and by augmenting the prominence of the upper part of the forehead, which appeared in the marble to project very much."

"After this great advance," continues Mr. Pailou, "I examined several pictures of Mary, wherein I saw dark gray eyes, instead of chestnut colored, and black hair, instead of light auburn. The picture at Scots' Hall, Fleet Street, is a whole length in black, which we afterward discovered to have been copied from Lord Salisbury's Mary, at Hatfield; *the copyist, however, having lost the likeness by endeavoring to make the face handsomer than the original.*"

"I was now carried," continues Mr. Pailou, "to the whole length Mary in the library at Hatfield. *This picture appeared to me to have been painted with a strict attention to the minuteness of nature, and has much more truth than taste.* It gives scarcely any idea of the beauty of the personage which it represents; it looks as if the original had been fifty, and has an unpleasant expression of sorrow and dejection; yet, *it is the only picture that I have seen of Mary, which then appeared to me to be an original.* And the artist seemed to me to have aimed at making the face handsome, by making it very smooth; it, however, gives a very clear and distinct idea of the real form of the features, and was of great use to me in determining the particular and minute turns of those parts of the face that constitute individuality. This picture, if it were handsome, would be extremely like the figure on the tomb of Mary; as it is, they bear, indeed, mutual testimony of each other's likeness to the original."

In the examination of a small library of books quite a number of portraits were encountered, each one differing from the other. The best looking undoubtedly is the manufactured one according to Leader. In Raumer's work ("Contributions to Modern History from the British Museum and State Paper Office") is found the following note in regard to the engraving inserted therein: "The portrait of the Queen of Scots, prefixed to this volume, is reduced from a contemporary original drawing, slightly sketched with chalk, touched here and there with colored crayons, for a fac-simile of which the author is indebted to the kindness of Mr. Charles Lenormand. It belongs to a series of portraits of distinguished personages in the French Court, from Henry II. to Charles IX., which is preserved in the royal collection of engravings at Paris. The name of the artist who drew them is uncertain. Dumoustier, whose fine portraits in red chalk are well known, was of the time of Henry III.: they might rather be ascribed to François Chouet, named Janet, similar portraits by whom are in the possession of Earl Carlisle, in Castle Howard. Though the face may appear older, the Queen must be here represented before her marriage with Francis II., in her sixteenth year, when she received a conventual education. In the original the hair is of a light color; and this agrees with the fact that a lock, which is preserved in a Scotch family as a relic of the Queen, is blonde."

Analyzing Brantome's language, she might have pos-

sessed all the advantages which he enumerates, many of which are recognizable in the extraordinary portrait—strongly authenticated—presented in his admirable volume, by Mr. Leader, and yet not be accounted at this day a very handsome woman, or perhaps in any day except as a queen. A charming or even a fascinating woman it is very likely that she was, and in the highest degree. When she was executed she had not yet reached her forty-fifth year; and it is extremely probable that Froude exaggerates when he speaks of her wrinkled ugliness after her head was held up by the executioner. The official report of Mary's execution by an anonymous eye-witness contradicts Froude, and states (Reaumer, 388), "she was of stature tall, corpulent, and somewhat roundly-shouldered; her face fat and broad." Another authority speaks of her hair already white (Bell, II., 144), which she did not fear nevertheless while living to display, nor to curl and crimp, exactly as when it was so beautiful, so blonde, of a pale yellow. There may be some possibility of reconciling blonde hair in early youth with dark brown hair at maturity, for such a change is by no means uncommon. Many persons have witnessed tow-colored hair in children become brown at puberty and almost black long before middle life.

It often happens, very curiously, that when a "Study" like the present is undertaken, accident reveals facts and authorities which no reasonable amount of money could command and no ordinary research could discover. One

of these was a copy of a rare engraving which settles the relative height of Mary. She must have been an unusually tall woman, for this picture is of herself and Darnley standing side by side, and she nearly equals him in height. As it is well known that Darnley was a very tall man, so much so that Queen Elizabeth styled him on that account "yonder *long* lad," Mary's height must have been such as is rarely seen in ordinary society, and this agrees with her figure as represented in the "Hardwick" or "Sheffield Portrait." The inscription below the engraving reads as follows: "Mary Stuart, Queen of France and Scotland, and Henry Lord Darnley, her husband: Engraved by R. Dunkarton after a drawing from the unique print by R. Elstrake, in the possession of [Sir] St. Mark Masterton Sykes, Bart."

Another remark is necessary. The face in this picture resembles that in Raumer's work already referred to, but the cheeks are much fuller than in the "Hardwick Portrait." This discrepancy is again easily reconciled, because the last named was painted after she had experienced long years of suffering, sickness and sorrow. Nevertheless, it is said that she actually took on flesh subsequently.

To present the plain truth it would seem that Mary was what would be considered a very tall woman, lithe, well formed, stately—with a long face, a disproportionally long nose, light chestnut hair gradually growing darker, with eyes to correspond, not large but susceptible of ex-

treme brilliancy, and long, beautiful, symmetrical arms and long tapering fingers. She was very active and astonishingly enduring, graceful in every movement, fascinating in expression and in voice, a very charming musician, a deft embroiderer and needle-woman. Still with all this, if she had not been a queen and extolled, she might not have ranked as a surpassingly beautiful person. Her exalted rank, her careful education, her brilliant surroundings, all lent attractions to a face and figure which in ordinary life might have passed comparatively unnoticed.

All "action is the result of forces" and every human being is a "product," the sum of a long process of additions of qualified sums, of less or greater values. Such was Mary. She was the hot-bed flower of seeds sown in successive soils stimulated to their highest capacity for the production of a rank or rich plant.

If, in painting a portrait, a disciple of Holbein or of Durer, or of Michael Angelo, all realists, is to be pushed aside, and a follower of Giorgione, of Carlo Dolce, or of Raphael be substituted at the easel, what a different picture will grow beneath the brush of inspiration in drawing and in color; the commonplace in the eye and under the hands of the latter will glow in all the perfection of delicate lines and exquisite tints.

Weighing all these silent yet speaking testimonies, this "Study" has evolved a result of its own from the discordance, and evoked from the battlefield—almost chaotic in

the wreck of centuries of conflicts, bloody, bitter, truceless, with which it is strewn—a new creation, the product of comparison, analysis and thought—a Mary Stuart who lost her head at Fotheringay Castle in 1587, but has reappeared from time to time to captivate men's hearts and wring men's souls. She lives in our generation, and will live as long as the sexes are distinct.





HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

"Thy birth and thy nativity is of the land of Canaan; thy father was an Amorite and thy mother was a Hittite." EZEKIEL, xvi. 3.

"O, thou seed of Canaan and not of Judah, beauty hath deceived thee, and lust hath perverted thy heart." THE HISTORY OF SUSANNAH, §§ 56.

"Thy father Genoese, thy mother Greek,
Born on the seas; *who truth in thee would seek?*
False Greece, Liguria's false, and false the sea;
False all: and all their falsehoods are in thee."
BUCHANAN, in "*Collection of Epigrams*," *1735*.

"She seems at point to speak:
Now she lies back, and laughs, with her brows drawn,
And her lips drawn, too. * * * *
They will not slay him in her sight. *I am sure*
She will not have him slain——"
"*Nay, he is dead and slain*——"
SWINBURNE'S "*Chastelard*."

THE arrogance of man, his over-estimate of his powers, leads him willingly to accept the Arminian doctrine of "free will," because it ministers to his self-importance. If he would only study closely and reflect conscientiously, he would recognize the force of the philosophical axiom, that "all action is the result of forces," and that every human being is neither more nor less than a "*product*."

The rigid doctrine of predestination is one of no recent promulgation. It does not date from Calvin, who is accepted as its stern—nay, pitiless—exponent; nor from the great and glorious St. Paul, who taught it in language unmistakable to those who will analyze and compare; but it is to be found throughout the Scriptures, the facts of which have never been successfully controverted, but always firmly corroborated by recent discoveries. It is not confined to the Old Testament, but was accepted by every one of the ancient religions, all of which originated in the "Morning Land,"—the East, the cradle of the Adamite or civilizing family to which we belong. These again, are children of the Ur-glaube which was an inspiration, the nerves or veins of which are to be discerned by the microscope, if not by the eye, running through all the subsequent faiths: just as in a polished slab of variegated marble it is possible to detect throughout veins of certain colors. Of all the philosophers of antiquity, the purest and the noblest were the Stoics, and they held to the idea that men were the creatures of destiny—factors, instruments; and a learned divine of our day, in a marvellous work, "Judaism at Rome," has shown that Stoicism was founded on the revelations of the Jewish Scriptures, of which the canon, acknowledged as inspired, was closed before Rome had a literature.

Men are simply "products," creatures of time, place and circumstance. They struggle, and strive, and dream,

that, swimming, they can direct their course upon the river of Time, when, after all, the current of Destiny, with more or less rapid and imperial impetus, is only carrying them on, in spite of all their vain and furious efforts, whither it was originally intended that they should be impelled, whether to be submerged or safely thrown ashore. Inscrutable! the force of the inevitable urges them on, and even the very philosophy with which they passively accept, or the passion with which they frantically resist, or the weakness with which they foolishly complain, is only part and parcel of the fearfully inexorable. Investigation and reflection must recognize that, after all, the constructions of human reason, labor and determination, single or combined, topple over like houses of cards beneath the influence of the slightest form of the irresistible—the terrible MUST BE. Thus men are born, thus they live, and thus they die, without the slightest power to hinder, avert or change, until they reach—what? Who can answer? That which man accepts as the voice from beyond the grave in response to his anxious appeal, is nothing but the echo of his own hope, his own wish, and his own education.

These remarks are an almost sufficient explanation of the life of Mary, Queen of Scots. If she had been different from what she was, she would have been what no one ever yet has proved to be—an original creation; because she would have presented the anomaly—a product

which could not be resolved back into the original quantities of which it was composed.

The Stuarts were a fated race. The decrees of Destiny seemed to pursue their steps. Read their history. It presents scarcely an example of what is ordinarily termed a prosperous, a peaceful or a painless career.

Not to go back further than her great grandparents—although the retrospect might be continued almost indefinitely—how clearly does investigation reveal qualities that aggregated in Mary. With characteristics brilliant and beneficial, her father, James V., was a creature of passion. He left one legitimate child—Mary; six natural children who became invested with high dignities—one the famous Regent Murray—and a crowd of unknown and unrecognized offspring. The mother of Mary, Mary of Guise, although her chastity is not impugned, was a mistress of intrigue and a bigot with occasional glimpses of judgment, which last was particularly manifested in her last moments, when the hand of death was removing the veil with which passion had hitherto obscured her vision.

One remark of hers is a revelation, nothing more is needed. To a "deputation from the Congregation," she observed: "It became not subjects to burden their princes with promises, further than it pleaseth them to keep the same." (Burton, III, 350.)

"As is the mother, so is the daughter."

James IV., the grandfather of Mary, was little better

than her father, with this difference, that he was less choice in his amours. He was a libertine, redeemed by chivalric bravery. Through this quality, and characteristics which are often inseparable from it, he won the golden opinions of the world, and diverted censure. The same vices in his father, James III., were dealt with far more severely. His favorite mistress was known among the people by a contemptuous epithet—"the Daisy." On the other hand, the mistresses of James V. manifested themselves in splendor; and, through the liberality of the King, were enabled to win the admiration of an ignorant people.

James I. was murdered; James II. was killed by the bursting of a cannon; James III. was assassinated; James IV. died in battle, fighting like a common trooper, and, as in the case of Marmion, it is questionable if his body was ever identified. The corpse supposed to be his was not interred with his race, and his remains eventually experienced a most ignoble end. James V. died of a broken heart, with the prophecy on his lips that "It [the crown] came with a lass [the Stuarts obtained the throne by marrying a daughter of Bruce] and it will go with a lass." Mary was the last Sovereign of independent Scotland, and she fulfilled the dreadful destiny of her family on the scaffold.

On the mother's side, Mary was a Guise. With all the zeal and fantasmagorial surroundings of the greatest earthly success, calamity presided over the destiny of this

family as well as over that of the Stuarts. Humanity, short-sighted and deluded, forgets the marvellous saying of Solon to Crœsus, that "no man should be pronounced happy until his end was known." The remembrance of this wrung from the once prosperous King of Lydia that appeal to the past: "O Solon! Solon! Solon!" which saved him from the funeral pyre, and won him the friendship of Cyrus. The great Persian appreciated the foresight of the Greek philosopher and was touched with pity. Perhaps, he saw from the height of his mightiness, far off, in the dim future, a portent of his own most disastrous end. The story of Polycrates, Tyrant of Samos, is still more pertinent. The apparent favorite of the gods ended his career in the torments of crucifixion.

The first and grandest Guise, the capturer of Calais and the defender of Metz, the great idol of the Roman Catholic faction in France, was assassinated by Poltrot, a Huguenot gentleman, incited to the act by the cruelties which Guise had perpetrated upon his co-religionists, and which the wife of the Duke had witnessed with exultation and enjoyment. Dying, he implored the pardon of his wife for his frequent early infidelities, which had stained a career otherwise resplendent. His even more popular son, Henry of Guise, the cousin of Mary, the idol of the Parisians—who, if Fate had not denied him "the nail to fix the Wheel of Fortune," would have transferred the crown of France from the race of Valois to his own—that of Lorraine—passed

from the embraces of his mistress into the hands of his assassins—assassins whose daggers drank the blood of his brother, the Cardinal, almost before they had ceased to drip with his own. The exhaustions of love deprived the Duke of the astuteness which under other circumstances might have protected him against the deadly strokes which stretched his corpse at the feet of the king whose vengeance he had provoked. Thus it was on the side of father and of mother that Mary inherited qualities which impelled her headlong to her doom. Woman was the rock or shoal on which both Stuarts and Guises shattered or sunk: and Mary, the woman, struck on bar after bar of men, until her vessel, weakened by successive shocks, went to pieces on the shifting shoal of a miserable Babington. Wonderful exemplar of a mighty truth: Whoever commits the helm to unbridled passion never brings craft or cargo to any port in safety.

Our unbridled or unregulated passions are simply the heirlooms and the instruments of Fate.

What Henry VIII. of England was, needs no telling. It is remarked of "Bluff King Hal" that he dearly loved to look upon a man." Like him, her great uncle, Mary had the same partiality for a MAN, and it is to the fact that Bothwell was, indeed, a MAN, that she first looked upon this Earl with favor, then with affection, and finally with irresistible passion. Henry's sister, Margaret, was the wife of James IV. and grandmother of Mary, of

whom she was almost a perfect type. This "English Margaret, whose unwomanly lust was not even hid beneath a womanly reserve—'an ignorant, deceitful, low-minded, odious woman,' drying her widow's tears in three months to marry the handsome Earl of Angus; divorcing him after two years to marry her paramour, Stewart of Avondale; and in nine years or ten years later seeking a new divorce that she might return to her first love; as treacherous to her nation as to her husbands; selling information and herself to the English government, and for poor wages, too; and at the last paying the penalty all traitors pay in universal neglect and contempt."

Institute a parallel between Margaret the grandmother and Mary the grand-daughter. See how strangely it holds good, step by step. After losing first husbands both sought gratification in lovers. Margaret re-married in three months. Mary was anxious to re-marry, after a short delay, with d'Amville; and Dargaud allūdes (I. ii. 115–6), to a terrible charge, her proposition that he should make way with his wife in order to be free to marry her. D'Amville, who came from a far different race than the Guises, rejected the proposition, by whomsoever it was suggested, with horror, and fled the temptation which led to such a conception. Condé preceded (?) d'Amville, as a lover, and to the latter succeeded Chastelard. Whatever were the relations between this brilliant man of the pen and of the sword and Mary—and this "Study"

rejects the idea that Mary gave herself up to him—there is no question that she did what almost every woman does—when the crisis arrives—she sacrificed him in a vain attempt to preserve her reputation. Even John Hogan, Barrister at Law, her advocate (I, 96), is compelled to admit: "It is impossible to acquit the Queen of all blame in this unfortunate affair. Chastelar was condemned to death for his audacious conduct, and she allowed him to perish on the scafiold. It may be said, and it is no doubt true, that if she had interfered to save his life, the worst construction would have been put upon her motives; *but it would have been better to incur such imputations than to allow a punishment to be inflicted so disproportioned to the offence.*"

A woman in private life with Mary's passions would most probably have governed them so as not to hazard, or lose, her social position: whereas Mary, as Queen, considered herself above all law except her own will. It was this very treading under foot all conventionality that aroused so much feeling against her: Knox and the reformers, and the people whom they influenced, holding that a queen had no more right to break the commandments than any other individual. Mary did as she pleased with herself, and her enemies did as they pleased with her. Had she remained in France she might have broken the whole Decalogue with impunity and without reproach. To a kindly critic, the sin of her life was her extraordinary course towards Bothwell.

If she loved him before she had become thoroughly disgusted with Darnley, why did she allow him to marry, to quadruple the criminality necessary to unite herself with him? Burton (IV. 173) explains this and reasons like a man who understands human nature: "That she [Mary] should fix her love on him [Bothwell] has always been deemed something approaching the unnatural; but *when the circumstances are considered, the conclusion ceases to become so absolutely startling.* Mary was evidently one of those to whom, at times—and to her the times were apt to come in quick succession—*a great affair of the heart is a necessity of life*; the necessity now [as regarded Bothwell] increased in intensity by her utter disappointment in her last attachment, and the loathing she entertained towards its object [her husband, Darnley]."

The real truth is, Mary Stuart, when the fit was on her,

"Lov'd not wisely, but too well,"

and her passion for Bothwell was nothing more nor less than the unbridled love of a woman at the age when the passions are strongest—a woman who considered that she had no restraints to consider but those of her own royal will. She had suffered: she sought solace; she believed that the arms of Bothwell were a harbor of rest and safety. Unfortunately the haven was open to the very quarter from which she did not expect the tempest to come, but from which it did come and overwhelmed her.

The next lover, in order, after Chastelard, a Bayard in blood and bravery, was the gallant Sir John Gordon. It is averred that she loved him dearly. Policy required his removal. She witnessed his execution, as it is implied that she looked coldly out upon that of Chastelard. At all events the misguided lover-troubadour bent his last gaze upon the window where he supposed her to be, and, without a word of blame, bade her an everlasting adieu "as the most lovely and cruel princess in the world."

The association of Mary and Chastelard is invested with a mystery beneath which lies a terrible reality, invisible to the eye but sensible to instinct, just as humanity recognizes the presence of a corpse, although its rigid outline is not clearly perceptible beneath the drapery in which it is enveloped. The writer realized this once, under very peculiar and startling circumstances, in a hospital in Italy. Ushered suddenly into a chamber, there was an indescribable intuition of the presence of the dead, although there were no indications appreciable to the senses until they were palpably manifested.

Swinburne, who has made the life of Mary a long and close study, seems to pivot his Trilogy of poems—"Chastelard," "Bothwell" and "Mary"—covering her whole career, on her sacrifice of this Troubadour-Bayard. In the last, "Mary Stuart," the following lines, commemorating her death-scene, conclude the tragedy:

Barbara Mowbray.—Hark! a cry.
Voice below.—So perish all found enemies of the Queen [Elizabeth]!
Another Voice.—Amen!
Mary Beaton.— I heard that very cry go up
Far off, long since [when Chastelard was executed], to God, who
answers here [now that Mary undergoes the same fate]."

In this case, Mary Beaton seems to point out the consummation of "the law of the inexorable," that terrible "law of compensation," which rules all and everywhere, demonstrating how the axe at Fotheringay, 1587, avenged the stroke at Edinburgh, or at Saint Andrews, 1564.

Why?

Dargaud explains this, "Mary, who, when she loved, was so reckless as regards public opinion, was timid, absolutely cowardly, in the case of Chastelard. She was terrified by the calumnies disseminated and preached against her even in the churches by the Protestant ministers. She abandoned to them as a pledge of her chastity this devoted head [of Chastelard]. She was deaf to all the remonstrances or appeals addressed to her in his favor. Returned [from Burnt Island] to Holyrood, she refused to commute the death penalty pronounced by fanatic judges against Chastelard, and she commanded the effacing of two lines, incised by some unknown hand upon the plaister or wainscotting of her room.

"King's face,
Gives grace."

"I (Dargaud) discerned on the wall of the old palace,

beneath the deposits of centuries, the traces of this generous reminder; Marie must have discovered it very often in her conscience."

The Eumenides of Grecian Mythology, the Furies, the Avengers were three, and a terrible Three hounded Marie to the block, her sacrifice of Chastelard to public opinion, of Sir John Gordon to policy, and of Darnley to love for Bothwell.

The fool has said in his heart, there is no God! There is! And He reigneth, governeth, and requiteth; not according to man's mind or measure, but His own. Who knows what faces thrust themselves up before Mary's eyes, between them and the block, when her head lay prone upon the fatal wood.

That the sacrifice of the representative of the stainless Bayard, of the lofty house of Huntley, and the royal race of Lennox, lay light upon her callous conscience, is easily believable. One of our generals, U. S. A., a profound thinker, sums up thus, the character of Mary. "Mary was intensely selfish, and, if not cruel, totally indifferent to the sufferings of others. She could sacrifice her warmest and best friends to her own pleasure. She deemed that all things were made for Mary Stuart's pleasure and gratification. She was unprincipled, false, without any affection for any one. *Passion* she had, but she never had *love* for any one but Mary Stuart. Love consists of two elements—Affection and Passion. Affection without

passion is Friendship. From the degrading custom among the Greeks, Friendship between members of the same sex sometimes was assimilated to Love. Passion without Affection is"—Mary Stuart! She was such as this deeply read and reflecting officer estimates her. She was destitute of conscience, unless, perhaps, when life and death were meeting, in the supreme moment, a flash of supernal light illuminated the past, and she saw in all its hideousness a panoramic development of her whole career, at once, for an instant, as lightning at midnight reveals a landscape, and then, with the severance of her neck, she passed from the actual Present into the doubtful Future.

Oh, eternal spirit of truth! such a "STUDY" as this recognizes, knows thee, CIRCE, SIREN, ARMIDA—MARY STUART!

To Chastelard succeeded Sir John Gordon, and, next in order, followed the pliant and astute Rizzio. Subsequently, the vile Darnley, who owed his elevation to Rizzio, justified his low licentiousness by attributing to his wife the admission of the Italian to her embraces. No gallant spirit will believe Darnley against Mary in regard to Rizzio. Darnley was insanely jealous, and with reason, for Mary already belonged, in heart, to Bothwell. Cynics, like Henry IV., assigned the paternity of James VI. to Rizzio. Darnley acknowledged him (James) as his own honestly begotten child, and with justice; for, like his father, the son was mean and cowardly, while he resembled

his mother in intellect and love of learning. It would have been inconceivable; contrary to nature; opposite to even woman's most depraved instincts, for Mary to yield herself to the low born Italian with Darnley (legally) in her arms and Bothwell (really) in her heart of hearts.

This "STUDY"—like Mary—is carried away by Bothwell! With all his stains there was an immense deal of the admirable in him; he was out and out a MAN. It was said of the famous Regent d'Orleans that he was a "*fanfaron des vices*" (a pretender to vices he did not possess): Bothwell was no pretender to anything. He was as great in his vices as in his virtues, or redeeming qualities; in all a MAN. A criminal passion in Mary for Rizzio is incredible. At this time she was already and madly in love with Bothwell; and no woman who loves ever debases herself to sharing her favors, which she has absolutely given to the object of her affections, with a low dependent.

It is claimed that true love is the greatest purifier; that it erects a barrier insurmountable—which cannot be breached—between a man or a woman and everything that is base. There is nothing more true than this. In a man, in the true sense of the word, it ennobles even that which is intrinsically noble. It slays selfishness. It quenches every low desire. An ordinary man it converts into a hero, for the man who is not made brave and generous and self-sacrificing and honest—in a word, noble, in the highest interpretation of the term—by love, does not

truly love. This covers everything; and whatever comes short of this mingles the dross of earth with the sublimity of spirit and is unworthy of the name.

Mary became enamored, at first sight, of Darnley's physical and superficial attractions, just as her grandmother, Margaret, was borne away on the tide of passion for Angus. Margaret remained faithful for three months; Mary, perhaps, as long, certainly not over six—that is, counting from her private or secret marriage which antidated the public ceremony by nearly three months. Mary first saw her cousin, Darnley, about the middle of February, 1565, at Weymiss Castle, on the Firth of Forth. "She presently fell in love with him" and was privately married to him in Stirling Castle, early in the following May. Her public nuptuals were celebrated at Holyrood, 29th July, 1565. It is curious to note that all three of Mary's marriages occurred in May (Old or New Style) and turned out unhappily, fulfilling the popular belief, that all espousals which take place in this month, inevitably bring sorrow or misfortune.

"MENSE MAIO MALAS NUBERE VULGUS AIT."

The ties between Mary and Darnley, through vices and infidelities which no woman will tolerate, soon became weakened, and their rupture was hurried with ever increasing force and rapidity by the devotion of Bothwell. Darnley paid for his folly with his life.

Margaret, Mary's grandmother, was constant to Angus three months, when she abandoned him for Stewart. Within three months after Darnley was laid beside his victim—Rizzio—Mary—was the wife of Bothwell. He again was separated from her by the same disloyal nobility who had assisted in his elevation and had recommended the marriage. Mary was faithful to Bothwell longer than she had been to any other love. It is folly, again, to believe that within seven months she held out the lure of her hand to George Douglas, and afterwards to his boy relative. The poor wretch was almost justified in appearing to accept any assistance which could deliver her from a dungeon when she was the rightful possessor of a throne. Finally, just as Margaret tired of Stewart and sought a restoration to the arms of Angus, Mary desired to espouse the Duke of Norfolk. She would have adhered to Bothwell, if Bothwell had been within possible reach. He, her victim, as assuredly as she, in another sense, had been his, was perishing in a Danish dungeon as irremediably as she was pining away in an English prison. Bothwell was relieved of his pains by a premature natural death: Mary, by the axe.

In view of these melancholy circumstances, Dargaud utters a sentiment which is an absolute revelation of the mental and moral constitution of Mary. Mary Stuart, who had been married to Bothwell by double rites, spoke of

her alliance to him, when she was alluring Norfolk, as a "pretended marriage."

"That," says Dargaud, "not only astonishes, but terrifies! Her mind was [now] completely filled with Norfolk. She beguiled her captivity with this new passion. Her marriage with the Duke would save her life, give her liberty, and restore her crown. She repeats to him, in an effusion of sensibility, that she belongs to him, and that what she wishes most in the world is to share with him *tout heur et tout malheur*—'every hour and every misfortune which the hour could bring.' This was even less than she had said to Bothwell, that she 'was willing to follow him throughout the world in a white petticoat;' and, again, 'to be set adrift with him in a boat, to drive wherever the Fates might will.' She assures Norfolk that 'she will be faithful to him even to the grave.' She parted with Bothwell in anguish and tears, with a like pledge."

Well may Dargaud exclaim: "She forgets everything which is not Norfolk! She no longer knows Bothwell. She has no more either the memory of the heart, or the memory of the senses, or the memory of the conscience—remorse. She was never able either to remember or to foresee. This time, again, she is incapable of anything than yielding to the impetuosity of the moment. Such was Mary Stuart! For her there was neither yesterday nor to-morrow. Nothing but to-day. Her passion

agitates and consumes like the fire in full blast; vile wood before, ashes afterwards."

Every story should have its moral, as every epigram should have its point. The moral of this "Historical Introduction" is not simple, but complex. Shakspeare says that

> "There's such divinity doth hedge a king
> That treason *can but peep to what it would.*"

This envelopes royal personages with an aureola. Seen through such a medium the judgment is often led astray, for this halo makes that which would appear crime in ordinary mortals a virtue, often, in a sovereign. This was intensely true of Mary Stuart. In her were revived the bigotry of Jezebel, the fascination of Cleopatra, the courage of Zenobia, and the accomplishments of Lady Jane Gray. Virtue, in the absolute sense, she had none; but she was far from being the abandoned woman her enemies represented her to be—a modern Messalina.* Her good qualities were negative and her bad ones positive. As the philosophical Burton remarks, she could not live without a great passion: and passion finds its best food in passion.

* Of all the writers who have devoted their abilities to presenting, in poetry and prose, the truth about Mary Stuart, there is none who has come so near to it as Algernon Charles Swinburne. It may be heresy to say this, but whoever will examine carefully his "*Chastelard*" and "*Bothwell*," will find in them extraordinary flashes of intuitive perception that are revelations. His last poem (as such, far inferior to its predecessors) is a sort of key to his conception.

Hers found its appropriate aliment in the audacious love of Bothwell. Descended from a long line of ancestors eminent for the indulgence of their passionate natures, brought up amidst a complete abandonment to voluptuous enjoyment, religious in form yet destitute of piety, when transferred from a "Garden of Armida" to scenes devoid of refinement and taste, she plucked the only fruits which grew there that could satisfy her natural longings and educated sensibilities, and fell—for certainly the manner and measure of her attachment to Bothwell (unless it was the only true and honest love of her life) was a fall into moral, as it was into practical perdition. This "STUDY" honestly concludes that her love for Bothwell was the only real going and giving out of her heart throughout her whole career; and her punishment for this lay in the immediate withering of her hopes as soon as they came to fruition. What does this prove? One of two things. Either that the supreme felicity of life—the triumph of love—is the acme of earthly bliss, and must be accepted as a "set off" to numberless sufferings which to many is undeniably an exquisite boon, or, that Fate weighs out joy and misery with the nicest precision, and, for the brief happiness of an earthly Elysium, throws into the opposite scale a fearful counterpoise of evil.

Human beings who babble of self-restraint as sufficient without Supreme support, will sit in harshest judgment upon the sad career of Mary Stuart; but philosophical

minds, who consider the question propounded by the Great Teacher, "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" will remember His own answer: "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." Generation after generation, Mary's ancestors had been grafting evil scions on evil stocks. How could such a development produce any other fruit than Mary—the daughter of the Stuarts and of the Guises. Nature is never false to itself; and whoever has read and reflected upon the old allegory of the struggle between Nature and Education will remember that the result was a deformity, and a moral deformity was the lovely and lost Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland.

"Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band,
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
These hours, and only these, redeem life's years of ill."





The "Study."

"*Nestor.*—A woman of quick sense.
Ulysses.— Fie, fie, upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, *her foot speaks*, her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motion of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader!"

SHAKSPERE'S "*Troilus and Cressida.*"

"The effect of Homoselle's appearance on Halsey was that of beauty as interpreted by Greek art in its largeness and simplicity. Her tall figure, with its generous fullness of chest; her long, shapely limbs, round which drapery fell naturally in those flowing lines that give the beauty of life to inanimate objects; her clear, pale coloring; the pose of her head,—all tended to produce the impression made by those grand, simple figures of an earlier age, which exist for us only in marble. Her movements, too, seemed to him to respond * * * for they were without superfluous action, * * * and her speech without exaggeration."

HOMOSELLE.

DUMAS must have had in his thoughts the ideal Mary, Queen of Scots,* when he conceived the irresistible feminine sorcery with which he invests one of his characters—a very incarnate spirit of seduction—Lady de Winter, in his "*Trois Mousquetaires.*" He assigns to this Circean woman a power of expression in the eye, in fact

* Mary, QUEEN OF SCOTS, was born in Linlithgow Castle, 7th or 8th Dec., 1542; baptised in January, 1543, and crowned at Stirling on Sunday, 9th September, 1543. Earlier than April, 1545, she had

in every feature, but particularly in the voice, so great that whoever listened to her, unless actuated by a supreme and more powerful sentiment equivalent to the vengeance, aroused by wounded self-love, or pride, or love, proper, that "casteth out fear," was converted in an instant, from an enemy into an ally.

Byron, if no other, seems to have completely comprehended the power of woman's tongue when he wrote the lines:

> "The devil hath not in all his quiver's choice,
> An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice."

Dumas—in working out his plot in "*Les Trois Mousquetaires*," which culminates—as in the case of Mary—in the beheading of the sorceress, confides her, just previous

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"the small-pox, a point this, of great importance, in the biography of a *beauty* and a *Queen*." In French gallies, she sailed from the Clyde, towards the end of July, or the beginning of August, 1548, and landed at Brest, in France, 13th August. On the 24th April, 1558, in her sixteenth year, she married the Dauphin, who as Francis II. became King of France, 10th July, 1559. He died, 5th December, 1560, and left Mary a widow at the age of eighteen. Mary was waited on by Darnley, at Orleans, and by Bothwell at Joinville, early in 1561. She quitted Paris to return to Scotland, 21st July, 1561, sailed from Calais on the 15th August, and landed at Leith on the 19th August. Bothwell was at her wedding and some say accompanied her back to her native land. On the 16th February, 1565, she first saw Darnley at Weymiss Castle; late in April or early in May she was "handfasted" (?) or secretly married to him in Stirling Castle, "the Windsor of Scotland;" and, on the 29th July, publicly espoused him in Holyrood Palace. On the 9th March, 1566, Rizzio was assassinated. Darnley was murdered by a different method on the 9th–10th February, 1567. Set free by this violent measure, Mary married Bothwell on the 15th May, and she saw him for the last time on Carberry Hill, on the 15th June following. Bothwell died 14th April, 1575 (8?); Mary was beheaded 8th (18th) Feb. 1587.

to her execution, to the guard of two soldier-servants, who have hitherto never either flinched, or feebled, or failed. Their master, inexorable in his just hatred of the prisoner, seems instinctively to hear her whisper to these guards, and instantly changes them with the remark: "She has spoken to them; they are no longer trustworthy."

In reading this sentence in the romance, it is impossible not to recall a similar one in a much more sad reality. When the unfortunate Duke of Norfolk was about to lay his head on the block, in consequence of yielding to the fascination exercised upon him by Mary, he remarked that "he would rather be committed to the Tower," than * * * "*marry with such a person where he could not be sure of his pillow;*" and again, "nothing that anybody goeth about for her, nor that else she doth herself, prospers." Nevertheless, although he was among the first to recognize the evil in Mary's character when the "Silver-Casket Letters" were laid before him at York, and expressed his dread and horror of the Circe to whose witcheries he was so soon after to succumb,—he did succumb; and, thus, it actually appears that, in the romance as in the history, whoever was looked upon, caressingly, by Mary, and listened to her siren music, was lost.

It seems incredible that there should be any doubt as to the real facts in regard to the face, features, and the personal appearance of a woman who, with the exception of Helen, Cleopatra, Zenobia, and a very few others in

lesser degree, has excited so much interest, so much feeling, so much Pyrrhonism, and so much positive and bitter antagonism. It is very questionable if there is a true pen- or brush-portrait of Mary. In the numerous descriptions and pictures the color of her hair ranges according to different authorities from black to light flaxen (*cendrée*), yellow (*flavus*), or auburn; her eyes from light blue or gray to a more or less dark chestnut. As to the contour of her face, her figure, height, there seems to be no great discrepancies. There can be little doubt that she was grace itself, and gracious—incomparable, perhaps, in manner and expression—and it is most probable that her loveliness lay rather in the general potential play of all her features, the peculiar force and fire of her eyes, and the intense sweetness, flexibility and intonation, or music, of her voice, than in positive regular lineaments. That such must be the explanation is extremely probable, from the fact that one authentic picture and one or more old writers indicate she had a slight squint, or cast in the right eye.* Strange to say this defect does not always detract from, but some-

* A cast in the eye is, as a rule, indicative of a defect in character. Great obliquity of vision sometimes infers, at least, obliquity of temper and morals. It indicates untrustworthiness coupled with cunning or subtlety. Mahomet, in the Koran, Chap. XX., declares that when, on the Day of Judgment, "the trumpet shall be sounded," "we will gather the wicked together on that day, having *gray* eyes." The original Arabic word, translated "*gray*" by Sale, "signifies also those who are *squint-eyed.*" *Reddish* hair and *gray*, or *squint*, eyes were an abomination to the Arabs, and such of one tint or another were attributes of Mary.

times even adds a piquancy to expression if it is not too pronounced. The author of this "STUDY" has met with several women in the course of his life in whom this defect—generally considered a great blemish—constituted a decided attraction.

After all, beauty like family resemblance very frequently consists altogether in expression—and when eyes are intensely brilliant and alive to feeling, and the pupils are large, it is very difficult to determine whether they are blue, iron-gray, or hazel, or chestnut. A light blue and a gray eye, under the effects of passion, often become violet or brown through consequent injection of blood.

Ethnologists aver that the black or hazel eye is crowding out the blue. This is no improvement, for variety is charming. Each color has its excellences. There is a fierce fire in the dark eye which is most fitting in the man, and there is a softness in the blue eye which is most becoming in the woman. They are almost indistinguishable under the dominion of passion, for they are *alight*, and light has no color, it is simple effulgence.*

* The breast of a dead humming-bird presents no indications to the eye of the superb variety of color which it reveals flitting from flower to flower, in the sunbeams. Apply the microscope and at once the cause of such splendor is revealed. Each feather is a prism and each ray of light, caught in every one of these, becomes transmuted into the varied brilliancy of the richest jewels. Light is life! Fire was the emblem of the unknowable. *Agni*, light, the Aryan idea of the most proper symbol of the Deity, gradually transmuted through centuries of change in language and thought into *Agnus*, a lamb, became the emblem of divine-human perfection. Colors are words. All ideas have been

Was Mary indeed a beautiful woman? Beautiful? This suggests a Greek statue, cold. Beautiful? This again gives rise to a question which involves a never-ending controversy. From Cleopatra to Mary, Queen of Scots, through Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, down to the Empress Eugénie, men have debated as to what constitutes perfect female beauty. There have been some who have dared to question the surpassing beauty of the "Serpent of the Nile." No two portraits agree as to Mary Stuart. If the verses of Sir Henry Wotton are worthy of moderate credence, the daughter of James I. was the paragon of her sex. Christian of Brunswick lived, toiled, fought and died in the belief. Her portrait does not endorse the fond delusion. Many reject the superlatives of praise lavished upon the French Empress, Eugenie, whose bigotry certainly brought about the ruin of the second French Empire. The sleek, supple, active, enduring grace of Mary has suggested the comparison of the Queen of Scots to a panther. Among animals the panther is certainly a type of lithe grace, with, however, a drawback. It involves feline beauty, most expressive, but not flattering to a human being, especially a woman, because with physical charms is connected the idea of superlative cunning and cruelty. There remains but one appropriate feminine adjective, Lovely! Was

subject to the same transmutations. Words are the most deceptive of things. "*Words*," said Dr. Johnson, "are the *daughters of earth*, but *deeds* (*facts*) are the *sons of Heaven*."

this applicable to our heroine? Yes! superlatively so! Yes! Likeness IS often only in expression. Loveliness almost invariably so. It is an outcome of the soul. Edmond About, in describing his "Madelon," another form of Mary, does not accord to her a single regular feature, and yet she won the heart of every man on whom she cast her glamour. A contemporary speaking of a *lionne* in Paris, remarks: "Isabel is a foreign flower, a production of the Western Continent, but whether from the great Republic of the North or from one of the little Republics of the South I shall not be precise. Is she pretty? That is a question never positively answered. At first sight, you would say not a bit; after a half-hour's acquaintance, most people pronounce her "adorable." Adorable, indeed, was Mary Stuart. There are some women who possess an indescribable charm which blinds any observer to every defect, and invests them with an atmosphere which exerts a magic influence on all who inhale it. There is a flower in the tropics the aspect of which magnetizes. Approach it, bend over it in admiration, breathe in its fragrance, and a stranger unacquainted with its properties is bewildered. Let him withdraw, if possible, or he is stupified, powerless. Certain females have the same quality. Permit them to exert their incomprehensible wiles and their victims are enmeshed, body and mind. They actually possess the powers attributed to Wilis, Loreleys and Nixes, except that these belong to another

element. Do not venture to the shore or in a boat and the susceptible are safe, whereas human Wilis are dangerous, not only upon the water but on *terra firma*.

Such a one was queenly Mary, who, when she was carried away by her love for Bothwell, had attained that second phase of loveliness when the mind, resplendent through the compassing tabernacle, shines out like a lamp through a delicately tinctured vase; when the charms of youth are renewed by others more glorious, because they are the children of experience, cultivation and thought.

This is all that needs be said about her age or appearance, except that, later in life, she was rather inclined to *embonpoint*, but only sufficiently so to round out her figure and render it more stately, without detracting from ease or flexibility.

Greene (II. vi. 330–1) says of her: "Her beauty, her exquisite grace of manner, her generosity of temper [at times] and warmth of affection [when not crossed], her frankness of speech [when excited], her sensibility, her gaiety, her womanly tears, her man-like courage, the play and freedom of her nature, *the flashes of poetry that broke from her at every intense moment of her life* [mark this in connection with the "Silver-Casket" letters and sonnets], flung a spell over friend or foe which has only deepened with the lapse of years."

"The rough Scotch nobles owned that there was in Mary some enchantment whereby men are bewitched."

And yet "Elizabeth's lying paled indeed before the *cool duplicity* of this girl of nineteen." She was a mistress of "*dissimulation.*" Only a few months had passed since her wedding day when men saw she "*hated* the King [Darnley]," while luring him to his doom. "*Your actions,*" wrote Elizabeth [truly], in a break of fierce candor, "are as full of venom as your words are of honey." With what justice Dargaud sums up her character, thus: "Mary Stuart, so passionate and so brilliant, pagan by nature, [Roman] Catholic by education and policy, poet, scholar, princess, woman, was imbued with all the instincts of her times and represents them in all their facets [or phases], shining or sinister." Philip II. "expressed considerable doubt whether she had any religion at all." "She possessed a grand but unquiet mind," adds [the just and upright French ambassador] Michel de Castelnau. She sought distraction in every indulgence of her will and nature, and she found it—physical in Darnley, passionate in Bothwell, and the final inevitable result of such a life in a violent death. She was "chiefly interested in herself;" her "most ardent admirer will not claim for her a character of piety, in any sense of the word which connects it with the moral law." She was "fearless," and, until broken down by disease and captivity, she knew none of the restraints which impose their fetters upon her sex, since she possessed a health and endurance such as might excite the envy of the hardiest men of her generation and associations. The

explanation of all Mary's misfortunes lay in her utter selfishness. From time to time and for short periods, her passions conquered or neutralized this, but it speedily reasserted its sway. In the case of Bothwell, his, the stronger will gradually overcame the relative weaker resistive force of Mary. This reversal of conditions continued until with the certainty that Bothwell, as an active factor, was eliminated from her life problem, egotism and self-indulgence reassumed its sceptre. Thus, one after another Mary, "spoilt beauty," "bonny and wilful, as a queen behoves to be," sacrificed noble, generous and devoted hearts, without pity to her egotism: finally Nemesis, weary of this, sacrificed her to her own heartlessness.

It is by no means an uncommon thing for men or women to be human paradoxes, and under different circumstances present such opposite phases of character that, unless long and closely intimate with them and cognizant of the motives under which they act or acted at various times, it would be impossible to recognize them as one and the same mortal.

Mary was one of these, and while friends who did not suffer through her became utter partisans, opponents who did became just as earnestly the contrary. The Roman Catholic Church exalts her into sanctity, and justly, from their point of view, since her devotion to it was unlimited, except for a brief period while fiercely and fully carried away by her affection for Bothwell—and

she certainly did die for it; but then her interests and her ambition were identical with its supremacy. On the other hand, Protestants, as a rule, can find no excuse for her actions, and take the ground that, as she never was idle in sowing the wind, she had no right to complain when she inevitably reaped the whirlwind. That her execution was the salvation of the Reformation is generally admitted by even Romanist and French authors—her own people, so to speak, for she was Gallic rather than Gaelic. In any event she was an obstacle,* and as such had to be removed, and Destiny, Fate or Providence does not hesitate at destroying antagonisms when the time has arrived and the result has to be achieved. Such is the inexorable law of the terrible inevitable.

If experience and observation had never taught the bitter lesson, it might even yet be impossible to comprehend the character of Mary. But they have, and the result is, she suggests a simile which has often been made but not applied to an individual. Mary may be compared to a sheltered valley in Iceland, which in late spring and early summer—she never entered upon the autumn of life—is richly green and thickly sown with delicate and beautiful flowers. Beneath, and only a few inches below the surface, the soil is cold with an eternal frost. Still deeper, volcanic agencies are ever at work, and in their throes pour

* Rev. James Smith's "*The Coming Man*," London, 1873. "Handwriting on the Wall of England," II., page 330–2, &c.

forth scalding streams and incandescent masses. The geyser spouts in the midst of the meadow, and the volcano, asleep at one moment, may at the next burn up everything with a belch or vomit of lava; or—to present the same idea somewhat differently—exteriorly she resembled that brief display of summer bloom which often astonishes visitors to the Arctic regions, most beautiful and attractive as developed on the thin thawed surface, beneath which lies a stratum of eternal frost, and still deeper subterranean fires, ever active, pulsating with a violence frequently exhibited in outbursts worthy of kindred powers in the tropics.

Scotland, during her reign, in the coarseness of manners and lack of refinement which permeated all classes, in the mode of living and tone of thought, resembled—in comparison to France, where Mary was brought up,—positively resembled a cavern of chilliness and darkness. The dense fog that prevailed when Mary reached Leith was a type of the state of the country and her gloomy future in it. Amid this darkness Mary shone with peculiar brilliancy, just as a figure coated with illuminating pigment glows with startling phosphoric brightness in a room completely deprived of other light. The repulsiveness of the characteristics and manners of the Scottish high life which environed the queen obscured her defects, while by contrast it revealed and intensified her attractions: just as the effigy above mentioned covered with chemical color that appears nothing but plain lustreless white—Mary, it will be remembered,

was styled "the White Queen,"—in the daylight, shines in a dark room with marvellous effulgence. Scotland was indeed a land of darkness as to morality and elegance; and Mary's fascination against such a dark back-ground made her a figure of light—a realization of Chastelard's poetic ideas and Brantome's enthusiastic devotion.

Conceding what is claimed, Mary—who perished before she had scarcely attained the maturity of life (forty-five)—was yet in the full flower of her beauty (twenty-six) when she entered upon her captivity of nineteen years. The whole of her independent action was over before she was twenty-five, when as yet she had not lost a single one of those ideal or real charms the possession of which have made her in some respects pre-eminent among women—the synonym of feminine fascination. Outwardly, to the eye, to whatever cause it was due, she was most loveable or lovely. Inwardly, mentally, she was cold and insensible as ice, desperately unfeeling, except where her interests were concerned; playing with the hearts of men—alluring men through their best affections, using them for her purposes or amusement. But beneath this intermediate corslet of apparent or real insensibility, there were fierce passions ever ready to awaken to unrestrainable influences, ruinous to herself eventually, but almost invariably destructive, meanwhile, to those who were exposed to their irresistible blandishment or sorcery. Is it wonderful that the Puritans, considering her succession of lovers and their woeful ends,

whether she was criminal or not, in the light of results and the twilight of motives, styled her the "Jezebel of the North—a queenly, imperious, magnificent, but wicked or selfish woman?"

Chalmers, who wrote a life of Mary which is neither more nor less than a eulogy and an apology, actually begins it with a remark which in itself expresses the remote causes—as explained more at length in the preceding chapter—which led to such sad consequences in Mary. "James V., her father," says this writer, "after a thousand amours which were as discreditable to himself as injurious to his family, and dangerous to his kingdom, married in May, 1557, Magdalene of France, the sickly daughter of Francis I. She only survived her arrival in Scotland forty days of weakness." His second wife, the mother of Mary, was Mary of Lorraine, eldest daughter of Claude, Duke of Guise. Whether this second wife did or did not justify the expression of Ezekiel xvi., 44—"As is the mother, so is her daughter,"—Margaret, her grandmother, wife of James IV., did. The family of the Guises were not likely to transmit qualities which would fruit otherwise than in intolerance, selfishness and incontinence. Mignet—("Member of the French Academy," and "Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Moral and Political Science"), who also wrote a life of Mary, (I., 39)—observes: "Francis I. (grandfather of Mary's first husband), in his unblushing licentiousness, prided himself on training the ladies who arrived

at his Court. His second in this work of debauchery and corruption was Mary Stuart's uncle, the opulent and libertine Cardinal of Lorraine. "To this," Brantome adds, "I have heard it related that when some pretty girl or new dame who was handsome arrived at the Court, he (the Cardinal) came at once to make up to her, and, arguing the case, said that he wished to train her with his own hand. What a trainer! * * * It was also said at that time that there were scarcely any dames or girls residing at the Court, or freshly arrived, who were not debauched or captured by the desire or munificence of the said M. le Cardinal; and few or none of them left this Court virtuous women or girls." Henry II., father-in-law of Mary, set a scarcely less dangerous example. Diana of Poictiers, his mistress, more powerful than his queen, is said to have been previously the mistress of Francis I., and passed from his arms to those of his son.

The atmosphere of a court in which honest women were almost as scarce as the rarest diamonds, rubies and sapphires, which are exceptional and marvellous—a court ruled by successive mistresses who actually overshadowed the queens, must have been fearful in its pestiferous effects upon characteristics inherited direct from a grandmother like Margaret of Lancaster, a paternal ancestry like the Stuarts, a father like James V. and the maternal house of Guise.

Mary is no myth, neither is she what Wordsworth said

of "a cataract seen a mile off, that it was frozen by distance." She is alive to-day—as living in the hearts of many—as when in person she moved before the admiring eyes of France, Scotland, England—indeed, of all Western Europe.

Forty years of the study of the Bible, collating, tracing words back to their original meaning, and comparison of texts in different languages, has led to the definite conclusion that it is the most marvellous exposition of common sense, as well as of inspiration, that humanity possesses. Criticize and eliminate who will, enough remains which carries with it irrefragible demonstration of truth sufficient for every purpose for which it was inspired or designed. This remark may seem to be a divergence from the subject of Mary, Queen of Scots, but a little reflection will demonstrate that it is not so. The Scriptures are the most reliable records, historical and political, that we possess of ages long since elapsed, and are also perfect expositions of the mode and intensity of thought which ruled and influenced thousands of years ago. Moses was a type. A David has reigned elsewhere than in Jewry. A Solomon has sat on other thrones than that in Jerusalem. There is scarcely a prominent character represented in the Scriptures which has not been reproduced in modern times. Many a Pontius Pilate has sacrificed the innocent to his own political stability. Gallios have "cared for none of these things" because they did not affect their individual

interests. Many an Ahitophel has gone home and hanged or otherwise destroyed himself to escape the catastrophe which he knew to be impending through a disregard of his sagacious counsels; and many a Festus has "left [a] Paul bound" to pander to the prejudices of the populace or even to win its suffrages.

The conflict between Elijah and Ahab was simply a type of the struggle for religious reform and political authority which had occurred in England and elsewhere, and was taking place in Scotland, under the lead of the fearless John Knox, when Mary of Guise was Regent, and after Mary Stuart returned from France to assume her throne. Consequently every allowance must be made for the bitterness with which the Queen attempted to maintain or restore her own Creed, and the efforts of the other party to counteract it. This bitterness, nay, spite, tinctures every opinion for, or against, Mary. Therefore an impartial examiner must weigh every piece of evidence derived from either source with the greatest nicety. Above and below this, however, there are public and private documents, written with no expectation of ever being brought into the court of history, which cannot be disregarded. Such are the letters of Mary herself, of ambassadors, councillors, men of note. Sometimes a single sentence clears up a doubtful point. The weight of all this evidence is against Mary. Far more important still are uncontroverted facts. Lover after lover comes to a dismal end. It is the same

way with husbands. Her passions or her weaknesses were the causes of a series of the saddest results—immolations.

Mary must have been surrounded by an atmosphere which deceived men and led them to do what they would not have dared to hope, or to attempt, to do if she had not held out lures to them.

The "good" (or honest) Schiller—as Michelet conscientiously styles him—while strongly inclined to take sides with Mary and make the most of her case, nevertheless brings out, in the clearest light, certain features in her character which condemn her in spite of his manifest partisanship. If she had not been a siren no man could have made her so; if she had not been false at heart, neither Darnley nor Elizabeth could have made her so. Being what she was by nature and blood, through education, early association and religious training, she could scarcely—with her inclinations to intrigue in every line and degree, and with every objective—have been other than what she was.

Read carefully and reflect upon his "Marie Stuart," and judge what must have lain at the bottom of Schiller's judgment in developing scene after scene of his truly grand tragedy. Every one who undertook to champion Mary was fired with a wild hope of ultimately possessing her. Even Schiller, who wrote his great drama to glorify her, represents the young Mortimer as exhibiting the fiercest passion for her, when about to peril everything for her

deliverance. Thus the greatest German poet puts on her lips words which serve as the most powerful electric light to illuminate the idea which lies at the basis of this "STUDY," that it was the physical attractiveness of Mary, "a lusty princess," and its direct appeal to the senses which led victim after victim to steps descending to destruction.

"Mary," says Bayle (VII., 716), "has been compared with Jane I. [or Joanna], Queen of Naples." Louis, King of Hungary, made the following shocking answer to Jane:

"The dissolute life thou hast led, the government of the Kingdom which thou hast kept in thy hands, thy neglecting to revenge thy husband's death on those who murdered him; thy marrying immediately a second husband, the excuse which thou hast sent to me since; these are all plain proofs that thou wast concerned, and an accomplice in the murder of thy husband."

How far does this comparison hold good? Mary, carried away by a fierce flood of passion, first secretly, and about three months afterwards publicly married Darnley altogether for his goodly person and accomplishments. He was destitute of mental gifts—a mere gaudy butterfly. Undoubtedly he was a man of whom a woman of ability would soon tire. His participation in the murder of Mary's favorite Italian musician and secretary, Rizzio, filled the cup of her indignation, satiety, digust and contempt.

Darnley perished. Whether Mary was an active or passive agent in his murder, Bothwell was. In a few days

over three months Bothwell was elevated to the highest dignities and became her husband; and she was only torn from his arms by superior military force. Their parting was tender. Her only thought at the crisis seemed to be for his safety; and it is said that the fruit of this short marital relation was a daughter, who disappeared, swallowed up in a French convent.

Scarcely three months had elapsed after the murder of Darnley, before Mary was remarried to Bothwell. "The funeral-baked meats (literally, not merely poetically) coldly furnished forth the marriage tables." This may seem horrible, and, indeed, it would be so under ordinary circumstances. And yet the apparently inexplicable may be made comprehensible by a careful consideration of the occurrences. The life of Mary hitherto had been rather one of positive suffering than of relative happiness. The miserably sickly husband of her youth and superb blossoming had died after nineteen months of a prolonged exhaustive honeymoon, throughout which the wife had been little better than a nurse or governess. The interval between the death of Francis and the espousals with Darnley was certainly one of trial of heart, mind, and even body. Mary expected to find in her again-young husband, a solace and a support. He proved to be neither. His youthful vigor, his fine person and good looks were masks that concealed a vile disposition and an insane ambition, and his ungrateful efforts to obtain the crown-matrimonial,

with an authority equal, if not superior, to that of Mary, were characterized by exhibitions and efforts that prove him to have been devoid of any manliness and every other quality which might have measurably redeemed his want of intelligence and base ingratitude. He assassinated the affection which his outside attractions had aroused and stimulated in an even greater degree when, after planning, he assisted in the dastardly murder of the unhappy Rizzio. Mary, who to feminine graces united masculine courage and energy, saw in Bothwell the qualities which constitute a real MAN. He had befriended her, sustained her, championed her; he was fearless, devoted—in a word, a rough but resolute Scottish lord, and also a bold Scottish MAN; far better and in no wise worse than his peers in rank—yes, better than every one but Murray, who is lauded to the skies and was anything but an example, except as among the villains with whom he had to consort and work. Her best affections had been crushed in upon herself by the adverse circumstances of her position and the meannesses of Darnley. They had been chilled by an utter absence of the sympathy, in all save Bothwell, which she so greatly needed—a sympathy necessary to bring out and develop aught that was loving and loveable in her nature. When freed from such a mate as Darnley, her affections, suddenly relieved from the terrible constriction of the tie that bound her to such an uncongenial creature; her very capabilities of feeling, stretched themselves out as a

vine planted in the darkness of a vault grows towards the crevice through which filters a single ray of light; and, then, when her arms thus expanded to the warmth, and comfort, and confidence of a new hope, a new faith, a new love—when her arms and hands, outstretchd, met each other again, beseechingly, in a fond embrace—those beautiful, soft, white, rounded arms and the hands that betrayed her at Lochleven—they enclosed—Bothwell.

Or, when, crushed in her affections and her spirits, she opened wide her arms for sympathy, support and love, and the expanded fingers which were symmetry itself drew together and clasped each other again, about the columnar support she so greatly needed and for which she yearned, they locked within the magic circle—the stalwart Bothwell. She must have felt with Grace Frere: "Ah! to be well-loved must be paradise to a true heart."

Mary, wrenched by irresistible force from the only real love of her career—Bothwell—was immured in Lochleven Castle. Burton observes that the old ruined walls of this fortalice make no reliable revelations except that George Douglas, the son of her custodian, Sir William, undertook her deliverance. The English Ambassador reported that the reward, if George succeeded, was to be the hand of Mary. Such were the wild hopes of the young man. Is it likely that any nobleman would have jeopardized life, fortune, the ties of family, very warm and strong at this time and especially so in Scotland, without great cause for

determined and persistent championship? Still it does not follow that Mary, with Bothwell in her heart of hearts, did more than mislead one ready and willing, through infatuation, to be misled. When "the little Douglas," not yet of age, in turn succumbed to the fascination of the Queen and did achieve her escape, the first man to receive her when she touched the mainland was George Douglas. He was with her in arms and in the midst of the hereditary foes of his blood at Langside, and did not leave her side until she abandoned Scotland, and only then because he was not allowed to follow her.

A fugitive from crown and country, and confided to the care of the Earl of Shrewsbury, Michelet insinuates that even this aged nobleman, past the prime of life, was ensnared by her. It is not only certain that his Countess became the prey of the most violent and fierce jealousy, but equally so that this jealousy was baseless. She was compelled to humbly recall her charges against Mary and the Earl; but still, the latter was undeniably interested in his prisoner to the last. Next in the series appears the Duke of Norfolk. The lure of Mary's hand made him a traitor to his own sovereign, and consigned him to the Tower and the block. How bitter his reflections upon Mary—equivalent to the idea that whoever yielded to her fascinations was lost—when the edge of the axe-blade was turned and directed towards him, in token of condemnation after his trial! The Earl of Arundel was her next victim,

and, if he did not lose his head, he lost his liberty and also his life in captivity through this espousal of the cause of the Scottish queen.

To look upon Mary was to love her, and to love her was to lose life—everything. "Skin for skin, what will a man not give for his life," said Job. Men of mark and of means do not place their heads in the jaws of a lion for a woman, without inducement; but men, as a rule, where a marked woman is concerned, require very little to make fools of themselves.

Last in the fatal list looms up the young enthusiast, Babington. As a page in the little court of the Earl of Shrewsbury he had fallen into the same snare that had previously enmeshed so many. Michelet states that he, too, was led away by the vain expectation that if he delivered Mary he was to receive her hand. It is said that in the mouth of two or three witnesses the truth is established. In a career of thirty years, when so many estimable or manly men or men of mark perished in succession through the passion inspired by a woman, it is neither reasonable nor sensible to believe that the woman was not highly blamable. Actually criminal she may not have been, except in everything that concerned Bothwell. History may be in error when one or two are concerned, because a little fire often creates more smoke than a large one, but it is utterly impossible that it can be altogether astray when a beautiful, alluring, passionate, "lusty"

woman is the cause of such a long succession of catastrophes.

Perhaps there is nothing which arouses such lasting sympathy and extreme admiration as the exhibition of courage in meeting death and the inevitable. Mary's bravery at the supreme moment was magnificent. Not but that thousands of others, through patriotism, for religion, or to win the world's applause, have exhibited a like sublimity of heroism. Still, Mary was a woman, a Queen, a paragon of loveliness and grace, a captive, in the prime of life, and, according to the opinion of vast numbers, a martyr to her religious convictions. It is true that she held to a creed that, if the professor has a firm belief in it, makes the payment of "the last full measure of devotion" extremely or at least comparatively easy. The absolution of a pope, if a human being can put implicit faith in it, is a very comforting passport in the short journey from suffering to salvation. Mary had this; and it cannot be denied that never did a female in the prime of life pass from the light of day into the darkness of the grave with a grander exhibition of courage; not even the pure Jane Grey, the patriotic Charlotte Corday, or the "Widow Capet, the once adored Marie Antoinette.

In physical bravery Mary was apparently unsurpassed, especially in dying; but not more so than the convict, King, recently hung for murder, or rather sudden homicide, in the New York State prison at Clinton, in 1881. Never-

theless, she did not die more courageously, after all, than thousands of martyrs, Pagan, Protestant, political and patriotic, who have laid down their heads upon the block or given up the ghost amid the ghastlier horrors of the fagot and funeral pyre.

She did not die more finely than those of the Scottish leaders, who, again and again, engaged in a series of plots against a forgiving woman, "betrothed, betrayer and betrayed," who condoned their treasons more than once. They all received due recompense for their crimes. All these forsworn and unprincipled wretches went to their dread accounts like heroes. The Regent Murray lost his life through his fearlessness. Had he paid the slightest heed to repeated warnings he would have escaped the bullet of the assassin that took his life. He rode as gallantly to his doom as Mary walked to the headsman. Morton, unredeemed by any virtue but political sagacity, laid down his own head on the block like a very martyr. Kirkaldy of Grange ascended the scaffold with like calm intrepidity, and the subtle Lethington drank the fatal draught with the serenity of a Cato. None escaped the grasp of the inexorable *lex talionis*. It is startling to learn how Mary and Bothwell were avenged, in turn, upon each and all who wronged them; but it is equally certain that when the iron law of compensation took effect, it was met with the courage and composure supposed to be the peculiar accompaniment of a clear conscience and a mind at peace with God and man, like

Wishart—Wishart delivered over to the flames of martyrdom by the father of Bothwell; a ruthless deed, fearfully avenged by Fate upon his son.

In conclusion, well may Michelet exclaim: "Knights of Mary Stuart (I speak above all to the good Schiller, dupe of his own heart to the point of writing his violent drama against his real convictions)—let us examine, I beg you, the true cause which has blinded, misled you to such a degree as to follow, as if you had no eyes, the most silly pamphlets of the Jesuits.

"Her trial or sentence was irregular! No, that is not the real cause why you are so carried away by passion. Very many other analogous proceedings have passed through your hands without enlisting your sympathies. State the fact as it is and do not blush. The real motive which stirs you up, which arouses every MAN, is because this [the victim] was a woman.

"Kill a woman! This in fact is a horrible thing, and this, it is, that excites indignation. The death of the most criminal [woman] seems a crime on the part of the law.

"I will not, however, enter upon an examination of what would have become of England if the Spanish invasion had found still living the dangerous creature who constituted the secret unity of the English-Roman-Catholic party, its bond with the Guises, with all the conspiracies of the continent. How many women, however, then, how many thousands of English women would have experienced

worse than death in consequence of the [spared] life of this [one] woman.

"I prefer, putting this last consideration aside, to repeat that which I have said elsewhere—more forcibly than every other writer—in my French Revolution, Vol. VII.: 'Against women there exists no real means of repression. They are often guilty; they are morally responsible; and, nevertheless, strange fact, *they are not punishable.* Woe to the government which exhibits them on the scaffold; it is never excused. Whoever strikes them strikes himself; whoever punishes them punishes himself. They belong to the world for whom there is nothing but mercy; the law has no power over them.'"

"Elizabeth felt this most cruelly, profoundly. * * She saw clearly that this death, just or not, would pursue her throughout the future. She comprehended that the odious act which wrenched peril away from her would save England, but would lose her forever in the hearts of men."

Froude, overwhelmed with abuse by the partisans of Mary for his presentation of her, at best, dubious career, concludes it (Chap. XXXIV., Vol. XII.) with a paragraph which is a perfect reply and justification, that sums up the case better than it has ever been done anywhere, by any one else.

"Who now doubts," asks an eloquent modern [anonymous?] writer, "that it would have been wiser in Elizabeth to spare her [Mary's] life?"

To this query Froude replies: "Rather, the political wisdom of a critical and difficult act has never in the world's history been more signally justified. It cut away the only interest on which the Scotch and English Catholics could possibly have combined. It determined Philip upon the undisguised pursuit of the English throne, and it enlisted against him and his projects the passionate patriotism of the English nobility, who refused to be tempted, even by their creed, to betray the independence of their country. At once and forever it destroyed the hope that the Spanish Armada would find a party to welcome it. The entire Catholic organization, as directed against England, was smitten with paralysis; and the Queen found herself, when the invader arrived at last, supported by the loyal enthusiasm of an undivided nation."



Bothwell.

JAMES HEPBURN, EARL OF BOTHWELL.

An Usher.—"Make way there for the lord of Bothwell; room—
Place for my lord of BOTHWELL next the Queen."
SWINBURNE'S "*Chastelard*," last lines.

Queen [Mary].— "Who went there?
What, hear you not?"
Mary Seyton.— "My lord of Bothwell's foot;
His tread rings iron, as to battleward."
* * * * *
Queen.—"By heaven, I have no heart for any on earth,
Any man else, nor any matter of man's,
But love of one man; nay, and never had.
* * * * *
I have loved no man, man never hath had me whole,
I am virgin toward you: O my love, love, love!"
—"Ah God, that we were set
Far out to sea alone by storm and night
To drive together on one end, and know
If life or death would give us good or ill
And night or day receive, and heaven or earth
Forget us or remember!" * * *
"Here is the end."
SWINBURNE'S "*Bothwell*."

GENERAL history and general report—"a common liar"—are, as a rule, hard as a flint in judging independent men, men of great individuality, who will not doff their caps to win the world's applause, and who, like steamers, first rates, cleave on their way, through the opposing mountain seas, by their own mass (inherent force)

or vast momentum (iron will) and safely come to port, unless they shatter on a hidden rock, imperceptible to their sight or unrevealed by charts—charts drawn by experience, education and foresight upon the tablets of the brain.

We have no picture or description of JAMES HEPBURN, EARL OF BOTHWELL—or as he wrote his name, JAMES, ERLE BOITHUILLE—drawn or written by a friendly hand. The idea of him is, as a rule, derived from English statesmen, diplomatists, or historians, all of whom blacken his character on account of his antagonism to England and its interests, his patriotism and his thorough Scottish feeling. Murray is exalted at his expense because the former was the astute, supple, willing instrument of Elizabeth, and consequently the sly enemy of his half-sister Mary. His was "a mind in which diplomacy stifled every instinct of manhood, every chivalric spark of honor, loyalty, and good faith." This is one picture; others exalt him almost into a saint. Such are the difficulties of weighing human judgment. Bothwell was impelled to his destruction by this wily tempter, the self-seeking Regent, who was devoid of the frank, natural manliness of Mary's third and last husband of a month. Murray was the favorite of the clergy, who are evil cattle to provoke and invaluable friends if cunningly cultivated. Charles Martel preserved France from Mahometanism, but taxed the priesthood for the benefit of the troops which enabled him to triumph, and the

priests consigned the savior of Western Christendom to eternal fire and misrepresentation. The Puritans and their descendants wrote the history of the United States, and they arrogate to New England the origin of a greatness due far more to New York and Hollandish-Huguenot influence. Even so it was with Bothwell. The parties he opposed in policy and in arms have furnished the particulars of his story. The very endeavor to depreciate him is an evidence of enmity, for a man who was born so well, bore himself so bravely, and accomplished so greatly, could not have been an ordinary one; no common-place creation either as man or devil. As far as nobility, position and property go, he was born second to but one in Scotland. The day and month and even year of his birth are not accurately known. His best, if not his only real biographer, Schiern, says he was born in 1536 or 1537. If so he was five or six years older than Queen Mary. He came of a race remarkable for startling peculiarities, even among the Scottish nobility, each member of which seemed to unite in himself the strangest contradictions, good and bad. Cruelty and magnanimity, generosity and greed, sanctity and sacrilege, purity and profligacy, often actuated the same individual at different times and under different circumstances.

Bothwell was no exception to this rule. His habits—if his enemies are to be believed—would shock the outward decorum of the present hypercritical, hypocritical genera-

tion. Still his ideas of morality were better, not worse, than those of his compeers and his time. He was fond of women, but he did not soil himself as many, particularly as Darnley, even after his marriage with the Queen, undoubtedly and habitually did. He drank deep, but who, then, did not! He always kept himself sober for business and ready for action: his brain was always clear—a sagacious brain, as Mary's mother (the Regent), and Mary (the Queen), herself always found it when they needed support or his services were wanting.

Bothwell could not have been either disagreeable in appearance or deportment, as his unprincipled calumniators have tried to make it appear. If he had been so, Mary would not have cast her favoring glances upon him. Mary, brought up in a circle of the grandest and most polished men of the most goodly presence, was so susceptible of appearance that she married Darnley for his general comeliness. And here, by-the-by, is one of the strongest proofs that Bothwell must have had a manly figure, since Mary presented to him the rich wardrobe of the deceased Darnley, who was a tall and remarkably well-made man, and Bothwell at once put on and wore, and was at ease in, these clothes. Had he been "an ape in magnificent attire," as the bitter Buchanan declared—a writer intensely hostile to Mary and all whom she favored—a woman of exquisite taste would have been disgusted with the contrast, whereas this was the very time when her passion manifested itself

with the greatest fervor. Honest Burton remarks that this expression "is no more to be taken as accurate than any other scolding objurgation." All the misrepresentations of Bothwell were in the same spirit as Hogarth's conceptions of Frenchmen, or the caricatures of Bonaparte during England's fiercest antagonism to her most bitter enemy. Flattery painted the portraits of Mary; envy, hatred, jealousy and vindictiveness those of Bothwell.*

That the Bothwell best known, aspired to the hand of Mary Stuart, should not excite surprise when his antecedents are investigated. Burton clearly indicates the important influence of Bothwell upon the story of Mary (IV., 273): "With all her beauty and wit, her political ability and her countless fascinations, MARY, Queen of Scots, *would not have occupied nearly the half of her present place in the interest of mankind had the episode of Bothwell not belonged to her story.*" His grandfather, Lord Patrick Hepburn, of Hales, was created first Earl of Bothwell by James IV., grandfather of Mary Stuart, in 1481. This king, in addition, bestowed upon him the hereditary office of Lord High Admiral of Scotland, together with many other dignities, and extensive possessions. Adam, the second Earl, was slain in the battle of

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* "I present no list of the authorities from which my facts are derived, but will merely say that the result of much study may be sometimes contained in the form given to a single sentence."—"*Legend of Thomas Didymus.*" by JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, 1881.

Flodden Field, 1511, in which the flower of the Scottish nobility were cut down at the same time with their King, James IV. Patrick, the third Earl, was known as the "Fair Earl," and bore the reputation of being the proudest and haughtiest man in all Scotland. James, the fourth Earl, was left a minor. He was brought up by his great-uncle, Patrick Hepburn, Bishop of Moray. Whatever other education he received, he certainly acquired French, and was instructed in mathematics and military matters. There are indications that he visited France while yet a youth. He was in his eighteenth or nineteenth year when his father, Patrick, died.

He was not of age when, in 1557, he was a member of the Scottish parliament; and in the same year he took part in the war with England. In 1558, he was appointed Lieutenant-General of the southerly Scottish frontier—Marches or Borders—and made a destructive raid upon the English. On the 29th of November, 1558, he was again member of Parliament in Edinburgh. His first military exploits were against England, and he showed himself an enemy to the English government and to the English party in Scotland from this time forward. This is sufficient to account for the misrepresentations of English writers who always found in him an able and determined opponent to the schemes of Elizabeth, who succeeded Mary Tudor as Queen of England, on the 17th of November, 1558. In 1559, Bothwell was particularly active against her agents and the foreign faction, and made power-

ful enemies whose unrelenting malice pursued him throughout life. This is sufficient to account for the misrepresentations of English writers, who always found in him an able and determined opponent to the schemes of Elizabeth.*

In 1560 and 1561 he was on the Continent and in France and thus saw Mary at her loveliest. One of these meetings, at Joinville, is a matter of record. In August, 1561, Mary returned to Scotland, and Bothwell either accompanied her or soon followed, to find that she bore him ever favorably in mind.

* * * * * * * *

The peculiar relations of Mary to Bothwell rest mainly on the startling revelations of the rude but expressive verses, styled "Sonnets," and the fervent communications found in the "Casket," left behind him by Bothwell in Edinburgh Castle, in the custody of Balfour, the Governor, his appointee. Whether or not he betrayed his patron, the Earl, and the Queen, is not clearly shown; but the party to whom he entrusted the casket was intercepted, and thus it came into the hands of the deadly enemies of the Royal Pair.

The contents of this famous "Silver Casket"—these ardent verses and these impassioned love-letters of Mary to Bothwell, have given rise to controversies even more pas-

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* When this "STUDY" was begun it was intended to embrace a complete, detailed exhibit of the career of Bothwell; but, having already far exceeded the limits proposed, it breaks off here, abruptly, leaving the reader to pick out the narrative of what succeeded this, from the "Study" itself.

sionate. These documents—of which the originals disappeared shortly after their production as evidence—were declared to be "inventions" by all the legal advocates, so to speak, and devoted champions of Mary. Chalmers, Tytler, Whithaker, Goodall, Lingard and Prince Labanoff, besides other writers of lesser note, have pronounced them forgeries, totally unreliable. On the other hand, the three great historians of France, England and Scotland, De Thou, Hume and Robertson, considered them authentic. This trio of massive intellects do not stand alone in their judgment. Their opinion is indorsed by Sharon Turner, Hallam, Malcolm, Laing, Raumer, Philarete Chasles—the humorous, the eloquent, and the spiritual professor, Dargaud, and finally M. Mignet, who, in a series of excellent articles, knew how to temper, by the most prudent reserve, an able, curious and learned criticism. Buchanan would be the most trustworthy witness on this subject, because he was a contemporary, if he had not shown a bitterness, almost fiendish, that demonstrates his unreasonable prejudice and fierce partisanship. The Regent, Murray, half-brother to the Queen, displayed, occasionally, qualities that did honor to his times, and even to a period beyond them. He was not utterly bad, and, it is claimed, "he kept away from scenes of tumult and bloodshed, which vexed his righteous soul, and taught him to despise his bretheren of the Scots aristocracy as a band of ferocious barbarians." His character was good for his era and associations. Is it likely—if this

be only half true—that such a man, occupying such a position as he did, would have brought forward evidence like that found in the "silver casket" against his own father's child, if he had not believed it to be reliable? The often-cited lines of rude poetry—the "Sonnets"—accompanying the letters in question, contain allusions so coherent with actual occurrences, that honest criticism cannot reject them; and as these were brought forward with the letters and the whole are conceived in the same spirit, the entire burden of disproof rests upon the friends and advocates of Mary. Simple opinion on the part of these carries with it little or no weight, because the counter testimony has the powerful support of consistency. While the career of the Queen may excite, in a generous and magnanimous mind, a sentiment of supreme pity which prompts it to make a mighty effort to lift her from the degradation into which so many seek to plunge her, it cannot clear her from the consequences of her passion for Bothwell. This is what makes the remark of Hume, hereinafter quoted textually and emphasized, so terribly decisive against her.

All the special pleading, legal acumen, subtlety and oratory; all the casuistry and blind enthusiasm of partisanship; all the efforts of logic and creed, cannot overthrow the authenticity of the "Silver Casket Letters and Sonnets." James VI., meanest of men in many things, sought, after his obtaining of the English throne, to do everything to cleanse his tarnished reputation as a son and sovereign.

He razed Fotheringay Castle and he destroyed every original document or indication which attainted his origin or avouched his cowardice. Thus the originals of these letters disappeared from the eyes of men; but neither he nor his emulators or imitators can annihilate the indestructible effect of concurrent circumstances that renders their authenticity so apparent. No human brain, however wickedly inclined, could have conceived such a flawless, endless chain of testimony. It is inherent, and Mary's life, Mary's acts, and Mary's peculiar line of thought, stamp them as hers as indelibly as the brand upon the Stuart race determined that each in succession should terminate his or her career by a catastrophe, the assassin's knife, a broken heart, the headsman's axe, the bitter bread of exile, or, worse than all, the disgrace which attaches to an individual who is destitute of the attributes of true manhood.

In a word, the "Casket Letters and Sonnets" or "Verses" cannot be inventions or forgeries. They are too natural, too consistent with themselves and with each other, and with patent facts, and with the workings of the human heart. That Mary was their author is corroborated by circumstantial evidence as irresistible as direct proof. Inventions, that is *discoveries*—in the primitive sense of the Latin original word used by the writers of Mary's time—they truly were, for they were *found* in the "Silver Casket;" but "inventions," in the sense of *forgeries*—which is an English perversion of the radical meaning—

they just as certainly were not. They are exactly such as might be written at this time by a passionate woman; indeed, they contain expressions, manifestations of the struggle of the better angel with the demon of passion, which find utterance every day. Many of the sentences are such as the pen of an enamored and cultured woman sends to the man who has won her entire heart, and whose affections she fears to lose; torturing herself with a groundless fear of forfeiting his regard.

Scarcely a single one of the champions for, or against, the conclusive Casket correspondence seems to have enlisted common-sense in forming an opinion or pointing a criticism. Raumer, notwithstanding his German phlegm, has a paragraph in regard to these letters which carries conviction with it: "Lingard thinks it foolish that Mary, who had spoken to Bothwell in the evening, and might speak to him again in the morning, should, instead of going quietly to sleep, have sat down to write him a letter 'of no consequence.' *This objection proves nothing, unless it be that Dr. Lingard never was in love.*"

As human nature was and is—while the nature of women remains unchanged—there is nothing in the passion of Mary Stuart for Bothwell that should excite astonishment or even surprise. In letters which her warmest admirers admit that she did write, she explains why she reposed such faith in Bothwell. He was a master spirit in the land; and when she found staff after staff on which she

leaned splinter and wound the hand that grasped it, is it wonderful that she clung to him with all the force of which she was capable—and no one can deny to her the possession of tremendous force of will when once it was fully aroused.

Amid all the obloquy that has been heaped upon the mighty Earl, the fact remains unshakable that he was a power who overtopped the powerful around him. He was acclimated to broil and battle; as Saul said of Goliath, "he [had been] a man of war from his youth"—nay, boyhood, for he had "worn steel since he was twelve years old." He could "drain a deeper cup, back a wilder horse," "ride it like a whirlwind, and couch a heavier spear than the rudest of his jackmen" (border or moss-troopers); possessed a fine stalwart person, divested of superfluous flesh, "built more like a tower than a man;" great strength and military bearing—exercising a fascination over his savage hereditary liegemen that won while it controlled them. His features were manly—bronzed by exposure to the changing vicissitudes of his native climate—and his determined mouth was concealed beneath long drooping moustachios, that mingled with his fair curling beard. No wonder that Mary looked upon him with favor, for she had agreeable recollections of his respectful homage when she first wore the white robes of queenly widowhood; and after her return to Scotland, still found his loyalty so

lofty and unchangeable that "it seemed to partake of that devotion which shed a halo over the days of chivalry."

One of the epithets hurled at him by those who hated and feared him, is the stigma that he was "one-eyed." But the same epithet is applicable to Hannibal, perhaps the greatest individual, not a king, who ever trod this planet, and to Potemkin, the mighty Russian potentate, who never lost the heart of the Empress Catherine II. nor his control of her empire. What is more to the point, if he had lost the sight of an eye in combat, by sea or land, the orb itself was uninjured, and it has been observed that the scar on his forehead, which was the only visible vestige of the injury, "became his face as it would have become none other." Men are not always disfigured by such casualties; and it is well known that Marie Louise, daughter of imperial Austria, willingly exchanged the embraces of the Emperor Napoleon for those of Count Niepperg, an extraordinarily handsome officer, although he had lost an eye in battle.

Bothwell, like Mary, was a being entirely out of the common run. His appearance was no index to his age. He was one of those, so completely imbued with vitality, that years pass over them and leave none of the traces which stamp, season after season, their impress on ordinary men, or sear them deeply, as the glaciers furrow the rocks over which they glide, grinding on age by age, leaving channels that remain indelible after the superincumbent ice has

melted away. There may have been silver mingled with his darker locks, but this was not the result of time but of thought; just as in the days of plate armor a soldier could be recognized by fringes of gray where the helmet had pressed most closely and persistently, while everywhere else the original color held its own. He was a curious commingling of the self possession that results from deep thought and severe discipline of mind and body in war, politics and courts, and the mobility which is inseparable from an original nervous temperament, while as yet the frame has not known sufficient rest to take on superfluous flesh. If Michael Angelo's "*Penseroso*" could have been transmuted from bronze into flesh,* the effigy would have lived in such a one as Bothwell.

It is as difficult to decide what constitutes the handsome in man as in woman. Figure has as much to do with it as face, but whenever the latter indicates mind and manliness and is susceptible of illumination, it cannot be other-

* A short divergence is pardonable at this point. The "*Penseroso*" (the "Thoughtful One," or the "Thinker"), or *Il Pensiero* (the "Thought"), of the great Florentine sculptor, does not represent Lorenzo da Medicis the furious soldier, who combined all the vices and very few of the virtues of the Italian prince and general of his day —who was rotten to the core before he was mature—but his moderate, religious, deeply-reflecting uncle, Giuliano, who was absolutely and truly a "Thinker," as was evinced in his "Treatise on Suicide." The other statue of the pair with bare head, sitting erect, looking out with a fierce gaze, with short, crisp, curling hair, one hand grasping the truncheon of command, is indeed a fitting memorial of the cruel, sinful, sensuous, sensual Lorenzo.

wise than handsome. It matters not the color of the eye for effect, in the excitement of passion the light eye often becomes dark; and there are hazel eyes which when they scintillate or burn have no color; they are simply living fires—brown diamonds of the clearest and intensest lustre.

Contemporaries attributed the domination exercised by Bothwell over Mary to necromancy; but the best answer to such a charge is that made by the unfortunate Leonora Galigai, daughter of the nurse of Mary de Medicis, and widow of the assassinated Concino Concini, Marshal d'Ancre, when accused of similar powers over the Florentine queen of Henry IV. of France. She replied, "My arts were simply the superiority of a strong mind over a weak one." Her exact words were these: "*Mon charme fut celui de l'esprit sur la betise.*" ("My charm [or magic] was the ascendency of mind over inferior intelligence.") And, as regarded Bothwell, Mary Stuart was weak, however strong in other cases. While so many writers have sought to degrade and even to caricature Bothwell, there is one (Dargaud), if no more, who seeks to do him justice without sacrificing truth.

Bothwell was a gentleman of ancient race. He had the manners of a great lord, and the haughtiness of feudal authority. His resolute features never blushed. His eyes were beautiful, although one had been deprived of vision; and he was far from being disfigured by the accident which had occurred in his early adventurous maritime (?) career;

indeed, the defect of his sight was hardly perceptible. His voice, which had a genuine manly ring, was susceptible of the gentlest inflections. His mouth expressed his feeling of superiority. He had a marked nose and a patrician physiognomy, and his fascinating look resembled that of a bird of prey. This martial visage, this noble and easy figure, this soul without scruples, this mind full of audacity, ambition and arrogance—wicked—seduced Mary and carried her away. To this must be added the attest of Sir Walter Scott, as to "the bold address and courtly manners of Bothwell."*

"All these 'gifts of hell' were relieved by a lofty demeanor and by an air that seemed to defy fortune, danger and adversity." Alas! Whence came "these gifts of hell?" In all things Bothwell was more sinned against than sinning, according to the touchstone and measuring rod of his times. It is said that Bothwell was in love with Mary from the first moment that he beheld

* "Of all the border nobles," says Greene (II., vi., 362), "James Hepburn, the Earl of Bothwell, was the boldest and most unscrupulous. But, Protestant as he was, he had never swerved from the side of the Crown; he had supported the Regent, and crossed the seas to pledge as firm a support to Mary, and his loyalty and daring alike appealed to the young Queen's heart." This elegant author adds a remark, that Mary's passion for him touched him little, except that it stirred up his ambition. This justifies the presumption that it was Mary who was desperately in love with the Earl; and he, to awaken such a passion, must have been a man who appealed not only to her senses by his gallant appearance, but also through his innate gallantry.

his "*Reine Blanche*" in the Park of Fontainebleau, as early as 1560, and that he welcomed her home with a loyalty as pure as his devotion was strong. His captivity in Edinburgh Castle, by the warrant of Mary, to gratify Murray and his party, is said to have changed the whole nature of Bothwell. He felt that he had suffered a grievous injustice from one to whom he had given heart and hand, or rather brand; and after his release he brooded over the wrong until his naturally violent temper overcame all gentler restraints. His temper had hitherto resembled a mountain lake, confined within bounds by artificial barriers. Thus dyked, it fed a swift and even beneficent stream; but, as soon as storm and flood had breached the bulwark, it poured forth a wild and unrestrainable torrent that wasted where it had formerly blessed. Bothwell was brave to a degree sufficient to encounter any peril. Still, it is true that, while he possessed the physical courage which triumphs triumphantly and succumbs without yielding, his end did not manifest the purest, the higher moral intrepidity inspired by fanaticism or love. If he had possessed either of these grander forms of courage, he could not have been induced to abandon the field at Carberry Hill without one desperate blow stricken for the trusting woman who loved him so intensely. Nor would he have lingered out so long in a loathsome dungeon. The real bird of prey would have beaten out its life against the bars, or soon would have drooped and died.

The anonymous author of the "Life of the Celebrated Regent Moray," published at Edinburgh in 1528, fully corroborates Dargaud's portrait of Bothwell. He admits that when Bothwell was recalled from France in 1565, shortly before Mary's marriage with Darnley, "the Queen pretended to be displeased at his arrival, yet it is certain she rejoiced at it." And when Moray insisted upon his being tried, and Bothwell fled because he was not powerful enough to meet the military force assembled by his accusers, "the Queen proceeded not against him, as the law requires," but allowed him to retain his property, and would not permit him to be outlawed. If there were any accounts which could be relied on of the interior life of the prominent personages of this time, the relations between Bothwell and Mary, their beginning and progress, might be comprehended. There are not: consequently everyone who examines must judge for himself.

Even as Mary was already very partial, if not more, to Bothwell, when she was carried away by a burst of passion awakened by the exterior attractions of Darnley—this passion was of very short duration, and, as it rapidly chilled, just so quickly her feeling for Bothwell revived and became more and more intensified. Darnley was addicted to every vice which could disabuse a wife of her infatuation, when the honeymoon had set and the sun of common sense had arisen. Henceforward the only link that bound them together was that tie which often keeps

disenchanted couples from separating—an unborn child. Nevertheless, even this was not so potent that Mary did not contemplate a divorce within seven months after her marriage; and already Bothwell was in such high favor that he was actually hated for his influence over the Queen as much as ever Darnley or Rizzio had been. Mary cared for Bothwell, in a lesser or greater degree, long before she thought of or came in contact with Darnley; then, carried away by something akin to insane infatuation, she sacrificed herself to it and to that miserable, gaudy, immature man. The revulsion rekindled the embers of her yearning for the manly Earl, and soon fanned them into flame, resulting in a conflagration which consumed her queenly dignity and his pre-eminence in Scotland.

Not to be accused of warping evidence, the following paragraph is quoted entire, because, if the writer could use such bitter language against Bothwell, the greater is the reason for believing that his guarded praises are trustworthy and far less than Bothwell's deserts:

"The breach between Mary and her husband [Darnley] was becoming wider every day, and *Moray beheld it with secret satisfaction.* The licentious Bothwell had acquired a great ascendancy in the national councils; that ambition which he had long cherished now began to unfold; he cast his aspiring eyes towards Mary, and already marked her out as his own, while Mary only noticed him with her favor on account of his devotedness to her service; and he had long meditated the destruction of her husband. Of insinuating manners, he

easily acquired the Queen's confidence; and his pretended courtesy and respect not only made favorable impressions on her, but taught her to behold him with *gratitude. He appeared to her the only one of her nobles whom she could trust;* for she had found them all one day her friends, and the next joining in cabals against her. He was at this time almost at the head of the government, and yet he was destitute of talent and ability [this is inconsistent]. He knew nothing of politics, was insensible to glory and magnanimity, a despiser of patriotism, a man of boisterous passions and unruly desires [this is ridiculous]. In private life he was the same unprincipled man—ambitious, licentious, prodigal and libertine. * * He was able to form the most criminal enterprises, and equally courageous to put them to the trial. * * *His exterior was handsome, his manners pleasing;* he was an adept in the practice of those allurements which attract the notice and excite the admiration of the female sex. Reckless of futurity, he only sought the gratification of his vicious, unprincipled and libertine desires; and he cared not whether he accomplished these by the sword, the dagger, or the poisonous draught.

This licentious nobleman had formerly been Moray's enemy, but now they were sworn friends. *Moray, perceiving his importance, courted and flattered him;* while the Queen, who knew little of Bothwell's private conduct, and who, at best, was only attached to him on account of his devotion to her service, thinking that her happiness and security consisted in the union of those two powerful noblemen, used every endeavor to promote their friendship; thus, while unaware of the danger, actually aiding her own ruin. Moray and Bothwell, therefore, now invited each other with every appearance of friendship; and the former, easily comprehending the rest-

less disposition of the latter, availed himself of his grandeur, while Bothwell, no less ambitious, was completely undermined by a man whose talents were far more profound, whose refinement appeared the result of prudence, and whose dissimulation and knowledge of business enabled him to lay the most effectual plans for hastening the downfall of his profligate associate."

This presentation of the saintly (*sic*) Murray by his own biographer, makes him out as little better than a dissimulating rascal, and far worse than his victims, Bothwell and Mary. Gilbert Stuart, "one of the most zealous advocates of Mary," admits that when he won the favor of the Queen "*he* [Bothwell] *was in the prime of youth and extremely handsome.*" Finally, not to enlarge too much upon this topic, Throckmorton, the English envoy, who was no friend to Bothwell, reported of him: "He is a *glorious*, rash, and hazardous young man."

What is the reality of the pen portrait drawn and colored by the enmity of Murray's panegyrist? Bothwell was handsome, smart, alluring, fearless, utterly free from the superstitions and fanaticism of his era—ambitious, a lay Richelieu, who, when he saw his *objective*, reached it by clearing away obstacles, as did Hannibal, Frederic or Napoleon. He was not as politic or self-restrained as Moray, or Murray, but he was in every respect as far superior to the avaricious and dissolute Morton; to the unprincipled Huntley; and to the combined or simple

vices inherent in the rest of the prominent Scottish nobility as he was inferior in conduct and decorum to the Regent, in whom the shrewd instincts were in masterly ascendency over their contrasts. For his generation Bothwell was not as bad as very many whose opportunities for evil were not in accordance with their vile desires. And not to be absolutely vicious where so many—with rare exceptions—were altogether so, entitles him to a consideration and a fair judgment which is inconsistent with the influences of to-day. Circumstances alone make men, and men must be judged by the circumstances which environed and mastered them. Many a man and many a woman who pass for a saint in the XIX. Century, might have been very devils had they lived in Scotland or in France three hundred and twenty-five years ago.

Bothwell's religous convictions were directly opposite to those of Mary. He was an ultra-Protestant. Such a combination of principle and the want of it in a man stigmatized by his enemies as most wicked, may be a seeming paradox, but it is not unexampled. Many a man who appears to be destitute of principle possesses, nevertheless, underlying everything, a determination in regard to creed which is insurmountable, inaccessible to bribe or seduction, a bed-rock belief which defies fire itself. Everything seemed calculated to separate the bigoted Papist, Mary, and the political Presbyterian, Bothwell. It appeared, however, as if even the vices of so strange a lover,

their divergences, united to make him irresistible in the heart of the Queen, corrupted in its first developing bud in the flagitious Court of the Valois, in which the presiding Circe was Catherine de Medicis, surrounded by her one hundred and fifty "*filles d'honneur*" (*sic*), the sirens of her Italian policy. Mary and Bothwell *were* physical, moral and mental enigmas while living, and they *are* still enigmas.

It is painful, it is almost nauseating, to see how minds will abuse their powers to pervert or obscure the truth, when it is contrary to the theories they have undertaken to maintain. Mary did not give Bothwell up after he had left her at Carberry Hill. The woman who bears within her bosom the life which love has begotten there, especially if it has been engendered in the face of peril, in the midst of suffering, and in defiance of the world, very, very rarely can free her heart from the sovereign remembrance of the father of her unborn child. If ever, among subjects, contemporaries or after generations, Mary had a champion, she possessed one in Prince Labanoff, and in his publications of her letters, united, or illustrated, by a chronological statement of events, he says, in connection with the "18th of July, 1567, the Lords of the Secret Council proposed to Marie Stuart to disavow her marriage with Bothwell; she refuses to do so; unwilling to consent to render illegitimate the child which she then bore in her bosom." Raumer, in

his "Contributions to Modern History," quotes from letters of the British Ambassador to the same effect.

In the midst of all her misery, after she was captured by the Confederated Lords, the first moments that she was left to herself she devoted to writing to Bothwell. And scantily as she was furnished at the time with money (Schiern, 288), "in further pruif of her inordinat affectioun towardes him she convoyit a purs with gold to him be David Kintor the same XVI. day." She again wrote to him during her imprisonment, and when delivered from Lochleven her first thought was to dispatch a messenger to find Bothwell, wherever he might be, to announce to him, that she was once more free. In this connection, how true the remark of Osip, the heroic serf, in Dumas' play, "The Danicheffs:" "Do you know a spot on earth, Nickepor, where a man [a lover] can go unaccompanied by the love in her [his sweetheart's] heart? If Anna [Mary] still loves the count [Earl] she will leave her soul with him and naught but an empty casket will be by my [anyone else's] side."

Labanoff again, under date 1568, states, "in February (nine months after marriage) Marie Stuart gives birth, at Lochleven, to a daughter,* who is taken to France, where she became afterwards a nun, at Notre Dame de Soissons."

* Labanoff, or his editor, under date 1568, states, "In February (nine months after marriage) Marie Stuart gives birth at Lochleven to a daughter who is taken to France, where she became afterwards a nun at Notre Dame de Soissons."

Bothwell has been accused of treating Mary roughly after his marriage to her. He had loved her for many years and from the beginning with the intense love of a fierce nature. He knew her nature. With possession her passion soon became satiated. The Moor, Othello, born under a torrid sun, when his jealousy became aroused, slew. The Idumean, Herod, first guarded, watched, and temporized, until, carried away by a burst of passion, he executed. Bothwell, of a colder nature, constituted himself the sentinel of his honor; and the prisoner for whatever cause, especially a woman, never fails to resent stern supervision with tears and reproaches. It is asserted that Mary, resenting Bothwell's jealousy, called for a knife to kill her-

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The note to this reads as follows: "The pregnancy of the Queen of Scotland has been denied by Gilbert Stuart, who wrote in 1782; but Dr. Lingard having reproduced this fact as unshaken in his history of England, I have considered myself compelled to adopt his version, relying especially on the testimony of Le Laboureur, a very praiseworthy historian, who, in his additions to the Memoires of Castelnau (French Ambassador to Scotland at the time), Vol. I., page 610, edition of 1731, speaks of the daughter of Marie Stuart. [This is the Castelnau to whom Alice Strickland, in her 'Life of Mary Stuart,' alludes in such very high terms.]

"It must be remembered that the author (Le Laboureur) cited, filled a post of confidence at the Court of France (he was counsellor and almoner to the King), and that he had every means of knowing the different particulars kept secret for so long a time. Besides, when he published his work, it was easy for him to consult the registers of the Convent of Notre Dame de Soissons and to assure himself in fact if the daughter of Marie Stuart had been a nun therein."

self.* She had used the same expression before, while Darnley was still alive. Mary's words were ominous. Bothwell could not have forgotten her threat when her favorite, Rizzio, was murdered, and that she quitted Darnley the night before he perished with an allusion to this menace.

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* "But under Le Croc's eyes, and even while he was explaining these views to Lethington, the affair took a sudden and disagreeable change. Believing that the Queen led a miserable life with her husband [Bothwell], the confederates thought she would be easily severed from him. Her wild talk the night before, however, had led them to suspect that she was frantic to return to his arms, and she had acted so as to confirm this view. Le Croc was told by Lethington that he had had a conversation with her, in which she reproached him for severing her from her husband, with whom she hoped to live and die with all the satisfaction in the world. He answered that he and his comrades were far from feeling that they did her injury by this separation; on the contrary, they believed it to be in every way the best thing for her future honor and happiness. He tried what jealousy would do, and said her husband was still in correspondence with his former wife, and had told her that she was his real wife and the Queen his mistress.

"The Queen gave an angry denial to this, and he shortly replied that the letters would show it. Lethington said the conference ended by her asking 'if she and her husband would be permitted to depart together in a ship, to sail where fortune should direct.' To this draft on the precedents of the romances the "Chameleon," as Buchanan calls him, made answer, evidently, in a vein of dry sarcasm, that, provided the pair did not happen to land in France, he thought it about the best thing they could do. It seems clear too, that she wrote a letter to her husband, which the messenger she had hired to convey it faithlessly delivered to the confederates. Melville renders its purport as "calling him her dear heart, whom she should never forget nor abandon for absence; and that *she sent him away only for his own safety*, willing him to be comforted, and to be upon his guard." (Burton's "History of Scotland," Vol. IV., pp. 251, 252.)

When morning broke Rizzio's murder had been avenged. It is not unlikely that Bothwell might have had some experience of her temper, and, although recently married to her, his relations had been very intimate with her for a longer period than is usually accorded to the honeymoon. How many recently-married couples, even at this civilized time, find ample occasion for quarrels on their wedding trip, and yet live out long, loving and edifying lives, whose warmth or heat is tempered by frequent and violent storms.

Should it excite any astonishment that Bothwell deemed himself worthy of the hand of Mary when Darnley, a man of inferior position and influence had obtained it, and when his own ancestors had acquired a reputation for their relations to royal ladies. One of the Hepburns, according to tradition, married a sister of the celebrated Robert Bruce, of Bannockburn fame, and King of Scotland, which his abilities and audacity had made independent. Hepburn of Hales held the Castle of Dunbar and in it, with him, the beautiful Jane Beaufort, widow of James I., spent her latter days and died. How or why she was thus under the same roof with Hepburn, the great-great grandfather of Bothwell—whether by her own consent or by force—was one of the undetermined problems of the day. A son of the same Hepburn was one of the suitors of Mary of Gueldres, widow of James II. Bothwell's own father was the rival of Darnley's father for the hand of Mary of Guise, mother of Mary Stuart, who, according to the pub-

lications of the Bannatyne Club, "promest faithfullie, be her hand writ, at twa sindre tymes, to tak the said Erle in mariage." Again, does it seem strange for the second earl in Scotland to marry his accomplice, even if a queen, in the murder of her husband, when that husband came between him and his ambitious hopes at a time when the woman was as yet unstained by any act which might not be attributed to imprudent favoritism? Again, was it more audacious or startling for a belted earl, equal by birth, manhood, acquirements, influence and courage to any nobleman in Scotland, to expect to win a queen whose hand Elizabeth had considered not too exalted for her favorite, if not her actual lover—Leicester—who was not even born to the rank of earl, and never attained to the official dignities held as hereditary rights by the Bothwells from generation to generation? Again, justly or otherwise, Mary, although a queen, had been charged by her own husband, Darnley, with criminal intercourse with Rizzio, which was his principal excuse for the assassination of the Italian favorite; while doubts hung over her with regard to others. Was it sublime presumption in Bothwell to raise his eyes to one of whom Mignet, Michelet and Dargaud have written so severely, and whom the ministers and population of Edinburgh did not hesitate publicly to brand with the harshest epithet that can be applied to her sex; and when Bothwell himself counted among his mistresses the daughter of the Earl of Angus and cousin of the Earl of Morton, afterwards Regent, and wife of a gentleman of

distinction; likewise her sister, Lady Reres, who, in 1567, was Chamberwoman, or intimate confidante of Mary Stuart herself, and attainted as Bothwell's pander with the Queen. The foregoing demonstrates the condition of morals in Scotland at this time, indeed, throughout Europe in the Sixteenth Century; and, although this "STUDY" utterly rejects the idea that Mary was unchaste, except with Bothwell, her associations were such that it is not astonishing that a bold and favored noble and a devoted and consistent champion should consider himself entitled by birth and position to occupy the place of a Darnley, especially when the murder of the unhappy boy-husband was done, at best, with the tacit consent of the wife.

The idea that because the highly accomplished, insinuating Italian musician, Rizzio, was ugly he could not inspire passion in a susceptible woman is preposterous. Bright minds in repulsive caskets are sometimes the most successful wooers. Schopenhauer never uttered a greater truth than this: Women *often* love *ugly* men, but *never* an *unmanly* man."

It is also laid to the charge of Bothwell that he was destitute of any personal advantages. Nevertheless, Mary loved him at a period of life when, as Byron makes the Devil remark in his "Deformed Transformed,"

> "Then you are far more difficult to please
> Than Cato's sister, or than Brutus' mother,
> Or Cleopatra at sixteen—an age
> When love is not less in the eye than heart."

In other words, Byron means to say that, in the teens, love comes through the eye as a rule; but, with developed intelligence, through the mental as well as through the actual vision. This is true.

Notwithstanding, if Mary did not love Bothwell, she never loved anybody. She may have been captivated by his manliness, intrepidity, devotion, and other similar characteristics; but, ugly or handsome, he had her affections.

While on this subject, this seems the proper place to sit, again, in judgment upon Mary's half-brother, the bepraised but not the praiseworthy Regent Murray. There is the same antagonism in the estimates of the Regent Murray. It is very likely he was what Raumer quotes, "concealing" "his ambition under the cover of sincere piety; he had a cold, ungrateful heart, capable and guilty of all kinds of deceit, crimes and baseness." He was one of those politicians whose passions were controlled by their policy, and both were entirely subordinate to their intellect. He could handle pitch without any adhering to his fingers. He was invariably absent when any dark deed was to be done, but always let drop some expression or acted in such a manner as showed that he was a tacit, if not an active, accessory before the fact. He kept in with the clergy, especially John Knox, and their Geneva cloaks covered up many a rent and stain on Murray's vesture, and still hide them from any but the bold hands that dare

to lift them up or tear them open. He betrayed Mary, he betrayed Darnley, he betrayed Bothwell; and he alone profited by this; and if an assassin's bullet had not cut short his subsequent admirable administration, it is most probable that his career, if it had lasted a few years longer, would have ended as did that of his associate, Morton. The object of Murray and the associate lords was to pull Mary down into the mire. Their first instrument was Darnley, and the next Bothwell. As the fool fell, so fell the hero—for, in barbarous times, such was Bothwell. As soon as the fearless man, Bothwell, was out of the way of the helpless woman, Mary became an easy victim. Murray became virtual king, and Morton eventually succeeded him. Poetic justice followed the conspirators; and, before Mary had been executed or Bothwell had died, the majority of their persecutors had preceded them before that dread tribunal where, if there be another life, such crimes as theirs are judged. At all events, they were judged in this world, and capital sentences awarded. Bothwellhaugh slew Murray for cruelty shown by the latter's subordinate to the former's wife. Lennox, father of Darnley, next in order as Regent, was killed by a pistol shot in an affray; Mar, his successor, died suddenly—poison the suspected cause; and the "Maiden"—a sort of guillotine which Morton had introduced into Scotland — avenged upon him the wrongs of many a matron and maiden, husband and relative. Nor did the series of retaliations end with him.

Sir William Stuart, "sum tyme lioun king of Arms," "sent to Denmark to demand the surrender of Bothwell," "being convictet of witcherie was burnt," 16th August, 1569, at St. Andrews. Captain John Clark, another bitter persecutor, died actually in the same prison, Dragsholm, with his intended victim. Thus, upon one after another, Bothwell's wrongs were fearfully visited.

Raumer remarks (Letter XIX.): "Seldom has Nemesis avenged wicked deeds so rapidly as in this part of the Scotch history. Without repeating my narrative of the facts, I will merely sum them up in chronological order. Three months after the murder of Darnley, three weeks after the pretended ravishment, fourteen days after the fraudulent divorce, Mary was married to Bothwell, the murderer of her husband, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic and of the Protestant Church. Four weeks later, on the 15th of June, she was already hurled from the throne, and taken prisoner at Carberry Hills."

In this world, failure, regarded as a crime, always receives the severest punishment. This crime of failure hangs like a pall over Bothwell. It is like the black curtain covering the space which should have been filled by the portrait of Marino Faliero, and bears an inscription to the effect that this Doge was beheaded for his crimes. Crimes? He was decapitated for seeking to give greater freedom to a people held in abject subjection by a corrupt aristocratic oligarchy.

No historian has ever done Bothwell justice. To present him fairly, the truth has to be winnowed out from the falsehood as grain from chaff, and then cleaned from smut. He was not more ambitious than Murray, and not as stained with vices as Morton. He was as brave and able as Kircaldy, and as sagacious as Maitland of Lethington. He was far superior to the rest of the vile rabble, who, like a pack of wolves, hunted him down, not one of whom but fell far below him as a man of truth, loyalty and consistency.

Throughout his checkered career, Bothwell displayed hesitation and want of determination or sagacity in only one instance—at Carberry Hill. Why he was so false to himself on this occasion is one of the unexplained and inexplicable riddles of history.

There were two crises in the career of Mary—Carberry Hill, 15th of June, 1567, and Langside, 15th of May, 1568, the latter the anniversary of her marriage with Bothwell. In both cases it was the obvious policy of Mary to avoid a conflict, and as long as her person was secure, the number of her adherents would daily augment; while, on the other hand, the forces of those opposed to her would have diminished and their spirits become broken. This had frequently happened, previously, in the course of her reign. A few days delay in Dunbar would have saved her and Bothwell; and had she thrown herself at once into some Scottish stronghold—Dumbarton, if

possible—before Langside, she might have preserved her crown. Chalmers, her advocate (I. 165), admits this.

John Knox, whose general trustworthiness as a historian has been questioned, was nevertheless deep in the secrets of the associated lords whose "Band" triumphed over the Royal Pair at Carberry Hill, and must have known the truth of this when he wrote. Consequently when Knox, corroborated by Buchanan—devilishly inimical both to Mary and Bothwell—"expressly declares that if the latter had only for two days remained quiet with the Queen in the fastness of Dunbar, which the lords were unable to capture, those in Edinburgh would have disbanded, and every one would have sought to care for himself alone." This statement of Knox deserves implicit confidence. Bothwell's issuing forth from Dunbar, to fight troops more or less disciplined with mere feudal levies, was the irreparable mistake. Doubtless he thought that the presence of the Queen would be as effectual in 1566 as it had been in 1562 and 1565, when at the head of a similar array she crushed or hunted other "bands" of rebel lords out of her realm. To charge Bothwell with cowardice for quitting the Queen at Carberry Hill, without striking a blow for himself and her, is as ungenerous as the motive imputed. There was not a drop of dastard blood in Bothwell's veins. He did not consent to leave her until Kircaldy of Grange, the "chivalric" (*sic*) representative of the "Band" of traitor nobles, had assured her of the respect due to her,

and consideration worthy her dignity—and her consequent surrender on his assurances. Believing that a man like Kircaldy would not submit to become the agent of the basest deception, and that Mary was safe in person and position, and would receive at least decent treatment as a woman, Bothwell left her. He had every reason to base his calculations at Carberry Hill on those which had proved correct in similar emergencies. Hitherto Fate had been propitious. It was now to prove adverse. Every man is simply a tool fashioned for a particular purpose. Bothwell, as an instrument, had accomplished his work. The implement was now useless, was thrown aside to become the prey of rust—to disappear in the vast deposit of tools which had performed their office. Again and again he had left his native land because he could not successfully breast the immediate fury of the storm, but only to return with renewed force, to higher influence and vaster power, to put his foot on the very same "Bands" that drove him forth. It was not the first time that he had been compelled to abandon Scotland for political reasons, and to escape the temporarily overwhelming strength and violence of enmity. Had he not gone forth, before, only to return stronger. Exile to him had been his mother earth, the same as to Antæus in the struggle with Hercules. He knew that if faith was kept with Mary, the wretches who had associated against her would soon be at each other's throats, and that if he preserved his life again to clasp her hand there was

every prospect of ultimate triumph. He did not take into account Fate, and that, having risen so high by crime, like Macbeth, the deceitful hags whose counsels and prophesies had led him to its commission would become transmuted into Eumenides to hunt him, as they hunted Orpheus, to his doom. And then, when this retribution had fallen with pitiless power, it is a comfort to remember that the Furies turned with fangs as sharp and whips as pitiless upon their mortal agents. If the Queen had not trusted to Kircaldy of Grange, she would not have consented to divide her lot from that of Bothwell. Retributive justice found Kircaldy out. At Carberry Hill he was the tool of Morton. Afterwards he became his adversary and was besieged in Edinburgh Castle by troops sent by Elizabeth to the assistance of the latter. To the English he surrendered, and by them was delivered up to Morton, and as a deserter was he hanged at the market cross of the Scottish capital. At the same time, Lethington, another of these subtle fiends, was taken prisoner, and, to escape the halter, "he took a drink and died," and justice was done upon his dead body. To follow out the story of all the enemies of Bothwell would fill a volume. Suffice it to say that all were punished, and the majority adequately in the fullest degree for their deviltries. Murray, in the full blossom of his dignity, fell a victim to private vengeance; Lennox was shot; Morton was decapitated; and so, in succession, great and small, sooner or later, Ατε found them out.

Bothwell was an extraordinarily brave man, at a time when physical bravery was an absolute necessity to hold any public position, much more to make headway against opposing factions. His very personal encounter with the freebooter, John Elliot, demonstrates that he possessed unusual intrepidity. Schiern, Petit, and Aytoun, together, furnish all the particulars, and these prove that Bothwell was just the man to cope with the fearlessness and recklessness of border desperadoes. Severely, almost mortally, wounded, and for a brief period at the mercy of his adversary, he roused himself up to inflict such deadly injuries that these cost Elliot his life. Finally, Bothwell even from his earliest years was a sagacious leader, a wise administrator, an astute diplomatist, a judicious counsellor, an intrepid soldier, and an able general. A single remark of his made to the venerable Le Croc, the French Ambassador—no friend to Bothwell—in regard to Le Croc's representing, on this occasion, the mediator between Hannibal and Scipio, before Zama, indicates that Bothwell, so far from having neglected the study of the "Humanities"—as they were called—could apply the lessons derived from them. Grave historians have alleged that his youthful studies in Paris and elsewhere were especially devoted to the art of enchantment, and that these were subsequently prosecuted in the breathing spells of his boisterous and laborious manhood, and that through these he had bewitched the Queen (Mary) to fall in love with him. This nonsense

roused up defenders, equally erudite with those who spread the report, who maintained the incredibility of admissions, credited even to Bothwell himself. He most likely was master of several languages, certainly English and French, for he was sent on diplomatic missions to both countries, and at one time he either commanded, or was an officer in, the Royal Scottish Archer Guard, to whom was intrusted the protection of the person of the sovereign of France. From this appointment he came back to Scotland, the native gem cut and polished into a brilliant. In addition, he must have possessed a colloquial acquaintance with the Latin, for this was the language of diplomacy and even familiar intercourse, occupying the place afterward filled by French. A strong proof of this is shown by the fact that he found himself, at various periods of his life, in contact with personages with whom he could not otherwise have conversed. Consequently, in all human probability, Latin was perfectly familiar to him, since on no occasion is there any mention of the necessity or the presence of interpreters. His whole career presents unmistakable proofs that he was not illiterate, nor repulsive, nor ignoble, in person or carriage or conduct, but directly the opposite.

This "Study," close and careful, has led to the firm conviction that Swinburne—whose tragedies (a Trilogy, 1865–'75–'81, Chastelar, Bothwell and Mary) show that he had investigated with attention all the details which he wove

into his verse—was correct when he makes Mary declare that Bothwell was the first man whom she had ever loved with the full force of a matured woman's intense affection.

Furthermore, what does Algernon Charles Swinburne say in the *Fortnightly Review* (1. Jan. '82) in regard to Mary's innocence and her relations to Darnley and to Bothwell?

"Outside the range of the clerical and legal professions it should be difficult to find men of keen research and conscientious ability who can think that a woman of such working brain and burning heart as never faltered, never quailed, never rested till the end had come for them of all things, could be glorified by degradation to the likeness of a brainless, heartless, sexless and pusillanimous fool. *Supposing she had taken part in the slaying of Darnley, there is every excuse for her; supposing she had not, there is none.* Considered from any possible point of view, the tragic story of her life in Scotland *admits but of one interpretation* which is not incompatible with the impression she has left on all friends and all foes alike. And *this interpretation* is simply that *she hated Darnley with a passionate but justifiable hatred and loved Bothwell with a passionate but pardonable love.* For the rest of her career, I cannot but think that whatever was evil and ignoble in it was the work of education or of circumstance; whatever was good and noble, the gifts of nature or of God."

Madame Sand—as quoted by Sainte-Beuve—very indulgent for Mary, considers that the three capital sins of this Queen were her abandonment of Chastelard [to the executioner]; her feigned caresses lavished upon the unhappy Darnley [when luring him to his doom]; and *her forgetfulness of Bothwell* [who had sacrificed everything for her].

Although this "STUDY" is woven of words, its story is, nevertheless, built up of facts. "I go in for facts," quoth Frederic the Great, "that is my motto." Man, in his means, has passed through an infinitude of developments; but his thoughts, his methods, his passions, his objects, have undergone no change since Cain smote Abel with a club—a brand caught from a sacrificial fire, half burned, charred, but potent as a weapon of malice. It was as fatal in the hand of the first-born of Adam as the Gatling gun which mows down a company at a volley, just as the scythe lays prostrate, at one sweep, a swathe of another development. Before the Deluge came,—chronicled on cuniform cylinders, laid aside in libraries collected before the growth of mind had formulated the alphabetic characters through which science afterward transmitted its discoveries with greater comparative certainty,—the Sons of God fell in love with the Daughters of men, and thence resulted what the Germans style the Sund-fluth—the cataclysm—on which the Ark floated over a submerged world until the Dove—the emblem of Venus—brought back an olive branch as a symbol of a new birth. Love,

"Thou tyrant of gods and men—EROS!"

reigned in Eden. Its sceptre was as potent in the antediluvian era as it is to-day, when thought is flashed over the wires with

a rapidity almost transcending calculation. Before it, crowns bow their splendors and weapons lower their deadly points. It will reign when the same sun which now blazes upon this planet illumines an extinguished orb like the cold, rugged, simply reflecting moon. It will hold its own throne when life, as we understand it, is being blotted, or burned, out. Love is immortal—not in the sense of Canon Farrar, an indefinite era, an age, anything except eternal—but everlasting as that Being through whose will the universe came into existence and whose laws will govern when the starry host which now are marshaled into incalculable systems, revolving in circuits whose sweep is beyond the grasp of mind, ends in what the astronomer can neither conceive nor the ordinary mind comprehend, because it depends on the decrees of the Infinite. Amor, Omnipotent, source and end of all true happiness, is a god; his home is in the Spiritual world; but he condescends to the Material, through Spiritism, and his sway is illimitable. In obedience to his gentle influences beat the hearts of the beggar and the monarch; or, as the old proverb justly asserts, "As much pains are taken with the development of the embryo of a pauper as with the germ of a king." In the heart or mind which is capable of cold-blooded calculation, passion may have held sway, but not love. Wherever selfish considerations exert authority love does not exist, or is losing ground, or is dying.



Mary and Bothwell.

THE LOVERS.

"*Queen* [*Mary*].— Life of that [my] heart,
There is but one thing hath no remedy,
Death; all ills else have end or hope of end—
* * * * * * *
Bothwell.— Well, being sundered, we may live,
And living meet;— * * * *
* * * * I will go,
Till good time bring me back; and you that stay,
Keep faith with me.
Queen.—My soul, my spirit, my very and only God,
My truth and trust, that makes me true of heart,
My life that feeds and life that lightens me,
My breath and blood of living * *
Bothwell.—Keep then this kiss too with the word you gave
And with them both my heart and its good hope,
To find time yet for you and me. FAREWELL!
Mary.—I do not think one can die more than this."

SWINBURNE'S "*Bothwell.*"

TO UNDERTAKE to present in detail evidence (and authorities) for the origin and development of Mary's interest in Bothwell would require a huge volume, for they would have to be extracted from quite a library of works, not only treating of her and of him, but of their time. Tokens of the interest she took and the confidence that she placed in him, were visible as soon as she returned to

Scotland. They manifest themselves with increasing force as she came to know him better and better, and more thoroughly to appreciate his character. When imprisoned through adverse political influences in 1564, his escape from Edinburgh Castle was attributed to her connivance. Driven on the English coast, captured and committed to the Tower by Elizabeth, he owed his release to the earnest appeals of Mary. Fauſt-recht (*fist-law*), the law of possession and force, was then almost the only law recognized in Scotland; and Mary comprehended that Bothwell, "the reliable," was the only man on whom she (the Queen) could lean and in whom she could confidently trust to enforce her authority. Just as she was secretly "handfasted"—not married (consult John Stewart's "A Lost Chapter in the History of Mary, Queen of Scots, Recovered," * pp. 26, 27)—to Darnley over three months

* "During the spring of 1565, Mary, after much hesitation, finally resolved to take Darnley to be her husband, and, it appears, from evidence which seems sufficient, that she was espoused or '*handfasted*' to him at Stirling in the early part of April of that year."

Any curious reader can get a complete understanding of what "handfasting" signifies by reading Sir Walter Scott's "Monastery" (Vol. II., chap. vii. and xviii.), in regard to Julian Avenel and Catherine Græme. It seems hardly severe to say that even a queen who could submit to be "handfasted" to a Darnley, would commit a more venial sin in being married to a Bothwell.

"'It must be admitted,' writes Mr. Hosack, 'that Mary on this occasion kept Throgmorton [English Agent or Ambassador] in the dark on a very important point. We now know that she had already privately married Darnley, but that they had determined to wait for

before she was publicly espoused to him, even so she had secretly given her heart, if not her person—the latter most probably—to Bothwell long before the rupture with her husband was clearly shown to be irremediable. Even while, in the first instance, she was exposing herself to comment by apparently courting Darnley, the influence of Bothwell over her was already plainly visible. Two months after her marriage with Darnley, Bothwell had returned to her side and was in high favor. Within three months he shared the military command in chief with Lennox, the father of her consort; and "the first open difficulty between husband and wife" arose from her appointment of Bothwell as her Lieutenant-General in preference to Lennox. Within another month her affection, if not her passion, for "the eminently handsome Earl," was so clearly recognizable, that foreign ambas-

the Pope's dispensation, which was necessary on account of their relationship, before the ceremony was celebrated in public.' (Hosack, 'Queen Mary,' p. 102.) *The ceremony thus referred to could hardly be called a marriage*, as that was a sacramental rite which did not admit of being repeated. It is no doubt described as having taken place in presence of a priest; but, so early as the thirteenth century, it was required by our canon law that espousals or *handfastings* should be made in presence of a priest and trustworthy witnesses. (Statut. Eccl. Scot., Vol. II., p. 68.) In a contemporary memoir addressed to Cosmo de Medici, printed by Labanoff, the ceremony is described as having occurred in Stirling Castle, in an apartment of David Riccio—Fossero da un capellano catholicamente sponsati in camera di esso David.' (Labanoff, Vol. VII., p. 67.)"

sadors saw in him the present power behind the throne, and drew inferences of what was impending.

In this connection, again, another observation appears to be most pertinent. Perhaps there is no better proof that Bothwell could not have been the unprincipled villain that his enemies represent him, than Mary's piteous appeals to him not to despise her for the dissimulation she was manifesting towards Darnley, in order to serve their interests. In regard to Darnley, Mary acted like a decoy female elephant, used by hunters in luring the wild male into a trap, which caresses him with her trunk while the chains are being adjusted to his legs. All the while this simile holds good, Mary seemed fearful that the man for whom she was thus lowering herself as queen and woman would dis-esteem her for this proof of the very height of her love which is pulling her down into such a depth of moral degradation.

Mary's feeling for Bothwell was no sudden passion. It *certainly* dates back to the period when she first discovered how she had deceived herself in selecting the empty Darnley as her consort. Tokens of it may even be traced much farther back than this. Bothwell had been a favored servant of her mother, the politic Marie de Guise, one in whom the sagacious Regent had learned to put her trust, This feminine ruler had had long and sore experience of the Scottish nobility, and for her to single out Bothwell as a champion gives him a strong title to respect and appre-

ciation. He was her right-hand man. Chambers tells us that Bothwell "avoided marriage as long as he could, enamored of the species of roving life that he led until he had attained his thirtieth year," and remain free to bestow his affections and dignities where and as he willed.

Burton, the historian of Scotland, whose work evinces little if any enthusiasm, and great calmness, if not cold impartiality, is favorable to Bothwell and to the opinion arrived at through this "STUDY." He agrees with Randolph, the English Ambassador, as to the first traces noted by a contemporary on the spot of the Queen's partiality for Bothwell. This was in April, 1565. It is much more likely, however, that her ardent affection for him was kindled in the previous year, 1564. Mary first saw Darnley in the February preceding, and was privately "handfasted" to him in April or May, and publicly married on the 29th of July in the same year. Swinburne intimates that there was some apparent intelligence between Mary and Bothwell as early as the execution of Chastelard in 1562. And here it may be pertinent to make an observation as to the connection between Mary and a number of the reputed lovers with whom she is charged with having had improper relations. That she was indiscreet in her conduct cannot be explained away, however great may have been her excuse. The manners of her period, of the French court—in which she was bred—a hundred exculpations or palliations, can be adduced in her favor. She is said to have loved Condé and

Marshal d'Amville—both were worthy of it; Chastelard, the gallant troubadour; Sir John Gordon, a brave young nobleman, and even Rizzio, the possessor of many refinements and accomplishments, and a succession of others. Nevertheless there is nothing which amounts to positive proof that she was absolutely culpable or criminal with a single one of them. Burton observes that she was fond of trying upon everyone whom she desired to win the various resources of her passionate and subtle nature. She was a coquette, and, as a queen, justified herself in the exercise of the arts peculiar to this type. But did not the unmarried Elizabeth avail herself of a similar prerogative? Yet she is accepted as the "Virgin Queen."

This "Study" has now reached a point when it is necessary to consider the interest exhibited by Mary in promoting the marriage between Bothwell and Lady Jane Gordon, which occurred on the 24th of February, 1566. Burton disposes of this effectually in a few lines of irrefutable philosophical sagacity: "The interest taken by Queen Mary in this marriage has been pitted against the many presumptions that her heart then belonged to Bothwell. But *experience in poor human nature teaches us that people terrified by the pressure of temptation do sometimes set up barriers against it, which they afterwards make frantic efforts to get over.*"

There were now two obstacles between Mary and her lover—her husband and his wife. She was already es-

tranged from Darnley, who was destitute of character, and prone to every vice which would disgrace a man and disgust a proud and refined woman. Nothing but consideration for her unborn child rendered her deaf to proposals for a divorce. His brutal and cowardly conduct, planning, and with his Judas kiss (Froude, VIII., 258) assisting in the murder of Rizzio, filled the cup of her indignation, and quenched any lingering sparks of feeling for the creature on whom she had bestowed her hand. Who was the first to come to her assistance in this crisis? Bothwell! From this time onward they were indissolubly linked together. He was her champion. Listen to Burton. (IV. xlv. 162.)*

Mary had made Bothwell, in 1566, sole Warden or Lieutenant of the Scottish Marches or Border Lands. In the discharge of his duties, he, riding alone, far ahead of his train, encountered, in Billhope Glen, a noted desperado, John Elliot, of "The Park." They had a hard fight. Bothwell was nearly killed, and Elliot died of his wounds. The Warden was carried to his own castle of Hermitage. When Mary learned his condition she was at Jedburgh. She got on horseback and galloped off with a scanty escort, through a country dangerous in itself, and more perilous from reckless lurking villains, to Bothwell's side, and remained for two hours with him. This ride of fifty miles

* Burton, IV. xlv. 162, &c.; 172–3; 174; 176; 177 (1 and 2); 181; 182–191. Consult "*Biographie Generale*," Art. "*Marie* (*Ecosse*)," 1870, XXXIII., and Art. "Mary, Queen of Scots," *Harper's Magazine*.

across country, and much longer if she made certain detours which are surmised from corroborative circumstances, in the month of October, which is a rude season in so high a latitude and harsh climate as that of Scotland, brought on a fever that nearly cost her her life. Leaving, however, these last considerations aside, whom did Mary dash off to the Hermitage to visit? A suffering lover, or a trusted official, wounded in the discharge of his duty? Eulogists and excusers have shed as much ink as Bothwell lost blood in the endeavor to gloss over this adventure, so inexplicable as the mere gracious consideration of a queen. But the human heart, if it has had any experience of life and love, can solve the problem better than all the partisans and penmen in the world. In response to the intelligence that Bothwell lay dying, as was supposed, Mary's heart flew to him—flew to the man on whom her affections were fixed—and she followed it and the instincts of her woman's nature.

The following detailed account of the fight between Bothwell and Elliot is a harmony of the views of Prof. Schiern, the stern Danish narrator of the career of Bothwell, and of M. Petit, a perfect chevalier of Mary, and of Mr. Aytoun, no partisan of the "fair Erle."

The many instances which Mary had already witnessed, both under the government of her deceased mother and her own, of Bothwell's readiness to venture his life in her cause, convinced her that *in him she had found a most true and trust-*

worthy servant. The behaviour too, which he had shown during the last trying occasion [the murder of Rizzio and its consequences] had recently drawn from her a fresh proof of her favour, inasmuch as she had rewarded him with the appointment of "Keeper" of the Castle of Dunbar, the strongest of all the Scottish sea-fortresses, which was likewise an arsenal for the whole kingdom, in which the most of its gunpowder was kept, and which by its proximity to Bothwell's estates was of special importance to him. Nor was this all; for it has been believed that shortly after the birth of James VI. [19th June, 1566], the Queen began to show an interest in the Earl which was of another and more tender nature than simply political. * * * * * * *

When the Earl, in the autumn of 1566, left Edinburgh and entered upon the charge of the turbulent Border regions intrusted to him, and the peace of which happened at this period to be specially disturbed by the Elliots, the Armstrongs, and the Johnstons, this arrangement displeased the nobles of the country. They found that Bothwell had been driven to most fearful acts out of revenge and that he could not be bribed. Bothwell had already laid hold of some of the many lawless foresters in Liddesdale, the Lairds of Maugerton and Whitelaugh and several Armstrongs, and put them in custody in Hermitage Castle in order to have them brought to justice. One day—the 7th of October [1566]—in a wood close in front of the Castle—Billhope Glen—he, having gone bravely in advance of his attendants, met face to face with a notorious outlaw, John Elliot, also known by the name of "John of the Park." On coming up with him the latter demanded whether the Earl would spare his life, to which Bothwell answered that he would be heartily satisfied should the Court set him at liberty, but that he must appear before the Queen's Court of

justice. They attacked each other with fury. They were well matched, and their bravery, quickened by anger, was undoubted. After a heroic fight, John Elliot had the worst of it, and was obliged to crave quarter from his adversary. Slipping down from his horse, he attempted to run away through the wood and slough. Irritated at this evasion, Bothwell then wounded him with one or two pistol-shots, and sprang from his saddle to pursue the fugitive. In dismounting, Bothwell lost his balance—doubtless through the excited condition of his horse—and fell over a stump and into a slough. The fall was so violent that he lay for some moments completely stunned. As the soil was too marshy for a quick pace, Elliot had not made much progress. As soon as he saw the Earl fall he came back to where he lay, and with his sword gave him, in return for the shots by which he himself had been struck, three wounds in succession—one in his body, one in the head, and one in the hand—until at length Bothwell, recovering himself, with his dagger stabbed his adversary twice in the breast, so that he staggered away mortally wounded, crawled to a neighboring hill, and soon breathed his last. Meanwhile, the Earl had again swooned when his followers reached him, and his servants bore him, senseless and weltering in blood, back to the Hermitage, where the imprisoned bandits had meanwhile been able to effect their liberty and to take possession of the Castle, so that it was only after having promised to them, in Bothwell's name, that their lives should be spared, and they themselves allowed to go away, that the Earl could be brought in and have a resting-place. This hand-to-hand fight alone in a wood speaks volumes in favor of Bothwell's intrepidity and force. During this time the Queen was staying in the neighborhood, having, according to the royal Scottish custom of holding Assize-

Courts throughout the country, just arrived for this purpose at Jedburgh, the chief town in Roxburghshire, near the foot of the Cheviot Hills. Here she immediately got tidings of the accident the Earl had met with, and *when she afterwards found an opportunity*, on the 16th October, she rode attended by her half-brother, the Earl of Murray, and some other lords, *notwithstanding the insecurity of the district*, the almost impassable roads, the bad weather and a fall on the way over to the Hermitage, to visit the wounded Bothwell.* With him she passed a couple of hours, and immediately rode back to Jedburgh, having thus accomplished a distance of about fifty miles in one day. In spite of her fatigue she spent a great part of the night writing to Bothwell, some say on business [very unlikely!]; others, more generous, from affection [much more probable]; and the result was a fever so severe that it nearly cost her life. Indeed at one time she was given up for dead.

Schiern attributes *this* malady solely to the conse-

* "The most celebrated antiquity of Liddlesdale is Hermitage Castle, which consists of a tall, massive, gloomy-looking double tower, protected by a ditch and strong rampart, and rising aloft from the centre of an extensive waste, overlooking the limpid murmuring waters of the Hermitage River, amid a scene of barrenness and desolation. This fortress was one of the largest and strongest on the Border. * * * When in the possession of the storied Earl of Bothwell * * * it was visited by Queen Mary. In order to attain her purpose, she penetrated the mountainous and almost trackless region which lies between Teviotdale and Liddlesdale, attended by only a few followers; returning on the same day to Jedburgh, whence she started, and *performing a journey of upwards of forty-eight miles through all conceivable varieties of difficulty and obstructions.*" "The Topographical, Statistical and Historical Gazetteer of Scotland," 1856, Art. *Castletown*, I., 218.

quences of *this* forced ride. This view is incorrect. All mention is avoided by Mary's advocates that the night after this exertion, which should have been devoted to repose, was consumed in writing to Bothwell; and the fever was due much more to anxiety on his account than to purely physical exhaustion and exposure. When, subsequently, Darnley came to pay his duty to his wife, he was promptly dismissed; but, as soon as Bothwell had recovered sufficiently to be transported to Mary's side, he was affectionately welcomed and caressingly retained.

Among the versifications or sonnets found in the "Silver Casket" already considered, is the following:

Pour luy aussi ie jetté mainte larme,
Premier qu'il se fust de ce corps possesseur,
Duquel alors il n'avait pas le cœur;
Puis me donna un autre dur alarme,
Quand il versa de son sang mainte dragme,
Dont de grief me vint lesser douleur
Qui m'en pensa oster la vie, et frayeur
De perdre, las! le seul rempar qui m'arme.

Pour luy depuis j'ay mesprisé l'honneur;
Ce qui nous peult seul pourvoir de bonheur;
Pour luy j'ay hazardé grandeur et conscience:
Pour luy tous mes parentz j'ay quité et amis;
Et tous autres respetz sont apart mis:
Brief de vous seul je cherche l'alliance.

Well may it have been urged, as adverted to by the phlegmatic Danish professor, Schiern, that these lines can refer only to the severe wounding of Bothwell by John Elliot "of the Park," on the 8th of October, 1566, in which the former nearly bled to death, and the almost

fatal fever of Mary which followed her visit to Bothwell's bedside, "and that we thus have [in] the sonnets attributed to her, a confession from herself that she had even before that event, long ere Darnley's death, entirely given herself up to Bothwell."

Men and women who have passed through life without experiencing any of the temptations the barriers of which yield to the tenderest impulses of the human heart, have reason for intense thanksgiving, that they have never been exposed to them or fallen. Were there windows in the bosom, strange revelations they would show that red snow does not fall only within the polar circles. In other words, many have experienced and succumbed, although they rose again, whose secrets are concealed from human observation. On the other hand, the many more honest, who will acknowledge the truth to themselves, can perfectly comprehend that a woman, a queen, above all human law, who had been deceived, betrayed, outraged, and had been brought up in circles within which principle was an unknown quantity, would, when her affections were wholly conquered by manliness and fidelity, take refuge in the arms of the brave man whom she loved to the uttermost and whom she believed loved her in the same degree, and cling to him until Fate, remorseless, irresistible, and inevitable, absolutely wrenched her from his embrace.

This "Study"—to repeat and emphasize—can arrive at no other conclusion than that Mary was attached to

Bothwell with all the fierce force of her underlying exceedingly passionate nature. Two barriers existed between them. The time had now come when these had to be breached or levelled. Of these, Darnley would naturally be the first object of attack. The Queen was an outraged wife and injured woman—both to the uttermost. Whether she deliberately, in conjunction with Bothwell, planned the death of her husband, cannot now be *positively* shown.*

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*"Much has been said and written about this horrid crime [Darnley's murder] and the perpetrators of it; and we therefore abstain, both from necessity and from inability to go over the ground already occupied by such men as Bishop Leslie, Buchanan, Hume, Robertson, Goodall, Whittaker, Tytler and Laing [and others of more recent date]. We only offer a few very desultory remarks, more especially applicable to the Earl of Moray.

"The question is, who committed, who were the actors in, or who were accessories to, this execrable and atrocious regicide? One party has condemned Bothwell, and implicated Mary; another party, however, *has charged Moray*, Maitland, Bothwell, Morton, and others, solely with the villainy; but Mr. Goodall has adopted the most ridiculous and extravagant hypothesis of all, and *has endeavored to prove that even Bothwell was not the murderer.* We are well aware that there are only two views of the transaction. 'One of two things,' says the learned Bayle, on this subject, 'must have been the case; either that they who forced that princess [Mary] out of her kingdom were the greatest villains in nature, or that she was the most infamous of women. * * * whatever serves to load the Queen, extenuates their crime in a like degree.' Nor are we ignorant of the illustrious men, who, after a most laborious and patient investigation, have endeavored to substantiate the charges brought against her, and which her subsequent connection with the profligate Bothwell has, in appearance, at least, sanctioned. Sir Robert Walpole observes, that '*a plea of such length serves rather to confirm than to weaken the evidence* for the

This "STUDY" has arrived at the conclusion that she did. If she did, would it have been an anomalous case? Have none such been made the subjects of trial again and again,

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fact;' and, again, in another place, '*I have read the apologies for Mary, but still must believe her guilty of her husband's death.* So much of the advocate, so many suppositions, appear in those long apologies that they shew of themselves that plain truth can hardly be on that side. *Suppose her guilty, and all is easy;* there is no longer a labyrinth and a clue;—*all is in the highway of human affairs.*' And Mr. Hume has expressed himself with the most dogmatical decision, in the following language: 'An English Whig, who asserts the reality of the Popish plot; an Irish Catholic, who denies the massacre of 1641; and a Scotch Jacobite, who maintains the innocence of Queen Mary; must be considered as men beyond the reach of argument or reason.'

"To be considered as 'beyond the reach of argument or reason,' is not the most consolatory reflection. But, while we reject the extravagant and absurd assertion of Whittaker, that 'if a story so authenticated as the innocence of Mary is to be rejected, half of the history of mankind must be rejected with it," on this very principle, because, to quote Sir Roger De Coverley's maxim, much may be said, and has been said, on both sides; nevertheless, it appears to us that Mary has been unjustly treated in this lamentable catastrophe. For ourselves, indeed, we candidly confess *that we cannot divest ourselves of the conviction that Mary was aware, or had been made aware, that some plot was in contrivance* to shorten the life of her unhappy husband; and it may be true, that, viewing the report as visionary or unfounded, she did not take the necessary steps to ensure its defeat. But, from the intimacy which subsisted between Moray, Bothwell, Morton and Maitland, at this juncture,—from a view of their conference at Craigmillar,—and from the general conduct of those confederates,—we do believe that his death was first compassed by them, without, perhaps, the actual, *but certainly with the tacit, sanction of Moray; and it is a probable case that, if Mary really* DID *know it,* as murder was held in those wretched days no great crime,—as the king had provoked her by his brutal and

even within the knowledge of the present generation? And have not wives and their paramours been convicted frequently of equally successful guilt? Still, give Mary the

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imbecile conduct,—she might after all, have been prevailed on to be *passive in an affair* which was sanctioned by the greatest and most powerful of her nobles. But it remains to be proved [?] that Mary did actually bring her husband from Glasgow to the Kirk of Field for the express purpose of getting him murdered; * * * Morton knew of Bothwell's intention, yet he neither revealed or frustrated it, as he afterwards confessed on the scaffold; Moray, it is alleged, on departing for Saint Andrews to visit his lady who was sick, was heard to exclaim, 'This night, before the morning, Lord Darnley shall lose his life;' and, as it appears that this was still the leaven of that conspiracy set on foot in 1565, at Perth * * * But it must not be forgotten that Moray, Morton and Maitland were at that time only secondary in their influence at court, and in their assistance to the public administration. They cordially hated the king, because he had often betrayed them, had disappointed their hopes, and in truth had been the actual author of their several humiliations; in any other light he was too contemptible to be regarded by them with fear or vengeance; moreover, they could not lose by the murder of the king, and therefore it was not to be expected that they would prevent it, or avenge his cause. Their ambition had not the same incitement as Bothwell's; to him, in truth, the king's removal was everything, though he was already in possession of a degree of power which Moray and Morton were determined to overthrow * * * though *we think it is clear that they knew of the murder, it is undeniable that* they had no hand in it themselves. * * * He and his friends were no doubt arming themselves with influence, *that, while they were preserving an appearance of intimacy with Bothwell*, who had long meditated the atrocious enterprise, they were working his [Bothwell's] ruin and advancing themselves; and it is likewise true that they aided the regicide in his future proceedings;—that they insinuated into his mind what he had already adopted, the hopes of the Queen's person—and that their influence was not wanting in that mock trial, which

benefit of a slight doubt as to active complicity—either in the preliminary preparations or in their final fatal application—can any one who reads the inside evidence of contemporaries rise from the examination of them—that is, provided they study them without bias and without prejudice—without feeling assured that Mary was not ignorant that a catastrophe was impending which would result in accordance with her feelings? The annals of the French Court, in which she had been brought up, teem with examples of atrocious murders, which only differ from that of Darnley in that they were quietly consummated by means of a dagger or a dose, instead of a barbarous and clumsily-contrived explosion of gunpowder. Bothwell's blunder lay in the means employed. It was an audacious disregard of every propriety—even as they were then understood—consistent with his fearless character, so glaring that it amounted to an insult to the prejudices of a large portion of the population. Greater crimes were common in Scotland, but there was always a veil of condoning circumstance thrown over them with a sort of cynical deference

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ended in the regicide's challenging any one [person] to single combat, because he well knew no one *could* accept his challenge * * * nay, it is *almost impossible* that Moray, associating with the principal nobles, and intimate in particular with Morton and Lethington, knew nothing at all of the murder until it was accomplished; still these do not make him the actual murderer, or even accessory to Bothwell's own deed of villainy." "Life of the Celebrated Regent Moray." Edinburgh, 1828, pp. 255—260.

to public opinion. The gunpowder blurted out a terrible secret, which, if it had been whispered in the ear, might have been passed over as a thousand similar crimes were treated in this century of blood and immorality.

The report which roused Edinburgh and shook it wide awake scarcely seems to have affected Mary. Bothwell brought her the first news that she was free. She at once bestowed upon him the wardrobe, and even the favorite horse which Darnley loved and ordinarily rode—and herself.

Here again a reflection is opportune.

Mary's champions dwell upon a supposititious deathbed confession of Bothwell as to Mary's innocence as regards complicity. Schiern, who is no apologist for Bothwell, dismisses this as utterly improbable, and presents arguments to establish his views. Leader (374–6), likewise Burton (IV., 470–2), is equally against its credibility. What is more, Prince Labanoff, Mary's latest, grandest, most enthusiastic champion (V. 41, 399), is constrained to coincide.

The rubbish of the first barrier, heretofore alluded to—Darnley's corpse—was buried beside, or near, the Italian musician, whose assassination was the remote or moving cause of the second crime. Mary's bitter threat when she learned that Rizzio—who received his first wound over her own shoulder—had been slain with fifty-six ghastly stabs, was ominously repeated, or at least alluded to, when she quitted Darnley the night before he perished.

Sir Walter Scott admits that, even as "Bothwell was in high favor before Darnley's death," the "Queen continued to treat Bothwell (after that catastrophe) as if he had been acquitted in the most ample and honorable manner."

What is the next step in advance? Mary, within ten days, repairs to Seton Castle, and there is happy with Bothwell. She suggests a trial to clear him of the charges with which the night resounds. He is tried. He is acquitted. A confederation of nobles recommend him to Mary as the fittest man to share her bed and throne. If she had not previously suggested this course, she ratified it at once.

The removal of the second obstacle to this consummation requires the commission of no crime which human law can arraign.

Bothwell's wife commences a suit for divorce before the proper Roman Catholic court, and Bothwell, himself, another, before a similar tribunal of the Reformed Church. The first was decided favorably on the 3d of May; the second on the 7th. Mary, who had been freed by Bothwell's audacity, now found Bothwell free by human casuistry.

Mary rides to Stirling, 21st April, to see her child, afterwards King James. Returning, at Almond, Foul, or Fountain, Bridge, without the then existing walls of Edinburgh, she and her escort, on the 24th, were met by Bothwell with a large body of armed retainers. Mary's par-

tisans shout "rape" or "ravishment," for Bothwell carries her off with him to Dunbar. Mary, brave as a lioness, utters no complaint at this apparent outrage; submits quietly, counsels non-resistance, and allows herself to be led away by her audacious lover. "Brutal Bothwell!" shout her partisans. Burton, with a few sentences—a single paragraph—again brushes away their specious arguments. She expected Bothwell! As one of her sex once remarked in a similar case, "If restrained by honor, I did not expect you; but, if impelled by love, I knew you would be here." Oh! inscrutable heart of woman, when, where, did you ever admire your lover if the impulse of honor proved more potent than the imperial promptings of his affection? Here comes in, most appositely, the following paragraph from Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland (II., 121). The acute David Hume, being told of a new work which had appeared, in which the author made a well-argued defence of Queen Mary: "Has he shown," said the historian, "that the Queen did NOT marry Bothwell?" He was answered, of course, in the negative. "Then," replied Hume, "in admitting that fact he resigns the whole question."

Mary was a bigoted Roman Catholic—bigoted in the ultra sense of the expression. What alone in the world can trample down the ramparts of religious bigotry? Love! Nothing else? Nothing! Religion, as a rule, never prevents a woman from obeying her affections. Mary con-

sents to be married according to the rites of the Church she was ever ready and willing to persecute; and during her brief honeymoon with Bothwell his ascendancy triumphs over her religious opinions. Whether or not she was married according to the rites of her own religion is slightly susceptible of doubt. History says she was, but the ceremony was very unostentatious. She was publicly married according to the form of Bothwell's creed by Adam Bothwell, who had been Roman Catholic Bishop of Orkney, and was a convert to the "Reformed doctrines." Mary's Roman Catholic adherents were driven away from her side by this Protestant marriage, and by her acknowledgment, under the paramount influence of love for Bothwell, of the "Reformed Church."

Attempts have been made to prove that she was unhappy with Bothwell after she became his wife. That he was a jealous and therefore an exacting husband is very likely. Strong minds feel strongly. Mary was equally jealous of the divorced wife. Solomon, in the "Song of Songs," uses language on this subject which can neither be added to nor improved. (Chap. VIII., 6–7.)

"*Little do I reck*," she was heard to exclaim, "*the loss for him* [Bothwell] *of France, Scotland and England. Rather than give him up I would follow him to the end of the earth, were it but in a white under-skirt.*" Could any woman declare her absorbing love and perfect fidelity in more unmistakeable language.

Bothwell knew that Mary was a confirmed and, in some respects, conscienceless coquette, but his fierce manhood could not tolerate this, once he became master of the situation and of her person.* To attempt to demonstrate that

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* It is not worth the while to combat the charge that Bothwell was jealous of Mary. He may have been justly so. His experience of her gave him reason to feel thus. But, is there any high degree of love without jealousy? Mary, on her part, however, was even more anxious to deprecate his suspicions, and the following lines ("*Sonnet*"), found with her letters and her contracts of marriage in the "Silver Casket," testify how she humbled herself to appease his distrust, and grovelled, queen as she was, at the feet of the lover she positively adored:

"Et vous doutez de ma ferme constance,
O mon seul bien et ma seule esperance
Et ne vous puis asseurer de ma foy,
Vous m'estimez légère que je voy,
Et si n'avez en moi nulle asseurance,
Et soupçonnez mon cœur sans apparence
Vous défiant à trop grand tort de moy.
Vous ignorez l'amour que je vous porte,
Vous soupçonnez qu'autre amour me transporte,
Vous estimez mes paroles de vent,
Vous depeignez de cire, mon, las, cœur,
Vous me pensez femme sans jugement,
ET TOUT CELA AUGMENTE MON ARDEUR."

Could language go further to demonstrate the excess of the passion with which Mary gave herself up to the Earl!

Moreover, and directly to the point, she wrote to the French Court that "among her Scotch nobility she had not found one who could enter into a comparison with the Earl of Bothwell either in the elevation ("*reputation*") of his house or lineage, his own personal merits, his wisdom, his valor, and that she had yielded with the utmost willingness to the desire of the "Three Estates" in espousing him." This is as grand and sufficient as a more recent letter of a noble lady to her knight under somewhat similar circumstances: "Of late you have filled me with so much confidence that I venture to give you some of my thoughts. My heart is overflowing with love. First I admire you for your brains, I think you have a brilliant mind. Secondly, you are a gentle gentleman and know how to please and treat a lady. Thirdly, you are a person one could lean on and feel secure. But, above all, you have much good in you; I believe you love me and that you are true to me." Here we have almost identically the same sentiment that Mary expressed in her portraiture of Bothwell. If History often repeats itself, Love inevitably does.

Nor does even John Hosack, Mary's advocate (1. 155), fall short of this testimony. "Bothwell was the only one of the great nobles of Scotland who from first to last had remained faithful both to her [Mary's] mother and herself. * * Whatever may have been his follies or his crimes, *no man could say that James Hepburn was either a hypocrite or a traitor*. Though staunch to the *religion* which he professed, *he never made it the cloak for his ambition;* though driven into exile and reduced to extreme poverty by the malice of his enemies, *he never*, so far as we know, *accepted of a foreign bribe*. [All the others were for sale or bought.] In an age when political fidelity was the rarest of virtues, we need not be surprised that his sovereign at this time trusted and

Mary regretted the step she had taken, or that she had ceased to love Bothwell, or that the tide of her love had known the slightest ebb, is effectually disposed of by a single fact. The Confederated Lords, a "healthy crowd" —traitors to their country, to their queen, and to each other, as the passions or interests of the moment moved them to be—about as big a set of rascals as ever made an associate and better man their catspaw, and then sacrificed him—who had recommended her marriage, and entered into a bond to abet and protect it (Chalmers I., 159), now that it was consummated, banded together against the very husband of their selection. They summoned their retainers, and as there was no standing army in Scotland to protect the royal pair, the latter abandoned Edinburgh and took refuge in Borthwick Castle—untenable against artillery. There they were "surprised while banqueting" together, and surrounded by a strong force, eight hundred to a thousand horse, under the Earl of Morton and Lord Home (or Hume), with the avowed purpose of delivering Mary from what they undertook to show was a compulsory bond. If the Queen was not bound to her husband by the ties of undoubted affection—which her partisans undertake to show—all she had to do was to order the gates to be thrown open; because Bothwell had made his escape, dis-

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rewarded him * * although the common people admired his liberality and courage (his "characteristic daring," I. 158) Bothwell among his brother nobles had no friends." Why? They envied his gifts, and they envied his influence with the Queen.

NEED ANY MAN ASK A HIGHER EULOGY THAN THIS?

guised as a Presbyterian clergyman, by a secret passage. What did she do? Welcome her deliverers? No! She flung out to the night wind and to the rebels bitter words, and fiercer taunts, which she never would have done had she recognized those without as friends: and then, disguised as a page, in male apparel, booted and spurred, by night, she threw herself into a man's saddle and galloped off. Where? Into the ranks of those who claimed to be her friends? Again, no! Into the arms of Bothwell. Why? Because he was the unique love of her life, and she cast in her lot with him.

The sophistries of those who undertake to explain, and excuse and palliate what she did before and after the death of Darnley are swept away by such an incident as a slight fog is broomed away by a sudden gust of wind. With Bothwell, Mary took refuge in Dunbar. If discretion had ruled their counsels the royal pair would have triumphed. With little delay the "Band" of the Confederated Lords would have dissolved like a rope of sand. Bothwell's audacity led him to make a sortie, and the opposing forces confronted each other at Carberry Hill. Hoping to save him—solely to save him—in view of the base desertion of her little army, Mary consented to surrender herself to her opponents—who professed dutious loyalty to her—if her lover was allowed to withdraw in safety. Mary and her husband parted like fond lovers, with many kisses, with anguish and mutual protestations of fidelity.

Bothwell wrenched himself away and left the field and country.

Mary, in violation of the most solemn compact, was led away to a dungeon.

Both were blasted in reputation.

The unhappy Bothwell, falsely branded as a pirate, was driven by the elements, rather than by men, into a port of Norway. Trepanned there, and made a prisoner of State, he paid for his brief dream of happiness and love by an imprisonment, at first honorable, and gradually more or less severe, in different castles and dungeons. For ten years he continued a captive, the victim of a State policy subservient to the wishes of the various Scottish administrations during that period. The Danish king, Frederic II., at first treated him well and courteously, and for a long time protected him, expecting that Mary would be restored to her throne and the Earl recalled to her side. (Bothwell died 14th April, 1575. Schiern, 385.)

That he died insane is one of the errors propagated by enemies, among these the Buchanans; Thomas, the Scottish representative in Denmark, and George, the scurrilous pretender to be an honest historian. (Schiern, 387, 389.)

Mary, refusing to consent to a divorce from Bothwell, by whom, according to the English ambassador Throckmorton, and the French representative, the upright Castelnau de Mauvissiere, "so good and honest a man," she

said she was with child, after a year's detention in Loch-leven escaped, had a short taste of freedom, was defeated at Langside; fled into England, and on her part expiated the mistake at Carberry Hill by an imprisonment of nineteen years. The axe of the headsman terminated her struggles and sufferings at Fotheringay Castle in 1587.

Her son by Darnley, James VI. of Scotland—became James I. of England—who would not raise his voice or hand to save his mother, sought out and destroyed every evidence of her complicity in the murder of her husband, Darnley, and razed the edifice in which she perished, in deference to the opinion of posterity, whereas he had not shown the slightest sense of shame for the sentiments of contemporaries.

The unique love of Mary, Queen of Scots, was James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. Her previous husbands did not possess the parts to retain the affections of such a woman. Bothwell was a man, and as such she loved him.

There is no passage in history which should enlist the sympathy of men or women susceptible of real affection, more than this bright, short, sad episode, the brief honey-moon of these two unfortunates. Both were the victims of their passions, but the great cause of their unhappiness was their undeniable, fierce love for each other.

It is very clear that the associated Lords first impelled Bothwell to marriage to ruin the Queen and his influence,

and then assailed the Queen to dispose of Bothwell forever. Their action was devilish in its inception and doubly so in its execution. Mary was ardently in love with Bothwell, and he was devotedly in love with her. Both were sacrificed by satanic Scottish cunning and wickedness. The real beginning of Mary's misfortunes took its fatal spring in her intense abiding love for Bothwell. The remote alighting of the leap was his death in a foreign, inhuman dungeon; hers on the block. The union of Mary and Bothwell was the finest love episode of Mary's unhappy life. This was her real love, short and sweet, the honeymoon or halcyon season of her life.

The Queen was tired of boys like Francis or unbearded youths like Darnley, or swordsmen, poets, or musicians, who could turn or sing a stave, not handle one pointed and braced and shod with steel; and she sought a man to counsel her with words of practiced wisdom, to buttress her with constant stalwart mind, to guide her with astute, audacious, adamantine will, to set her battle in array and fight it too. All this she sought, and found in James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. He was the only man she ever loved; he was the only man she loved who was worthy of the love—criminal in whatever degree it was—that she gave so grandly, greatly to him.

According to Swinburne the unique, honest, absorbing love of her life was Bothwell, and he—like so many others—expiated his devotion to her, as all her admirers

did, by a miserable end, and she her passion for him by twenty years of utter wretchedness. Fate willed it to be so. Bothwell's audacity withered in the light of Mary's preference, so that he added his own marked manhood to the terrible list of martyrs to the annihilating preference of Mary Stuart.

Better had he realized, at Carberry Hill, the words which Swinburne places in the mouth of a far, far lesser man, when Mary asked,

"Douglas, I have not won a word of you;
What would you do to have me tarry?"
"DIE!"



A VINDICATION

OF

JAMES HEPBURN,

FOURTH EARL OF BOTHWELL,

THIRD HUSBAND

OF

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"KIEP TREST" (*Be Faithful*).—BOTHWELL'S MOTTO.

"ARE THESE THINGS SO?"—*The Acts*, vii. 1.

"*Neither can they prove the things whereof they now accuse me.*"—THE ACTS, xxiv. 13.

"With him his Fortune played as with a ball,
She first has tossed him up, and now she lets him fall."
—Verses on Medallion of COUNT GRIFFENFELD, Royal Library, Copenhagen.

BY

J. WATTS DE PEYSTER,

"ANCHOR."

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JAMES HEPBURN, EARL OF BOTHWELL,[1]

THIRD HUSBAND OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"But who that Chief?—His name on every shore
Is famed and fear'd—they ask, and know no more.
With these he mingles not but to command;
Few are his words, but keen his eye and hand.
Ne'er seasons he with mirth their jovial mess,
But they forgive his silence for success.
* * * * * *
'Steer to that shore!'—they sail. 'Do this!'—'tis done.
'Now form and follow me!'—the spoil is won.
Thus prompt his accents and his actions still,
And all obey, and few inquire his will.
* * * * * *
Yet they repine not, so that Conrad[2] guides;
And who dare question aught that he decides?
* * * * * *
Still sways their souls with that commanding art
That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart.
What is that spell that thus his lawless train
Confess and envy, yet oppose in vain?
What should it be that thus their faith can bind?
The power of Thought,—the magic of the Mind!
Linked with success, assumed and kept with skill,
That moulds another's weakness to its will;
Wields with their hands, but, still to these unknown,
Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his own.
Such hath it been, shall be, beneath the sun,—
The many still must labor for the one!
'Tis Nature's doom; but let the wretch who toils
Accuse not, hate not him who wears the spoils.
Oh! if he knew the weight of splendid chains,
How light the balance of his humbler pains!"

BYRON'S "*Corsair*," ¶¶ ii., viii.

[1] Curious to say, this name or title of Bothwell was spelled in documents of the time in twenty-four different ways.

[2] Alphonse de Lamartine, in his "Marie Stuart," or "Regina," says that Byron predicated his poem, "The Corsair," on the maritime career of Bothwell, Lord High Admiral of Scotland, with whose wife, Lady Jane Gordon (divorced to enable the Earl to marry Mary Stuart), the poet was indirectly connected through his mother's ancestry. See letters of Sir Gilbert Elliot (first Earl of Minto, 1, 2, note and 24, note), said to be kin, by some line of descent, with John Elliot, of the

THERE are few facts in history which are so startling as the general ignorance of the reading classes as to the real portraiture of some of the most remarkable characters who in so many cases have influenced nations, and in a few instances the world. These few resemble mountains like Ararat, which until within a few years have scarcely been explored at all, and have only been ascended by a small group of daring men. There are others, again, like Mount St. Elias, that loom up through centuries as that volcano is visible for an immense distance, yet has neither been climbed nor examined. In many respects the greatest man in history, with the exception of St. Paul, was Hannibal, and yet how very, very little is known of him except through his enemies, whose instincts and interests compelled a misrepresentation of him. It is true that in his case his own language, not only as a living and a dead one,—*i.e.*, in speech and writing,—and every exemplar of the Punic records, has perished from the face of the earth. He wrote his name, however, in blood and desolation so indelibly that his victories and his stratagems are "Household Words." The proverb "*Hannibal ad portas*" still signifies the presence of a terror imminent and dreadful. His wisdom, his virtues, how few are aware of them! And yet in both he was as pre-eminent as in valor and victory. He was a victim of the "Irony of Fate" and of the vices and virulence of political faction. He was greatest when no longer victorious, and the expression "Hannibal's Ring" signifies at once the refuge of despair and the ever-ready resource by which escape is only possible from the meanness and malice of triumphant enmity. Like the greatest Carthaginian, the greatest German, Frederick the Nonpareil, carried ever with him poison in a ring, determined not to survive the last humiliation. Hannibal was compelled to use it, Frederick was not. GOD *willed it to be so.* That is the only possible explanation.

Another of the same unhappy class is Richard III. of England. His character is the synonym for all that is bad except cowardice. Is this the true verdict?

"No! by St. Bride of Bothwell! No!"

The exact reverse is most probably the fact. Whence, then, is the popular and erroneous opinion derived? From Shakspeare's tragedy.

Park, the celebrated Borderer or Outlaw, who claimed to be, if not the head of his name, at least the chief of a powerful branch of the Elliots, and by hereditary right Captain of Hermitage Castle, and who was killed in a personal encounter with Bothwell near Hermitage Castle, in Liddelsdale.

This way of judging Bothwell from the nineteenth century standpoint of morality is ridiculous. He must be judged or gauged by his times. Some of the worthies of England were pirates, as he is falsely charged to have been, or, worse, abettors of piracy, sharing proceeds but not dangers. Hawkins, a great English admiral, was a kidnapper of negroes and father of the English-African slave-trade.

Was Shakspeare honest in his convictions? There are many reasons to believe he was not. He was a courtier. His success depended on the favor of a circle of influential men, who themselves were neither more nor less than sycophants of a Queen whose favorite food was fulsome flattery. No extreme of that cloying sweetness was unpalatable. Richard III. was the head of the House of York, Elizabeth's grandfather of the House of Lancaster. Richard had been one of the most potent factors in the Wars of the Roses, which for twenty-four years drove forth the Lancasterian Line and occupied their throne. If Richard was the rightful monarch, Henry VII. was a rebel and a usurper, and Elizabeth, branded with bastardy by a party at home and a creed everywhere, was likewise not the legitimate tenant of her royal seat. Shakspeare did not dare to do Richard justice, and his genius, perverted in this instance to a cruel crime, painted his historical picture to please the woman who wielded the sceptre with more than ordinary masculine force. The great Marlborough stated that all that he knew of English history was derived from Shakspeare's plays. How many who would not admit this truth are nevertheless under the same mesmeric influence? Physically Richard was not the deformity of popular conception. In many respects he was handsome. His mental gifts have never been denied. His intelligence was very extraordinary. In every kind of courage he was a hero. What remains to be examined? His morals. By what rule are they to be judged? His own dark era, or by the present of electric lights? The writer has examined several works which completely clear Richard from the crimes imputed to him. As was said of Louis Philippe, years after he was driven forth, "France will yet inscribe him among her good kings." Had Richard conquered at Bosworth Field, there is little question but that instead of being condemned he would have been "crowned"—to use the word in the French sense in regard to a successful competitor in art, science, or general literature—by posterity. These preliminary remarks must serve as a preface to the subject of this article, James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. The intention has been to lead up, step by step, the reader's attention to the consideration that follows. The Battle of Bosworth was fought 22d August, 1485. Just eighty-two years afterwards an engagement occurred in Scotland, at Carberry Hill, 15th June, 1567, which was equally decisive of the ascendency of two men, James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, and James Stuart, Earl of Murray. The former, the most manly, like Richard III., lost his cause, and, like the Yorkist scion also, has been handed down to posterity blackened and blasted by a fury of obloquy as entirely false as utterly undeserved in many respects. The latter, like Henry VII., was as cunning as a fox, ever "looking through his fingers" at evil deeds by which he expected to profit without exposing his fingers to the heat by which the chestnuts for his eating were being roasted. It

was not until over three centuries had elapsed that Bothwell found a defender, one Dr. Petrick, who published in German (imprint, Berlin and St. Petersburg, 1874) a complete vindication of Bothwell, which, strange to say, agrees not only in idea and expression, but often in the very words with the views taken by the writer, as set forth in "A Study: Mary, Queen of Scots," published at New York in February, 1882. With the indefatigable research of a German critic,—in this respect unexceeded and seldom equaled by historical investigators in other countries,—with an analysis of animus, argument, anecdote, allusion, and authorities worthy a chemist in search of arsenic in a corpse, and with the logic of an experienced lawyer, Dr. Petrick demolishes the corrupt testimony on which Bothwell has been condemned, and accumulates rebutting evidence on which he must be acquitted. If ever there was an ambitious, hypocritical, astute, and bold competitor for sovereign power, from which he was debarred by illegitimate birth, it was this Earl of Murray. Subservient to the clergy through policy, he found it the best investment of his life, and it served him not only while he lived, but has been equally precious to his memory. With their long black cloaks Knox and the preachers covered him, stained with political crimes, from the stigma of individual fraud, and calculated personal ingratitude to his forgiving sister, Queen Mary, and veiled the truth from the eyes of the people, and then threw their sanctimonious robes over his corpse, as a similar protection to his reputation, after he had been shot by Bothwellhaugh.

Murray was the favorite of the clergy, who are evil cattle to provoke, and invaluable friends if cunningly cultivated. Charles Martel preserved France from Mahometanism, but taxed the priesthood for the benefit of the troops which enabled him to triumph, and the priests consigned the savior of Western Christendom to eternal fire, obloquy, and misrepresentation. The Puritans and their descendants wrote the history of the United States, and they arrogate to New England the origin of a greatness due far more to New York and Hollandish-Huguenot influence. Even so it was with Bothwell. The parties he opposed in policy and in arms have furnished the particulars of his story.

One of the recent German biographers of Mary remarks that the blacker Mary's champions succeed in painting Bothwell the whiter they hope thereby to make Mary appear; but here is a fit application of the motto selected by the Marquis de Nadaillac for his great work, "Les Premiers Hommes et les Temps prehistoriques," "FACTA NON VERBA," adding (ii. 463, (1)), "Abuse is never argument, and it has always seemed to me that those who resort to abuse as a weapon do so because they have nothing more available."

And here let it be remarked, although in a measure out of place, but for emphasis, scarcely one who united in betraying Mary and

Bothwell but expiated their sins by the assassin's bullet, in brawl or battle, on the scaffold by the cord or axe, in the gloom of a cell or a dungeon, or some other unnatural end.

Every human being is a product! Mary was the natural result of ancestry, education, elevation, time, place, and circumstance. The same remarks apply to Bothwell. Mary was not a worse woman than her grandmother, her mother-in-law, her sister-in-law, nor the majority of the ladies by position in France and in Scotland. To judge her by public opinion to-day would be just as reasonable as to subject the Bishops in Scotland just prior to her accession to the same touchstone that would be applied to the private and public life of a prominent clergyman in the Middle States at present. Burton is almost stunning in his revelations of the morals of the spiritual as well as temporal aristocracy of Scotland at that time. He tells us (iii. 186) during the reign of James V., father of Mary, "A great tide of profligacy had then set in upon Scotland, and the clergy were the leaders in it." "Priests," said Garibaldi, "are [and have been, in many instances] the greatest scourges of mankind." True! Aye!

"Some families (he adds, iii. 308–9) of the poorer landed gentry held in relation to churchmen a position that could not but subject them to humiliation. Their sisters or daughters were the known concubines of rich ecclesiastics, and held rank accordingly. For many of the clergy who lived in concubinage, according to the letter of the law, there was doubtless the plea that morally they led a life of married domesticity. . . . Every man who practiced it was a law unto himself. There was no distinct sanction drawing, as the law of marriage draws, an obvious, unmistakable line between domesticity and profligacy."

"And of many of the great, rich churchmen, such as Cardinal Beaton and his successor, it was known that they did not profess these humble domestic views, or place themselves in the position of dissenters from the Church, by affecting the life of married persons. They flared their amours in the face of the world, as if proud of the excellence of their taste for beauty and the rank and birth that had become prostrate to their solicitations. It seemed as if their very greatness as temporal grandees enabled them to defy the ordinary laws of decorum, while their spiritual rank secured to them immunity from that clerical punishment which it was their duty to pronounce against less gifted sinners."

If professed moralists were to undertake to apply the elastic laws of Moses and the real interpretation of the Seventh Commandment to the lives of Scottish magnates, and contrast Bothwell with those who ought to have set an example, they would have to pronounce a merciful judgment on him.

Mary Stuart—to whom might be applied with more real justice than to the lady for whom they were originally intended the lines of Alfieri, addressed to his beloved Louisa, Countess of Albany:

"Bright are the dark locks of her braided hair,
Grecian her brow, its silken eyebrows brown;
Her eyes—oh, lover, to describe forbear—
Life can their glance impart, and death their frown!
Her mouth no rosebud, and no rose her cheek
May emulate in freshness, fragrance, hue;
A voice so soft and sweet to hear her speak
Inspires delight and pleasures ever new;
A smile to soothe all passions save despair;
A slight and graceful form; a neck of snow;
A soft white hand, and polished arm as fair;
A foot whose traces Love delights to show;
And with these outward charms, which all adore,
A mind and heart more pure and perfect given;
For thee thy lover can desire no more,
Adorned by every grace and gift of Heaven."

—Mary Stuart, the Fate of Bothwell, was a conscienceless flirt, but not altogether the bad woman that all but her devoted champions conclude. She was a good wife to her first husband, Francis II. The very ardor of her love killed him. After his death she had fancies, guilty in some senses, but not criminal. It is very likely that in the early time of her widowhood she had a sneaking kindness for Bothwell. The French proverb, "To agree too well is sometimes dangerous," applied to their case. Darnley, who made a trip to France in the wild hope of winning her, soon after Francis died, she would not look at. She preferred D'Amville, one of the noblest Frenchmen of the day, who was in love with her. He was married. It is insinuated that a suggestion was made to him that the obstacle of a wife might be easily removed. In spite of his passion he was a gallant gentleman, and tore himself away from the temptation. Chastelar and Gordon were fancies. Mary did not hesitate, as do most women of her kind, to sacrifice both to expediency, the first as a sop to public opinion, suspicions in regard to herself, and the second to the momentary pressure of politics. "What a pity," cried Knox, "the de'il should ha'e his abode in sic' a piece of bonnie painted clay!" "Mary," quoth Laurie Todd, "was a deep, dissembling, polite woman."

"Bathsheba's [Mary's] was an impulsive nature under a deliberative aspect. An Elizabeth in brain and a Mary Stuart in spirit, she often performed actions of the greatest temerity with a manner of extreme discretion. Many of her thoughts were perfect syllogisms; unluckily they always remained thoughts. Only a few were irrational assumptions, but, unfortunately, they were the ones which most frequently grew into deeds." The Duke d'Aumale, in his "History of the Condés," styles her justly the "MEDUSA OF BEAUTIES,"—admirable, perfect comparison; excellent. "Ada [Mary] is the magnetic mountain of the Fairy Tale: she attracts every one; every one is wrecked, burned. She has nerves of steel and a heart of granite."

"How many of our special views and consequent acts, for instance, arose from the accident of birth, the opinions of those among whom we are educated, and so on." "Man's interference with nature" is never successful. "As is well known, Nature never corrects herself." "What a confused mixture of malice and feminine weakness" was Mary. "Let a woman's heart seem ever so cold, glacier flowers will ever be found on it." "In love great pleasures jostle great sorrows." "No man's soul is alone,—Laocoon or Tobit,—the serpent has it by the heart or the angel by the hand." "All the joints of his [Bothwell's or Mary's] life were torn, dislocated by these strong horses of Fate tied to his vitals and pulling in different ways." Darnley captured her in a moment of weakness, and her desire for him flashed up into flame as soon as she was caught, through the eye, by his physical graces and training. He was handfasted to her early in April, 1566, but not actually married until 29th of July following. Meanwhile they lived on the most intimate terms. After marriage her love was extinguished almost as suddenly as it had been enkindled, by his weakness and vileness. All this time there is a strange, sometimes strikingly evident, and at others almost imperceptible, thread, fine as silk, but strong as Fate, connecting her with Bothwell. When at length her passion for this "REAL MAN" took possession of her, the long pent-up flood burst every barrier, and bore her away with it as helpless as an ice dam, which, between heat and freshet, is first crushed or broken down, then torn away, and finally borne off shattered and shattering by the raging stream. *Every human being is a product!* Not to trace cause and effect beyond her grandparents, what was her grandfather, James IV.? (Burton, iii. 80–81.) "He was one who pleased the world and bought golden opinions from it, diverting censure from his failings, which were many and flagrant. He was a libertine, and that in a form which was likely to set the fashion in that direction, one of the direst mischiefs which a king can do to a people; for, however self-willed they may be and disinclined to submission, a sovereign can always make himself the absolute lord of fashion. The same failings in his father were dealt with severely and scornfully, and a favorite mistress was bandied among the people by the contemptuous name of the 'Daisy.' This was the result of the sordid and unroyal ways of that king. The son's mistresses are seen in succession passing in splendor before an admiring people. At the beginning of his reign, while he is yet but a boy, his mistress, Lady Margaret Drummond, comes on the stage conspicuous in her grandeur, to become still more conspicuous in her fate; for she and her sister died together at Drummond Castle, so suddenly and in such a manner as to convince all that poison had been at work."

What was her grandmother, Margaret of Lancaster, worthy sister of Henry VIII. of England? The marriage tie sat very lightly upon her. The story of her marriages and divorces, repeated and

glaring, have been too often related to need repetition here. One of her fancies, however, is seldom alluded to, and yet it must have been patent, because it is the subject of a picture reproduced in Pinkerton's "Scottish Gallery." It represents Margaret and the Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland, together, and is supposed to have been painted in 1522, when the connection became notorious, and her brother, Henry VIII., and Cardinal Wolsey loudly accused her of adultery. Between the faces a butterfly is painted, the indication of "*an amour voltige*," to which a guard or attendant behind the queen is pointing with his finger. This fine picture, probably painted in the north of England, is half satiric and political. Margaret's husband, Angus, was in the English interest; Albany, her temporary lover, always in the French; and thus it was some English artist gave vent to his feelings against the determined opponent of his country. James V. was certainly as loose in his morals as his father and his mother. Burton says "He would, according to modern notions, be called a profligate." He left behind him six illegitimate children, amply endowed and highly placed, besides a number not acknowledged. The best known of those six was James Stuart, at first Prior of St. Andrew's, then Earl of Murray, and finally Regent of Scotland. Very extensive reading discovers no direct charge against Mary of Guise, Mary's mother, but she was of the house of Lorraine, in whose veins, prince or prelate, the blood flowed fiercely and furiously. Somewhere it is hinted that she stood in a peculiar relation to the magnificent Cardinal Beaton, and undoubtedly she did considerable flirting with Bothwell's father, if not more. These were the times and manners that justified such verses as Scott's, in his "Bridals of Triermain," Canto II., ¶ XVIII,—

> "And still these lovers' fame survives,
> For faith so constant shown:
> There were two who loved their neighbors' wives,
> And one who loved his own."

To this the author adds as a note an extract from Ascham's "Schoolmaster," written about the time of Mary's birth: "In our forefathers' tyme, when Papistrie, as a standyng poole, covered and overflowed all England, fewe books were read in our tongue, savying certaine bookes of chevalrie, as they said, for pastime and pleasure; which, as some say, were made in the monasteries by idle monks or wanton chanons. As one, for example, 'La Morte d'Arthure;' the whole pleasure of which book standeth in two speciale poynts—in open manslaughter and bold bawdrye; in which booke they be counted the noblest knightes that do kill most men without any quarrell, and commit fowlest adoulteries by sutlest shiftes; as Sir Launcelot, with the wife of King Arthur, his master; Sir Triestram with the wife of King Marke, his uncle; Sir Lameracke, with the wife of King Lote; that was his own

aunt. This is good stuffe for wise men to laugh at, or honest men to take pleasure at, yet I know when God's Bible was banished the court, and La Morte d'Arthure received into the prince's chamber."

Murray[3] was not a profligate like his father and mother. He was too cold and calculating a mortal to risk the moral support of the reformers and staid middle classes by open indulgence in illicit pleasures. Can his greatest admirers deny, however, that he was blind to every kind of profligacy in those whose support he sought or continued to be necessary to him after it was acquired? He was too astute to commit crimes. He winked at them, and his winks were often equivalent to State warrants; sometimes to kill reputations, at others to hale into prison or drive forth into exile, or even to lead to execution. "He looked through his fingers" at the murder of Rizzio, at the assassination of Darnley; at the incarceration of his sister Mary. He always slunk away when a bad deed was doing and done; he always turned up most opportunely when the benefits of it were to be secured. He always turned at a crisis

> "To Morton, steeped in lust and guilt,
> My old accomplice he."

Morton, his particular associate, in some respects his *alter ego*, was a cold-blooded profligate. Rich or poor, gentle or plebeian, if he saw a woman that pleased him, he rarely failed to possess himself of her. Among a nobility whose almost only redeeming quality was personal bravery, to whom oaths were trifles as light as air, associations, "bonds," or "bands" blanks after signature or the subscribers' purposes were attained, honor a by-word, truth a jest, conscience an unknown quantity, Bothwell, if he was comparatively pure and honest, as he is known to have been, among such creatures, black as sin could make them, he must have appeared like a white crow. That he was "a REAL

[3] "At the head [of the Lords of the Congregation, Protestant nobility] was Lord James Stuart, Prior of St. Andrew's, better known as the Earl of Murray, a bastard brother of the queen, formidable alike from his ability and his ambition. He was the natural son of James V. by Margaret, daughter of Lord Erskine, and is believed, from an early period of his life, to have entertained the hope of obtaining a reversal of his illegitimacy, in which case he might, in the event of Mary dying without issue, have advanced a claim to the crown of Scotland. Nor was this a scheme so wild as to appear beyond the pale of probability. The claims of Henry VII. to the throne of England had been rested upon no better foundation, and Elizabeth's right . . . was worse than doubtful. Murray was just the kind of man likely to succeed in such a design. He was cool, cautious, long-sighted, and unscrupulous; and by taking the popular side in the then all-absorbing religious controversy he greatly increased his reputation and his power. He also entered into deep and intricate relations with the Court of England.

"Murray has by more than one writer been represented as a high-minded and patriotic man. Before Elizabeth he was no better than a spaniel, cowering under the degradation of the lash, which was often unsparingly applied."—*Aytoun's "Bothwell,"* 197, 202–3.

MAN" ("*wahre Mann*") as Petrick styles him, loyal, patriotic, able, faithful to his trusts, brave as his sword, in such an evil time and generation, is sufficient to excuse a love of wassail which he never allowed to overcome his senses, of women whom he never permitted to interfere with duty, or a wrath which in most instances was not only just in its object but justified in its means. Hosack, who championed Mary with the zeal of a knight and the professional ardor and ability of a practiced lawyer, who is no friend to Bothwell, is nevertheless compelled to concede to him characteristics which make him loom up like a "real man" and a true Scotchman, even as Pompey's Pillar towers above the Arab huts and the ruins and desolation that surround it.

Mary wrote, after her marriage, to the French court that "among her Scotch nobility she had not found one who could enter into a comparison with the Earl of Bothwell, either in the elevation (*reputation*) of his house or lineage, his own personal merits, his wisdom, his valor, and that she had yielded with the utmost willingness to the desire of the 'Three Estates' in espousing him." This is as grand and sufficient as a more recent letter of a noble lady to her knight under somewhat similar circumstances: "Of late you have filled me with so much confidence that I venture to give you some of my thoughts. My heart is overflowing with love. First, I admire you for your brains,—I think you have a brilliant mind; secondly, you are a gentle gentleman, and know how to please and treat a lady; thirdly, you are a person one could lean on and feel secure. But above all you have much good in you. I believe you love me and that you are true to me." Here we have almost identically the same sentiment that Mary expressed in her portraiture of Bothwell. If history often repeats itself, love invariably does.

Nor does even John Hosack, Mary's advocate (i. 155), fall short of this testimony. "Bothwell was the only one of the great nobles of Scotland who from first to last had remained faithful both to her [Mary's] mother and herself. . . . Whatever may have been his follies or his crimes, *no man could say that James Hepburn was either a hypocrite or a traitor.* Though staunch to the *religion* which he professed, *he never made it the cloak for his ambition;* though driven into exile and reduced to extreme poverty by the malice of his enemies, *he never*, so far as we know, *accepted of a foreign bribe.* [All the others were for sale or bought.] In an age when political fidelity was the rarest of virtues, we need not be surprised that his sovereign at this time trusted and rewarded him. . . . Although the common people admired his liberality and courage [his characteristic daring, i. 158] Bothwell among his brother nobles had no friends." Why? They envied his gifts and they envied his influence with the Queen. Need any man ask a higher eulogy than this?

And yet amid all this brutality in manners and mode of living

there are glimpses of the influence of gentler natures, which are the more striking from their contrast to the general tone of thought. Witness the following love-letter of Perkin Warbeck to his betrothed, Lady Catharine Gordon, in 1492, the very year in which Columbus discovered America. It is worthy of any person or any period:

"Most noble lady, it is not without reason that all turn their eyes to you; that all admire, love, and obey you. For they see your twofold virtues by which you are so much distinguished above all other mortals. Whilst, on the one hand, they admire your riches and immutable prosperity, which secure to you the nobility of your lineage and the loftiness of your rank, they are, on the other hand, struck by your rather divine than human beauty, and believe that you are not born in our days but descended from heaven.

"All look at your face, so bright and serene that it gives splendor to the cloudy sky; all look at your eyes, as brilliant as stars, which make all pain to be forgotten and turn despair into delight; all look at your neck, which outshines pearls; all look at your fine forehead, your purple light of youth, your fair hair, in one word, at the splendid perfection of your person; and looking at, they cannot choose but admire you; admiring, they cannot choose but love you; loving, they cannot choose but obey you.

"I shall, perhaps, be the happiest of all your admirers and the happiest man on earth, since I have reason to hope you will think me worthy of your love. If I represent to my mind all your perfections, I am not only compelled to love, to adore, and to worship you, but love makes me your slave. Whether waking or sleeping, I cannot find rest or happiness except in your affection. All my hopes rest in you, and in you alone.

"Most noble lady, my soul, look mercifully down upon me, your slave, who has ever been devoted to you from the first hour he saw you. Love is not an earthly thing; it is heaven-born. Do not think it below yourself to obey love's dictates. Not only kings but also gods and goddesses have bent their necks beneath its yoke.

"I beseech you, most noble lady, to accept forever one who in all things will cheerfully do your will as long as his days shall last. Farewell, my soul and my consolation. You, the brightest ornament of Scotland, farewell, farewell."

Among those who read at all the minority is very small who have not heard or read of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. Of the majority who know something of or sympathize with her, few recall anything of Bothwell but his association with the murder[4] of her miserably vile, hobbledehoy husband, Darnley, and yet how justly does Burton

[4] Of these—[the "Bond" against Darnley]—Bothwell was the most formidable. Without any pretence to personal religion, he was nominally a Protestant, and therefore not obnoxious to the people on the score of Popery. Since his recall from France he had done good service to the Queen, and had risen high in her favor. He was Warden of the Three Marches, Lord High Admiral of Scotland, and General of the land forces; and his connections were extensive and powerful. He was held in great dislike by the emissaries of Elizabeth, who had ever found him *incorruptible;* and he was regarded by the conspirators as the formidable enemy of their faction. But with all this he was a profligate man, of a daring and ambitious spirit, unrestrained by real principle, and ready to go at any lengths for the gratification of his own desires. He was also exorbitantly vain; and the preference which was shown him by the Queen, on account of his *undoubted services*, appears to have awakened hopes which *possibly* at *an earlier period he had conceived."—Aytoun's "Bothwell,"* 212–13.

observe (iv. 273): "With all her beauty and wit, her political ability and her countless fascinations, Mary, Queen of Scots, would not have occupied nearly the half of her present place in the interest of mankind had the episode of Bothwell not belonged to her story."

The misrepresentations in regard to Bothwell's personal appearance are not more opposite than those in regard to his qualifications and characteristics. Many people might regard this as extremely strange and unaccountable. It is not within a century that Western Europe beheld the apparition of Russia's greatest general. Scarcely any two accounts agree in regard to him, except as to the results that followed his appearance on the different theatres of war. The writer has in his possession works presenting portraits, physical and mental, totally irreconcilable. If Lord Minto, who came in contact intimately with him in Vienna, is correct, all the other accounts to his advantage are miserable flatteries. The writer believes that he was a hero, a genius, but at the same time an eccentric, to such a degree that very often his eccentricity verged on madness, presenting the living exemplification of Dryden's famous lines,—

> "Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
> And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

Or, as Pope phrases it,—

> "What thin partitions sense from thought divide."

About the very time that Suwarrow had risen to distinction, the great New York loyalist, Sir John Johnson, was making himself known and felt. The controversies about Suwarrow's physique and character are about as divergent as the opinions in regard to Sir John held by the Whigs or rebels and the Tories or loyalists. How hard he struck is not susceptible of question, but whether from principle or from vengeance the judgment of men is as wide apart as the poles. History is just as fallible as to the majority of the men who have influenced human progress, as Froude (ix. 321) justly remarks in regard to the Duke of Alva: "The exterminators of the Canaanites are enshrined among the saints, and had the [Roman] Catholics come off victorious [in the Netherlands], the Duke of Alva would have been a second Joshua."

Hough, in his "Northern Invasion" of this State in 1780, has a note on this subject, which applies to every similar case. The gist of it is this: The opinions of local populations in regard to prominent men were entirely biased, if not founded upon their popularity or the reverse. If modern times were to judge of the character of Hannibal by the pictures handed down by the gravest of Roman historians, he would have to be regarded as a man destitute of almost every redeeming trait except courage and ability or astuteness; whereas, when the

truth is sifted out, it is positively certain that the very vices attributed to the great Carthaginian should be transferred to his Latin adversaries.

These remarks are most apposite to the case of Bothwell. The great historical Scottish authority of the period of Mary is Buchanan. Burton, the recent exhaustive historian of Scotland (iii. 101, 102 (3), observes: "Great part of his history is fabulous, and when he comes to the controversies in which he took part he was too strong a partisan to be impartial." When it suited his purpose he was a sycophant; when it was to his interest he was a shameless liar. He speaks of Bothwell as looking like an ape in magnificent attire, which leads honest Burton to remark that this "is no more to be taken as accurate than any other scolding objurgation."

All the misrepresentations of Bothwell were in the same spirit as Hogarth's conceptions of Frenchmen, or as the caricatures of Bonaparte during England's fiercest antagonism to her most bitter enemy. Flattery painted the portraits of Mary; envy, hatred, jealousy, and vindictiveness those of Bothwell.

"It is difficult," observes Gibbon (ii. 130), "to form a just idea of his [Clodius Albinus'] true character. Under the philosophic cloak of austerity, he stands accused of concealing most of the vices which degrade human nature. But his accusers are those *venal writers* [as Shakspeare in regard to Richard III., in favor of Henry VII., grandfather of Elizabeth] who adored the fortune of Severus, and trampled on the ashes of an unsuccessful rival."

Brantôme is equally abusive. Burton again meets this with the commentary that Brantôme *may* have met Bothwell, but his language implies that he had *not*. There is proof positive and corroborative that both the Scottish narrator and the French chronicler have falsified the truth. In the first place we have the direct testimony of Gilbert Stuart, who was a passionate partisan, "one of the *most* zealous advocates" of Mary. He paints anything but a disagreeable pen-portrait. "He [Bothwell] was in the prime of youth and extremely handsome." This was when Mary first favored him. Throckmorton, the English envoy, who is no friend to the earl, reported of him, "He is a glorious, rash, and hazardous young man." He writes in Latin, and Bothwell's enemies insinuate that he meant by *gloriosus* something derogatory. Out upon such casuistry! The primal definition of the word is glorious, renowned. According to Littleton it means illustrious,—*illustris, magnificus, præpotens,* PRÆCLARUS. Cicero uses it in the best sense.

Amid all the obloquy that has been heaped upon the mighty Earl, the fact remains unshakable that he was a power that "overtopped" the powerful around him. He was acclimated to broil and battle; as Saul said of Goliath, "he [had been] a man of war from his youth," nay, boyhood, for he had "worn steel since he was twelve years old."

He could "drain a deeper cup, back a wilder horse, ride it like a whirlwind, and couch a heavier spear than the rudest of his jackmen" (Borderers or Moss-troopers); possessed a fine stalwart person, divested of superfluous flesh, "built more like a tower than a man," great strength and military bearing, exercising a fascination over his savage hereditary liegemen that won while it controlled them. His features were manly, bronzed by exposure to the changing vicissitudes of his rough native climate, and his determined mouth was concealed beneath long, drooping moustachios that mingled with his fair curling beard. No wonder that Mary looked upon him with favor, for she had agreeable recollections of his respectful homage when she first wore the white robes of queenly widowhood; and after she returned to Scotland she still found his loyalty so lofty and unchangeable that "it seemed to partake of that devotion which shed a halo over the days of chivalry."

One of the epithets hurled at him by those who hated and feared him is the stigma that he was "one-eyed." But the same designation is applicable to Hannibal, perhaps the greatest individual not a king who ever trod the earth, and to Potemkin, the mighty Russian Potentate, who never lost the heart of the Empress Catherine II., nor his control of herself and her empire. If, however, the Earl had lost the sight of an eye in combat, by sea or land, the orb itself was uninjured, and it has been observed that the scar on his forehead, which was the only visible vestige of the injury, "became his face as it would have become none other." Men are not always disfigured by such casualties; and it is well known that Marie Louise, daughter of imperial Austria, willingly exchanged the embraces of the Emperor Napoleon for those of Count Niepper, an extraordinarily handsome Austrian officer, although he had actually lost an eye in battle and wore a patch or bandage.

Bothwell, like Mary, was entirely out of the common. His appearance was no index to his age. He was one of those so completely imbued with vitality that years pass over them and leave none of the traces which stamp, season after season, their impress on ordinary men, or scar them deeply, as the glaciers furrow the rocks over which they glide, grinding on age by age, leaving channels that remain indelible after the superincumbent ice has melted away. There may have been silver mingled with his darker locks, but this was not the result of time but of thought, just as in the days of plate-armor a soldier could be recognized by fringes of gray where the helmet had pressed most closely and persistently, while everywhere else the original color held its own. He was a curious commingling of the self-possession that results from deep thought and severe discipline of mind and body in war, politics, and courts and the mobility which is inseparable from an original nervous temperament while as yet the frame has not known sufficient

rest to take on superfluous flesh. If Michael Angelo's *Penseroso*—Guiliano, NOT Lorenzo de Medici—could have been transmitted from bronze into flesh, effigy would have lived in such a man as Bothwell.

It is as difficult to decide what constitutes the handsome in man as in woman. Figure has as much to do with it as face, but whenever the latter indicates mind and manliness and is susceptible of illumination from within it cannot be otherwise than handsome. It matters not the color of the eye for effect, in the excitement of passion the light eye often becomes dark, and there are hazel eyes which when they scintillate or burn, have no color, they are simply living fires,—diamonds of the clearest and intensest lustre.

Contemporaries attributed the domination exercised by Bothwell over Mary to necromancy; but the best answer to such a charge is that made by the unfortunate Leonora Galigai,—daughter of the nurse of Mary de Medicis, and widow of the assassinated Concino Concini, Marshal d'Ancre,—when accused of similar powers over the Florentine queen of Henry IV. of France. She replied, "My arts were simply the superiority of a strong mind over a weak one." As regarded Bothwell Mary Stuart was weak, however strong in other cases. While so many writers have sought to degrade and even to caricature Bothwell, there are some who seek to do him justice without the slightest sacrifice of truth.

Bothwell was a gentleman of ancient race. He had the manners of a great lord, and the haughtiness of a feudal noble. His resolute features never blushed. His eyes were beautiful, although one had been deprived of vision; but he was far from being disfigured by the accident. Indeed, the defect of his sight was hardly perceptible. His voice, which had a genuine manly ring, was susceptible of the gentlest inflections. His mouth expressed his feeling of superiority. He had a marked nose and a patrician physiognomy, and his fascinating look resembled that of an eagle. This martial visage, this noble and easy figure, this soul without scruples, this mind full of audacity and ambition, carried the queen away. To this must be added the attest of Sir Walter Scott as to "the bold address and courtly manners of Bothwell," "a nobleman possessed of his great power and hereditary influence."

"All these [his] 'gifts of hell' were relieved by a lofty demeanor and by an air that seemed to defy fortune, danger, and adversity." Alas! Whence came "these gifts of Hell?" In all things Bothwell was more sinned against than sinning, according to the touchstone of humanity and the measuring-rod of his times. It is said that Bothwell was in love with Mary from the first moment that he beheld his "*Reine Blanche*" in the Park of Fontainebleau, as early as 1560, and that he welcomed her home with a loyalty as pure as his devotion was strong. His captivity in Edinburgh Castle by the warrant of Mary,

to gratify Murray and his party, is said to have changed the whole nature of Bothwell. He felt that he had suffered a grievous injustice from one to whom he had given heart and hand, or, rather, brand; and after his release he brooded over the wrong until his naturally violent temper overcame all gentler restraints. His temper had hitherto resembled a mountain lake, confined within bounds by artificial barriers. Thus dyked it fed a swift and ever-beneficent stream, but as soon as storm and flood had breached the bulwark it poured forth a wild and unrestrainable torrent that wasted where it had formerly blessed. Mary was Scotch stock, developed by French cultivation; Bothwell, a Scotch-barbaric-aristocratic scion, refined by French influence and association. Both were congenial in origin and identical in seed. Like was drawn to like; they mutually attracted each other. Bothwell was brave to a degree sufficient to encounter any peril. Still, it is true that, while he possessed the physical courage which triumphs triumphantly and succumbs without yielding, his end did not manifest the purest, the highest moral intrepidity inspired by fanaticism or love. If he had possessed either of these grander forms of courage he could not have been induced to abandon the field at Carberry Hill without one desperate blow stricken for the trusting woman who loved him so intensely as to sacrifice everything for him. Nor would he have lingered out so many years in captivity. The real bird of prey would have beaten out its life against the bars of its prison, or soon would have drooped and died in captivity. . . .

What is the reality of the pen-portrait of Bothwell, drawn and colored by the enmity of Murray's panegyric? Bothwell was handsome, smart, alluring, fearless, utterly free from the superstitions and fanaticism of his era; ambitious, a lay Richelieu, who, when he saw his *objective*, reached it by clearing away obstacles. He was not as politic or self-restrained as Moray, or Murray, but he was far more trustworthy. In every respect he was as far superior to the avaricious and dissolute Morton, to the unprincipled Huntley, and to the combined or simple vices inherent in the rest of the prominent Scottish nobility as he may have failed in the feigned decorum of the regent, in whom the shrewd instincts of the fox were in complete ascendency over those of the wolf. For his generation Bothwell was not as bad as many men whose opportunities for evil were not in accordance with their vile desires. Not to be absolutely vicious where the many,—with rare exceptions,—were altogether so, entitles him to a consideration and a fair judgment which is inconsistent with the influences of to-day. Circumstances alone make men, and men must be judged by the circumstances which environed and mastered them. Many a man and many a woman who pass for saints in the nineteenth century might have been very devils had they lived in Scotland or in France three hundred and twenty-five years ago.

Bothwell's religious convictions were directly opposite to those of Mary. He was a Protestant. Such a combination of principle and the want of it in a man stigmatized by his enemies as very wicked may be a seeming paradox, but it is not unexampled. Many a man who appears to be destitute of principle possesses, nevertheless, underlying everything, a determination in regard to doctrine which is inaccessible to force, to bribe, or to seduction,—a bed-rock belief which defies fire itself. Everything seemed calculated to separate the bigoted Papist, Mary, and the unyielding Presbyterian, Bothwell. It appeared, however, as if even the vices of so strange a lover, their mutual divergences, united to make him irresistible in the heart of the queen, corrupted in its first developing bud in the flagitious Court of the Valois, in which the presiding Circe was Catherine de Medicis, surrounded by her one hundred and fifty *filles d'honneur* (*sic*), the sirens of her Italian policy. Mary and Bothwell *were* physical, moral, and mental enigmas while living, and they *are* still enigmas.

Scarcely three months elapsed after the murder of Darnley before Mary was remarried to Bothwell, and the funeral baked meats

"Did coldly furnish forth the marriage table,"

not merely poetically. This may seem horrible, and, indeed, it would be so under ordinary circumstances. And yet the apparently inexplicable may be made comprehensible by a careful consideration of the occurrences. The life of Mary hitherto had been rather one of positive suffering than of relative happiness. The miserably sickly husband of her youth and superb blossoming had died after nineteen months of a prolonged exhaustive honeymoon, throughout which the wife had been little better than a nurse or governess. The interval between the death of Francis and the espousal with Darnley was certainly one of trial of heart, mind, and even body. Mary expected to find in her again young husband a solace and a support. He proved to be neither. His youthful vigor, his fine person, and good looks were masks that concealed a vile disposition and an insane ambition; and his efforts to obtain the crown-matrimonial, with an authority equal, if not superior, to that of Mary, were characterized by exhibitions and efforts that prove him to have been devoid of any manliness, and of every other quality which might have measurably redeemed his base ingratitude and his want of intelligence. He assassinated the queen's affection for him, aroused and stimulated by his outside attractions, almost as suddenly by not only planning but assisting in the dastardly murder of the unhappy Rizzio. Mary, who to feminine graces united masculine courage and energy, saw in Bothwell the qualities which constitute a "REAL MAN." He had befriended her, sustained her, championed

her; he was fearless, devoted; in short, a rough but resolute Scottish lord, and also a bold Scottish MAN, far better and in no wise worse than his peers in rank,—yes, better than all in one quality or another, even than Murray. Mary's best affections had been crushed in upon herself by the adverse circumstances of her position and the meannesses of her husband. They had been chilled by an utter absence of the sympathy, in all around her save in Bothwell, which she so greatly needed,—a sympathy necessary to bring out and develop all that was loving and lovable in her nature. When freed from such a mate as Darnley, her affections, suddenly relieved from the terrible pressure of the ties that bound her, her very capability of feeling, stretched itself out, as a vine planted in the darkness of a vault grows towards the crevices through which filters a single ray of light; and then, when her arms thus expanded to the warmth and comfort and confidence of a new hope, a new faith, a new love, when her arms and hands, outstretched beseechingly, met each other again in a fond embrace,—those beautiful, soft, white, rounded arms, and the hands that betrayed her at Lochleven Castle,—they enclosed—Bothwell!

Or when, crushed in her affections and her spirits, she opened wide her arms for sympathy, support, and love, and the expanded fingers, which were symmetry itself, drew together and clasped each other again about the columnar support she so greatly needed, and for which she yearned, they locked within the magic circle of that yearning quest the hero of her dreams, the stalwart Bothwell!

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So far for actual proof as to the traits and attractiveness of Bothwell. Now as to the corroborative evidence. When, in 1562, through the temporary ascendency and enmity of Murray, Bothwell fled to France, the king, Charles IX., appointed him one of his chamberlains. The House of Valois liked to have handsome men and women around them. Is it likely that Charles IX. would have selected a foreigner repulsively ugly, without grace and accomplishments, to be near his person? The supposition is supremely ridiculous, and this fact alone gives the lie both to Buchanan and Brantôme. When, again, in 1563, the malice of his enemies drove Bothwell forth he again repaired to the Court of France, and Charles IX. made him Commander of his Scots Guard, to whom was intrusted the protection of his person. In the "Scot Abroad" Burton discourses as follows:

"The SCOTS GUARD consisted of one hundred *gens d'armes* and two hundred archers. They had a Captain who was a High Officer of State. The first Captain of the Guard who appears in history—and probably the first person who held the office—was John Stewart, Lord of Aubigne, the founder of a great Scots House in France. . . . By a chivalrous courtesy the appointment to this high office was confided to the King of Scots. This was an arrangement, however, that could not last. As the two nations changed their relative positions, and the Guard began to become

Scots only in name, it became not only out of the question that the captain should be appointed by a foreign government, but impolitic that he should be a foreigner. It is curious to notice a small ingenious policy to avoid offense to the haughty foreigners in the removal of the command from the Scots. The first Captain of the Guard who was a native Frenchman was the Count of Montgomery, who, for his patrimonial name, which corresponded with that of an old Scots family, passed for a man of Scots descent. It was thought prudent that his son should succeed him; but the selection was not fortunate, for he was the same Montgomery who hit [and mortally wounded] King Henry II. at the jousts in honor of his daughter Elizabeth's marriage to Philip II., and so made Mary Stewart, Queen of France.

"According to the old courtly creed of France, the privileges of the Scots Guard had an eminence that partook of sacredness. Twenty-four of them were told off as the special protectors of the royal person. They took charge of the keys of the chamber where the king slept, and the oratory where he paid his devotions. When, on a solemn progress, he entered a walled town, the keys were committed to the custody of the captain of the Guard. They guarded his boat as he crossed a ferry, and were essential to the support of his litter when he was carried. On ordinary occasions two of them stood behind him; but in affairs of great ceremony—the reception of embassies, the conferring of high honors, the touching for the king's evil, and the like—six of them stood near the throne, three on either side. It was deemed a marked honor to them that the silk fringe with which their halberts were decorated was white, the royal color of France.

"There is something melancholy beyond description in contemplating the condition of a country the vital treasures of which had to be confided to the fidelity and bravery of hireling strangers. If there was a fault in the affair, however, it was not with the Scots: they were true to their trust, and paid faith with faith.

"On their side of the bargain, too, there is something touching in the picture of a hardy, high-spirited race robbed of their proper field of exertion at home, and driven to a foreign land, there to bestow the enterprising energy that might have made their own illustrious, and serving a foreign master with the single-minded fidelity that had been nourished within them by the love of their own land and kindred. But it must be admitted that their hospitable patrons made their exile mighty comfortable. When the lank youth left behind him the house of his ancestors, standing up gray, cold, and bare on the bleak moorland, it was not to pass into hard sordid exile, but rather to exult in the prospect of a land of promise or El Dorado, and faithfully was the promise kept; for the profuse hospitality and lavish generosity of France to her guests is a thing hardly to be elsewhere paralleled in history. It was but just that it should all be requited with sound fidelity and ardent devotion.

"The trust which Louis XI. reposed in the Guard has been already referred to. It was not their blame that he took their assistance in grubbing up the roots of all the political institutions which checked or modified the supreme authority of the Crown. If we were to suppose, indeed, that they passed beyond the routine of duty to think of the political results of the affairs in which they were engaged, they would find a good many partisans in the present day had they adopted the designs of their crafty master as their own, and backed them as the soundest policy for the future of France and of Europe at large, for Louis XI. is by no means championless.

"In one of the most amusing of all the chronicles ever written—that of Comines—the Scots Guard figure frequently and always creditably. Louis, who was reputed to trust no other creatures of human make, appears to have placed entire reliance on them. They saved him at a crisis of great peril in his renowned attack, along with the Duke of Burgundy, on the city of Liege. Both potentates were deeply plotting, the one to bring the Burgundian territories directly under the Crown of France, the other to change his Dukedom for a Kingdom, which might in the end comprise France itself. Both were of one mind, for the time, in deadly

malice and murderous projects against the industrious burghers of the city. By a concurrence of events which broke through the fine texture of his subtle policy, Louis found himself in the hands of his fierce rival, for he was within the lines of Burgundy's army, with no other resource or protection apparently but his Scots Guard. There was to be a storming of Liege, which was to be anticipated by the citizens breaking out and attacking the camp of the Duke. In the confusion of such an affair at such a juncture, it is easy to suppose that Louis could not know friends from enemies, and had reason to believe the enemies to be far the more prevalent of the two. Comines gives this distinct and homely narrative of what he saw of the affair, for he was present:

"'I, and two gentlemen more of his bed-chamber, lay that night in the Duke of Burgundy's chamber (which was very small), and above us there were twelve archers upon the guard, all of 'em in their clothes, and playing at dice. His main guard was at a good distance, and towards the gate of the town; in short, the master of the house where the Duke was quartered, having drawn out a good party of the *Liegeois*, came so suddenly upon the Duke he had scarce time to put on his back and breast plate and clap a steel cap upon his head. As soon as he had done it we ran down the stairs into the street; but we found our archers engaged with the enemy, and much ado they had to defend the doors and the windows against 'em.' . . . .'

"The King was also assaulted after the same manner by his landlord, who entered his house, but was slain by the *Scotch* Guard. These *Scotch* troops behaved themselves valiantly, maintained their ground, would not stir one step from the King, and were very nimble with their bows and arrows, with which, it is said, they wounded and killed more of the Burgundians than of the enemy. . . .

"French historians are tolerably unanimous in their testimony that the Guard were faithful fellows. As a small select body of men, highly endowed with rank and remuneration, they were naturally the prize-holders of a considerable body of their countrymen, who in the army of France strove to prove themselves worthy of reception into the chosen band. Thus the Scots in the French army carried the spirit of the service beyond the mere number selected as the Guard; and there was among them a fellow-feeling mixed with a devotion to the Crown of France, of a kind which there is no good term for in English, while it is but faintly expressed by the French *esprit de corps*. A few of the facts in the history of the Scots troops employed by France bring it closer home than any generalization can; for instance, after other incidents of a like character, M. Michel quotes from D'Anton's chronicle, how, in a contest with the Spaniards in Calabria, in 1503, the banner-bearer, William Turnbull, was found dead with the staff in his arms and the flag gripped in his teeth, with a little cluster of his countrymen round him, killed at their posts, 'et si un Écossais était mort d'un côté un Espagnol ou deux l'étaient de l'autre.' The moral drawn from this incident by the old chronicler is that the expression long proverbial in France, '*Fier comme un Écossais*,' was because the Scots 'aimaient mieux mourir pour honneur garder, que vivre en honte, reprochez de tache de lacheté.'

"When the two British kingdoms merged towards each other in the sixteenth century, the native element was gradually turned out of the Scots Guard. When Scotland became part of an empire which called France the natural enemy, it seemed unreasonable that her sons should expect to retain a sort of supremacy in the French army. But there are no bounds to human unreasonableness when profitable offices are coming and going, and many of our countrymen during the seventeenth century were loud in their wrath and lamentation about the abstraction of their national privileges in France. Some Scotchmen, still in the Guard in the year 1611, had a quarrel with the French captain, De Montespan, and brought their complaints before King James. As French soldiers appealing to a foreign monarch, they were very naturally dismissed. Of course they now complained at home still more loudly, and their cause was taken up by some great men. The French behaved in the matter with great courtesy. The men dismissed for a breach of dis-

cipline could not be replaced at the instigation of a foreign Court, but the Government would fill their places with other Scotsmen duly recommended. So lately as the year 1642, demands were made on the French Government to renew the ancient League and restore the 'privileges' of the Scots in France, including the monopoly of the appointments in the Guard. But though made in the name of King Charles I. by the Scots Privy Council, these demands were, like many of the other transactions of the day, rather made in hostility to the King than in obedience to his commands. Louis XIV. gave a brief and effective answer to them. He said that he would renew the League only on the condition that the Scots should cease to act as the ally of England, either by giving obedience to the King of that country 'or under pretext of religion, without express permission from the King, their master,'—a pretty accurate diplomatic description of the position of the Covenanting force.

"Down to the time when all the pomps and vanities of the French Crown were swept away along with its substantial power, the Scots Guard existed as pageant of the Court of France. In that immense conglomerate of all kinds of useful and useless knowledge, the 'Dictionnaire de Trevoux,' it is set forth that 'la premiere compagnie des Gardes du Corps de nos rois' is still called 'La Garde Écossaise,' though there was not then (1730) a single Scotsman in it. Still there were preserved among the young Court lackeys, who kept up the part of the survivors of the Hundred Years' War, some of the old formalities. Among these, when the *Clerc du Guêt* challenged the guard who had seen the palace-gate closed, 'il repond en Écossais, "I am hire"—c'est à dire, me voilà;' and the lexicographer informs us that, in the mouths of the Frenchmen, totally unacquainted with the barbarous tongue in which the regimental orders had been originally devised, the answer always sounded, 'Ai am hire.'

"In some luxurious libraries may be found a gorgeous volume in old morocco, heavily decorated with symbols of royalty, bearing on its engraved title-page that it is 'La Sacre de Louis XV, Roy de France et de Navarre, dans l'Eglise de Reims, le Dimanche, xxv Octobre, MDCCXXII.' After a poetical inauguration, giving assurance of the piety, the justice, the firmness, the devotion to his people of the new King, and the orthodoxy, loyalty, and continued peace that were to be the lot of France, with many other predictions wide of the truth that came to pass, there come a series of large pictures, representing the various stages of the coronation, and these are followed by full-dress and full-length portraits of the various high officers who figured on the solemn occasion. Among these we have the Capitaine des Gardes Écossais in full state uniform. This has anything but a military aspect; it is the single-breasted broad-flapped coat of the time, heavily embroidered, a short mantle, and a black cap, with a double white plume. The six guards are also represented in a draped portrait. It is far more picturesque than that of their captain, yet, in its white satin, gold embroidery, and fictitious mail, it conveys much less of the character of the soldier than that of the court attendant. . . . In the original engraving, by the way, the artist has thrown an air of absorbed devotedness into the very handsome countenance drawn by him, which is at variance, in some measure, with the tone of the attitude and costume, as pertaining to a mere figure in a state pageant."

Is it consistent with the remotest bounds of human perversity, not born of absolute personal hatred and unprincipled malice, to imagine for a moment that so great a king as the monarch of France, at a time when his realm was convulsed with civil and religious antagonism, when questions of state and feeling were riddles to be solved by steel, poison, or prostitution, would have conferred one of the grandest charges of the crown—the care of his person, the guardianship of his privacy—to a foreigner if that stranger had not possessed the highest

reputation for courage and fidelity at home, for loyalty tried and unstained by doubt, noble in appearance, equally noble in character, brave as the steel with which he had to guard and protect, and as strong in physical strength as determined in will and devotion? The very attempt to caricature Bothwell in the light of the dignities to which he rose shows a petty malice which, if it were to be met with among libelers to-day, would inevitably awaken the conviction that a writer guilty of such scurrility was not worthy even the notice of a kicking.

What were the antecedents of this Bothwell? When James III. of Scotland lowered himself, according to the ideas of the aristocracy, to an association with plebeians or mechanics, the nobility asserted the rights they considered inherent in their class by hanging the king's favorites on the Bridge of Lander, all but one, a youth of seventeen named Ramsay. He was spared in answer to the entreaties of his master, who created him Lord or Earl of Bothwell. Even Dr. Petrick, *our* Bothwell's great defender, falls into the gross error of arguing that the nobility in 1540–67 hated the Bothwell who married Mary because he was descended from this plebeian Ramsay. James III. desired to bestow with the title the lordship of Bothwell upon Ramsay, but it "was not to be had, because it was in the fast grip of the Hepburns,"—an ancient race, these Hepburns of Hales. Although this young royal favorite was made titular Lord Bothwell about 1482, his royal master did not live long enough to establish him. The confederated nobility took up arms against their detested king in 1488, and defeated him at Sauchie-burn, 11th June of that year, near the famous Bannockburn battle-field, where THE Bruce won independence for Scotland, 25th June, 1314. Flying from the field, James III. was murdered at Beaton's Mill, on the east side of the Bannockburn, and his son James IV. succeeded. He created Lord Patrick Hepburn Earl of Bothwell, and bestowed upon him the hereditary office of Lord High Admiral of Scotland, along with many other dignities and extensive possessions. His son Adam, the second Earl, fell by the side of his king, James IV., in the Battle of Flodden, so fatal to the Scottish nobility. Sir Walter Scott commemorates his death in his poem of Marmion, Canto IV., ¶ xii.:

> "Another aspect Crichtoun showed,
> As through its portals Marmion rode;
> But yet 'twas melancholy state
> Received him at the outer gate;
> For none were in the Castle then
> But women, boys, or aged men.
> With eyes scarce dried, the sorrowing dame
> To welcome noble Marmion came;
> Her son, a stripling twelve years old,
> Proffer'd the Baron's rein to hold;
> For each man that could draw a sword
> Had march'd that morning with their lord,

Earl ADAM HEPBURN, he who died
On Flodden, by his sovereign's side.
Long may his Lady look in vain:
She ne'er shall see his gallant train
Come sweeping back through Crichtoun Dean.
'Twas a brave race before the name
Of hated Bothwell stained their fame."

It may be interesting to know how Crichtoun Castle came into the hands of the Hepburns. Lord Crichtoun, its previous owner, had seduced the Princess Margaret, sister to James III., out of revenge, it is said, because that Monarch had dishonored Crichtoun's own wife. The king, furious at this method of retaliation, this fair application of the *lex talionis*, besieged and took the Castle, and transferred it to the Hepburns.

This Adam Bothwell distinguished himself greatly by a furious attempt, with the reserve, to retrieve the defeat at Flodden, as is celebrated in an old poem, "Flodden Field," edited by H. Weber, Edinburgh, 1804:

"Then on the Scottish part, right proud,
The Earl of Bothwell then out brast,
And stepping forth, with stomach good
Into the enemies' throng he thrust;
And *Bothwell! Bothwell!* cried bold,
To cause his soldiers to ensue;
But there he caught a welcome cold,—
The Englishmen straight down him threw.
Thus Haburn through his hardy heart
His fatal fine in conflict found."

Patrick, third Earl of Bothwell, was still a minor when his father, Adam, fell beside his king at Flodden. It is very curious, but none of the Bothwells lived long enough to see their children attain to majority. This third Earl, Patrick, was known to his countrymen as "the Fair Earl." The English, who found in him, as in his son afterwards, a patriotic antagonist to their schemes, defamed him, as they subsequently did his son. Sadler, the British representative, considered him "the most vain and insolent man in the world, full of pride and folly," or else "the proudest and haughtiest man in all Scotland." Evidently the English could not bend to their purposes or buy the honor of the third any more than the fourth Earl Bothwell. Hence their venom. In 1535, Patrick married Agnes Sinclair. She belonged to a family of Norman origin, and one of the most renowned in Scotland as well as on the continent of Europe. This Agnes, "the Lady of Morham," was the mother of a daughter, Jane, and a son, James, THE Bothwell of scandal, history, and romance. In 1543 she was divorced from her husband, who died three years after, in 1556. James, her son, never forfeited her affections, and she was his good angel as

long as her influence could benefit him, that is, until he was finally driven from Scotland. She died in 1573. The divorce did not result from any wrong-doing on her part. There is little doubt that Earl Patrick took advantage of a plea which was a fertile cause of divorces as long as the Pope and Romanist priests had any power in his native country,—the plea of consanguinity. The real cause, no doubt, lay in the hopes entertained by Earl Patrick that, if he was free to marry, he could obtain the hand of Mary of Guise, widow of James V., Queen Dowager and Regent of Scotland. Thus he expected to become the real head and power and the source of honor in Scotland. He was justified in his expectation, since twice in writing the Queen Regent promised faithfully to marry him. Why she did not actually give her hand to the Fair Earl is susceptible of several explanations. Rumor insinuated that she was overfond of the Primate, Cardinal Beaton. His cloth forbade the idea of a legal tie. While this consideration was pending, Earl Patrick died. James V. died in 1542, Earl Bothwell was divorced in 1543, and died in 1556, and Mary, the Regent, expired 10th June, 1560. The strange doings of "the fair Earl," Patrick, whose ways were often dark and tricks vain, cast a black shadow over the career of his son, the heir to his titles, properties, and dignities. It is admitted by all fair critics that the two have been often confounded to the detriment of the latter. The father's evil reputation was in some respects an almost fatal injury to the son.

In aspiring to the hand of the famous Mary, James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, the subject of this article, was simply obeying the traditions of his house, and taking advantage of his qualifications and position. When Mary's first husband, Francis II., died, Bothwell was the trusted, tried, almost single true-hearted supporter of her mother and the latter's agent in France. It is true that the hand of the young widow was sought by princes and the sons of kings, but among the suitors proposed and proposing were nobles strongly pressed who were not as eminent as Bothwell. Finally the list of the eligible was reduced to two; Dudley, a younger son, the choice of Elizabeth and her darling, who was not created Earl of Leicester until this contemplated elevation was quite advanced, and Darnley, who was of no account and without influence until he was promoted to an Earldom, which was not done until about a month after he had been "handfasted" to Mary. Bothwell was born the most richly endowed and powerful nobleman, except Lord Hamilton, in Scotland, with the greatest number of vassals in that southern portion of the kingdom, a belted Earl and Lord High Admiral of the Realm, Sheriff of three counties, Bailiff or Queen's representative in another. When he was certainly not over twenty-eight years of age he was Lieutenant-General under the Crown, and virtually Commander-in-Chief of the Scottish army in the field. What is more, he sat in Parliament before he was of age, and was Lieutenant-General, or Warden of the

Borders, as soon as he attained his majority, and Queen's Commissioner, or Representative, to guard the interests of the Crown and his country, in opposition to the English agents (one the Duke of Bedford), before Darnley made his appearance. Finally, not to spin out the story, he was Captain of the French Scots, or Royal, Guard, in his twenty-seventh year. If this does not prove manliness and character, what will suffice to satisfy opinion on such subjects?

What is more and more to the point, the Hepburns had always aimed high. A Hepburn of Bothwell married a sister of the great Robert Bruce, the victor of Bannockburn and deliverer of Scotland in 1290. The grandfather of the first Earl, Patrick, of Hales, held very curious relations in regard to the beautiful Jane Beaufort, widow of James I., who died in 1436. This Lord Patrick Hepburn, of Hales, was master of the famous Castle of Dunbar, and there, with him, the lovely Jane spent her latter days and died. History has never solved the riddle of the ties that united them. Adam, son of this Lord Patrick, was among the many lovers of Mary of Gueldres, widow of James II., deceased in 1460. Is it very extraordinary that James Hepburn should not forget the good fortune of his great-great-great-grandfather and of his great-great-grandfather when they were simple Lords and not mighty Earls, and of his father, the third great "belted" Earl? When and where—after he was old enough to experience the power of love—he first saw Queen Mary does not appear. But this fact is well known, he was very high in the favor of her mother when, early in 1561, at Joinville, in France, shortly after the death of her royal husband, he did wait upon the peerless "La Reine Blanche," to whom, according to the poets, even the trees and rocks bowed and did obeisance as she walked through the forest and glades of Fontainebleau, or, as Ronsard sang:

"The ivory whiteness of thy bosom fair;
The long and slender hand, so soft and rare;
Thy all-surpassing look and form of love,
Enchanting as a vision from above;
Then thy sweet voice and music of thy speech,
That rocks and woods might move, nor art could reach,—
When these are lost, fled to a foreign shore,
With loves and graces France beholds no more,
How shall the poet sing now thou art gone?
For silent is the muse since thou hast flown.
All that is beauteous short time doth abide;
The rose and lily only bloom while lasteth the springtide.

"Thus here, in France, thy beauty only shone
For thrice five years, and suddenly is gone;
Like to the lightning-flash, a moment bright,
To leave but darkness and regret like night,
To leave a deathless memory behind,
Of that fair princess, in my heart enshrined.

My winged thoughts, like birds, now fly to thee,
My beauteous princess, and her home I see,
And there for evermore I fain would stay,
Nor from that sweetest dwelling ever stray.

"Nature hath ever, in her deepest floods,
On loftiest hills, in lonely rocks and woods,
Her choicest treasures hid from mortal ken,
With rich and precious gems unseen of men.
The pearl and ruby sleep in secret stores,
And softest perfumes spring on wildest shores.
Thus God, who over thee his watch doth keep,
Hath borne thy beauty safe across the deep
On foreign shore, in regal pride to rest,
Far from mine eyes, but hidden in my breast."

One of the most extraordinary and unaccountable facts connected with the history of Mary Stuart is the contradictory and irreconcilable evidence in regard to her personal appearance.[5] The only likeness which is known to be authentic is that recognized as "the famous Sheffield portrait," preserved in Hardwick Hall and belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. It represents the Queen in her thirty-sixth year, as

[5] "As there are ill-fated persons, there are also ill-fated families. The fortunes of Mary are but one scene in the long and fearful *Tragedy of the Stuarts.* Her ancestor in the sixth degree upwards, King Robert III., had a nephew named *Alexander Stuart, who, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, murdered Malcolm Drummond, the brother of the Queen of Scotland, and married his widow Isabella, with her consent,—a counterpart or antitype of the history of Darnley, Bothwell, and Mary.* The Duke of Albany, brother of King Robert, threw his son and his own nephew Rothsay into prison, and let him starve till he gnawed the flesh off his own limbs, and then died. As soon as Rothsay's brother, James I., the father of Mary's great-great-grandfather, ascended the throne, he sought and found an opportunity to have all the sons of the Duke of Albany beheaded, for which, in the year 1436, and partly by his own relations, he was attacked and killed with sixteen wounds. James's widow sacrificed the perpetrators to the manes of her husband in a manner which calls to mind the vengeance of Queen Agnes for King Albert of Germany. James II., Mary's great-great-grandfather, caused two of his cousins, the Douglasses, to be beheaded, murdered the third with his own hands, and perished by a violent death at the siege of Roxburgh. His son, James III., Mary's great-grandfather, was engaged in a sanguinary contest, first with his brother, the Duke of Albany, and then with his own son. He lost, against the latter, the battle of Sauchieburn, and was assassinated on his flight. James IV., Mary's grandfather, did not enjoy the happiness which he expected in the sovereignty that he had unjustly acquired, and was killed in the battle of Floddenfield. James V., Mary's father, lost his senses through grief at the disobedience of the nobility and the failure of his plans, and died eight days after the birth of his daughter.

"Such were the ancestors of Mary! and now her descendants: James I. (VI.), Charles I., Charles II., and James II., four kings of whom it is difficult to say whether they were more unfortunate or more unworthy. Before the Stuarts lost their power for the second time and forever, James II. caused his nephew, the Duke of Monmouth, to be executed, and thus concluded the three hundred years' series of bloody deeds and fortunes of this ill-fated race!"—"*Contributions to Modern History, from the British Museum and the State Paper Office, known as Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary.*" By Frederick von Raumer, London, 1836, p. 430–2.

an extremely tall, long-faced, long-nosed, long-limbed, long-fingered woman, with a very decided cast in the right eye. Her mother was a woman of heroic proportions, and Mary must have towered as well, for in a picture of herself and Darnley, who was known as a "well-made, long lad," she equals her husband in height. The beautiful picture which is accepted as a trustworthy portrait of Mary, was "*constructed to satisfy his ideal*," on the order of her biographer, Chalmers, by Mr. Pailou, "a very ingenious artist," who took the picture, owned by the Earl of Morton, as the basis of his work, which (the original) was burned with the Castle of Alloa, in which it had been preserved, in 1800.

"The painter," says Dr. Stoddart, who saw this picture a few months before its destruction, "was no mean artist; and the piece, though hard, was highly finished. The features were probably drawn with accuracy, but *what little character they possessed was unpleasant, and might better have suited the cold and artful Elizabeth* than the tender, animated Mary. It appeared, however, to have been painted at an age when she had been long written 'in sour Misfortune's book;' and had perhaps lost that warmth of feeling which was at once the bane of her happiness and the charm of her manners."

The color of Mary's eyes varies—according to different writers—from the blue or gray, which are not distinguishable, to dark brown, and the hue of her hair from a flaxen inclining to red, through every intermediate shade, to dark brown or black. The writer possesses or has seen over a hundred portraits, and no two are alike. In one taken in France at the time of her marriage with the Dauphin she has reddish-yellow hair and light eyes, and in the "Hardwick portrait," painted at the close of her life, she has small, very dark, cunning eyes, a foxy nose, and black or dark brown hair. It is more than probable that if she had not been a Queen she would not have attracted notice by her looks.

How, then, has the almost universal mistake occurred in regard to her personal attractiveness? Bell, perhaps, explains it (Life of Mary, i. 74). There was a noblewoman, "a celebrated Continental beauty, a Countess of Mansfeldt," prominent at the Court of France during the life of Mary, who, it was claimed, bore a striking resemblance to the Scottish Queen. Portraits of this lady were multiplied and dispersed throughout Europe, and *these*—not originals from life—are the likenesses which have been accepted as correct presentations of the unfortunate Mary Stuart.

Before dismissing this consideration, which results in the conviction that Mary's transcendent beauty is a myth, it may satisfy the credulous to know that in Dalkeith Castle, "the principal residence of the noble (*sic*) family of Morton," there was another authentic (?) portrait of the Queen. Of this Gilpin, the tourist or traveler, writes thus: "Here, and in almost all the great houses of Scotland, we have pictures of

Queen Mary; but their authenticity is often doubted from the circumstance of her hair. In one it is auburn, in another black, and in another yellow. Notwithstanding, however, this difference, it is very possible that all these pictures may be genuine. [How can this possibly be?] We have a letter preserved, from Mr. White, a servant of Queen Elizabeth, to Sir William Cecil, in which he mentions his having seen Queen Mary at Tutbury Castle. 'She is a goodly personage,' says he, 'hath an *alluring grace*, a pretty Scottish speech, a searching wit, and great mildness. Her hair of itself is black; but Mr. Knolls told me that *she wears hair of sundry colors.*'"

That Mary was fascinating in an almost inconceivable degree, highly educated and accomplished, endowed with a brilliant and active mind, "*mens sana in corpore sano*," there can be no doubt, and her epistolary style has been greatly eulogized. Bothwell, by several styled almost illiterate, wrote much better than she did, and yet no one ever extolled his compositions. She has been styled a poet; she did write pretty verses it is true; but not better than hundreds who furnish contributions to magazines at a stipulated price per page, and even her famous lines on quitting France are said to have been written subsequently for her by a better "maker,"—*i.e.*, real poet.

The fact is she was an accomplished coquette and permeated with electrifying feline fascination, and she was a crowned head. The title put the seal to the whole. Endowed with natural graces, enhanced by her sojourn in the most polished court of Europe, she must have appeared like a phenomenon amid the brutal beauties of Scotland, and as a living light amid "the darkness which could be felt" of the manners and morals of the Scottish nobility of a savage and uncultured period. As a Woman, in the presence-chamber or a ball-room she was enchanting, and as a Queen, the mode and the rage, an Enchantress.

"Can a queen ever know whether it is her face or her diadem that is loved? That rays of her starry crown dazzle the eyes and the heart. . . . A queen is something so far removed from men, so elevated, so widely separated from them, so impossible for them to reach! What presumption dare flatter itself in such an enterprise? It is not simply a woman, it is an august and sacred being that has no sex, and that is worshipped kneeling without being loved."

Mary was a Circe, like the "fair-locked goddess," daughter of Helios (the Sun) and of the Oceanide, Perse. James V., the father of Mary, was a Sun, in intellect and intention, among his unlettered nobility and subjects, and from him his daughter derived all those brilliant characteristics for which she is extolled. From her mother, Mary of Guise, she inherited certain solid qualities which momentarily seemed to invest her with a power truly masculine—nay, at times almost superhuman—in meeting difficulty and confronting danger and death. These properties doubtless inclined her to the "REAL MAN," James Hepburn,

the fearless, the faithful, and the phœnix amid the general reverse about her. What Ulysses was to Circe, Bothwell was to Mary, and just as the mythical enchantress became much attached to the unfortunate Greek hero and held him in the bondage of her superhuman blandishments for about a year, even so the intimate connection between Mary and Bothwell began to exhibit its passionate fervor shortly after the murder of Rizzio,—which occurred on the night of the 9th–10th March, 1566,—and terminated by their forcible separation at Carberry Hill, on the 15th June, 1567. Tennyson's strong but exquisite verses—a soliloquy which he attributes to the King of Ithaca—might serve as an equally apposite utterance for the Scottish Earl. Nay more, the Odyssey does not relate stranger *natural* adventures—casting aside the fabulous—than befell James Hepburn; with the final fatal difference that Ulysses at the close found a fond and constant wife, hoping against hope, to welcome his restoration to her arms, whereas Bothwell perished in a distant prison, abandoned by an inconstant, intriguing consort, forgetful of her faithful knight and devoted worshiper in a new-born inane and insane passion for a far lesser man, the silly Duke of Norfolk.

Ulysses on the rocky shore of Ithaca—Bothwell on the storm-beat ramparts of Dunbar—about to sail forth to his fearful doom—speaks:

> "It little profits that an idle [Erle],
> By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
> Match'd with a wife [no mate],[6] I mete and dole
> Unequal laws unto a savage race,
> That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
> I cannot rest from travel: *I will drink*
> *Life to the lees:* all times I have enjoy'd
> Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those

[6] Whoever, without bias, studies the occurrences of this epoch, must recognize that the marriage of Bothwell with Jane Gordon was one rather of policy than of affection, because the Earl's passion for Mary manifested itself clearly long before this union was brought about by the Queen. The question of why, if Mary had any predilection for Bothwell and already hated Darnley, she favored a result which was apparently so inimical to a future connection with the man who was gradually winning his way deeper and deeper into her heart of hearts, has been answered by Burton with his usual skill in solving a number of historical riddles. "It was a political alliance for strengthening the cause of the Queen and her husband" (iv. 126). "The interest taken by Queen Mary in this marriage has been pitted against the many presumptions that *her heart then belonged to Bothwell.* But *experience in poor human nature teaches us that people terrified by the pressure of temptation do sometimes set up barriers against it which they afterwards make frantic efforts to get over*" (iv. 139). Jane Gordon had her vicissitudes, but the way in which she took them showed a quiet *spirit, fitted to make the best of existing conditions*" (iv. 219–2). Bothwell's wife was no sooner satisfied that a competence would be secured to her than she was perfectly willing to yield up and release her husband to gratify his wishes and those of the Queen. Chalmers (i. 160) says she "brought a suit with equal alacrity," the more willingly that the divorce was to insure and augment the pecuniary and political condition of her brother, the Earl of Huntley, and her other kin. The marriage and the divorce were both matters of bargain and sale. "*An dabit?*" "*Dabitur!*"

That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a *hungry* heart.
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honor'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
* * * * * * *
Yet all experience is an arch where thro'
Gleams that untravel'd world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, . . .
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
* * * * * * *
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads— . . .
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
. . . Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sun [rise] . . .
Until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, *that which we are, we are:*
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and FATE, *but strong in will*
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Mary, torn by rebel force and serpent guile from the side of the husband of her choice at Carberry Hill, 15th June, 1567, expiated her foolish confidence in the pledges of a subject who was either the obtuse tool of a vile aristocratic faction or a willing factor in one of the most cruel and atrocious plots ever engendered in the black hearts of a bold and cunning, but sordid and soulless, confederacy of "irreconcilable" magnates. General history with its usual *unreal* counterfeit (Victor

Hugo's "*menechme*") of truth, but its ordinary *real* perversion of facts, accepts Kirkaldy of Grange as the type of a chivalric soldier, knight, and gentleman. Those who have investigated closely deny to him the principles consistent with such a character, and charge that he was no better than a subsidized spy and agent of the Ministers of Elizabeth, the deadly enemies of his country and his sovereign, and a man who, under the mask of truth and honor, was no better than a courageous and able military setter-in-array-of-battle. Whether himself betrayed and betrayer, or "betrayer and betrayed," Mary owed to his impulse the fatal fall which toppled her over into the abyss. In her first plunge she caught on the sharp walls of Lochleven Castle, enjoyed a short spasm of hope when she escaped through the devotion of the bold George and the "little Willie" Douglas, was again thrust down into the darker depth through the principal instrumentality of the same Kirkaldy of Grange at Langside, 15th May, 1568, whence she fell deeper and deeper into the weary heart-wrench—that captivity of eighteen years—which ended on the block at the age of forty-four, in Fotheringay Castle, 8th February, 1587.

Seeing that this article is intended rather as a vindication of the calumniated Bothwell[7] than a narrative, *seriatim*, of the career of Mary, she must become a secondary personage in the consideration in order to compress what is necessary to rehabilitate the Earl within the space accorded. Therefore, with reference to the single incident in her life almost unknown to the reading public and scarcely revealed until within the year, the reader must pass to more prosaic matter. It has been claimed and urged with intense feeling, and argued with a bitterness which demonstrates that a verdict, just or unjust, was the only object, that Mary regretted her marriage with Bothwell. The exact contrary is the truth. Mary had a perfect opportunity to escape from him when the rebels, her pretended friends and his enemies, invested Borthwick Castle. Bothwell got away before the stronghold was completely invested, Mary rejected the invitation of those who claimed to be her rescuers from outrage, and disguised and mounted as a man, she fled by night to throw herself into the arms of her expectant husband. "She only entreated that she might be put on board of a ship with her husband, and left to drift wherever fortune might lead her." She represented "how much they wronged her in desiring to separate her from her husband, with whom she thought to live and die in the

[7] In preparing these remarks upon this extraordinary man Bothwell, a large number of authorities have been examined and a careful analysis of their views presented,—results of the most careful criticism. The immediate conclusion is in some measure a free translation—with interesting episodes from other sources—of the brief and argument of Dr. Phil A. Petrick (Berlin—St. Petersburg, 1874). whose labors have been almost exhaustive. His final decision on the most important points in controversy reverses almost every other judgment hitherto published, and, as a whole, is most favorable to Bothwell.

greatest happiness," "nor will consent by any persuasion to abandon Bothwell for her husband, but answereth constantly that she will live and die with him; and said that if it were put to her choice to relinquish her crown and kingdom or Bothwell, she would leave her kingdom and dignity to live as a simple demoiselle with him, and that she will never consent that he shall be worse off or have more harm than herself." "They parted, as we are told, like fond lovers with many kisses, and much sorrow on her part."—(Burton, iv. 246.) She was scarcely separated from him when she wrote to him a letter which greatly aggravated her sorry situation; she strove, again and again, to send letters to him from Lochleven Castle; and her first thought was of him after her escape from its grim dungeon, and the first act of her freedom was to send off a messenger to seek him out wherever he might be and *let him know that she was free* and craved a reunion with the lord of her heart and person.

Such passages might be multiplied, but to the point. When Elizabeth, touched at length with pity at the forlorn condition of her sister queen, sent her agent, Throckmorton, to Scotland, he reported that she would not renounce Bothwell as a husband, that "she will by no means yield to abandon Bothwell for her husband, nor relinquish him, which matter will do her most harm of all, and hardens those Lords to great severity against her."

Furthermore, she clung to him because she was with child by him. Here is a mystery and as great a one, although not so well known, as that of the famous "Iron Mask" of the time of Louis XIV. Both are even yet unsolved and now perhaps insoluble. What is known of this child?

Lingard (v. 90 (2)), citing three authorities; Rapen (1733), ii. 83 (2); Miss Agnes Strickland, in her "Life of Mary Stuart," edition ii. vol. ii. p. 58; and Burton (Scribner and Welford's Edition), iv. 362–3, and notes 1 and 2, and others either refer to or furnish particulars as to this child—

> "Poor scapegoat of crimes, where—her part what it may,
> So tortured, so hunted to die;
> Foul age of deceit and of hate—on her head
> Least stains of gore-guiltiness lie;
> To the hearts of the just her blood from the dust
> Not in vain for mercy will cry.
>
> "Poor scapegoat of nations and faiths in their strife,
> So cruel—and thou so fair!
> Poor girl! so best, in her misery named—
> Discrowned of two kingdoms, and bare;
> Not first nor last on this one was cast
> The burden that others should share"—

whose career is worked up into the novel "UNKNOWN TO HISTORY,"

by Charlotte M. Yonge, author of the "Heir of Redclyffe," etc., of which the *Preface* bears date 27th February, 1882. At page 99, and note annexed, in the writer's "Study," "Mary, Queen of Scots," given to the public about the 1st February, 1882, nearly a month previous to the date of Miss Yonge's Preface, the particulars of the Birth and Fate of this child are presented. Raumer, in his "Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary," Letter XXI., quotes the correspondence of the English Envoy on this subject.

Labanoff, or his Editor, under date 1568, states: "In February (nine months after marriage), Marie Stuart gives birth at Lochleven to a daughter, who is taken to France, where she becomes afterwards a Nun at Notre de Soissons."

The note to this reads as follows: "The pregnancy of the Queen of Scotland has been denied by Gilbert Stuart, who wrote in 1782; but Dr. Lingard, having reproduced this fact as unshaken in his history of England, I have considered myself compelled to adopt his version, relying especially on the testimony of Le Laboureur, a very praiseworthy historian, who, in his additions to the Memoires of Castelnau (French Ambassador to Scotland at the time), vol. i. p. 610, edition of 1731, speaks of the daughter of Marie Stuart. [This is the Castelnau to whom Agnes Strickland, in her "Life of Mary Stuart," alludes in such very high terms.]

"It must be remembered that the author (Le Laboureur) cited, filled a post of confidence at the Court of France (he was Counsellor and Almoner to the King), and that he had every means of knowing the different particulars kept secret for so long a time. Besides, when he published his work it was easy for him to consult the Registers of the Convent of Notre Dame de Soissons, and to assure himself in fact if the daughter of Marie Stuart had been a Nun therein."

There is no portrait of Bothwell, but wherever he is represented in pictures, he always appears like what Petrick styles him, "A REAL MAN." It will be shown in the course of this article that he not only had great mental power, but that for his time his education had been anything but neglected. The panegyrist of the falsest of false Scottish nobles, the Regent Murray,—whom Mary so hated that she granted a pension to his murderer,—is scarcely more complimentary to Bothwell than one of the most zealous advocates of Mary, while others who have examined into the facts dispassionately depict the Earl as a fallen angel, but still invested with all the glorious outer attractions of one of the highest of the condemned celestial hierarchy. According to Dargaud and his school, Bothwell was worthy the imagery of "Paradise Lost":

> "—— and next him Moloch, scepter'd king,
> Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
> That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by despair:
> His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd

Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear; of God, or Hell, or worse
He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake.
My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.

* * * * * * * *

On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which if not victory is yet revenge.
He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Desperate revenge, and battel dangerous
To less than gods. On th' other side uprose
Belial,—[Murray]—in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seem'd
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason,—"

Here is a very apposite contrast between Bothwell (Moloch), audacious, fearless, fiery, and impulsive, and Murray (Belial), sleek, cunning, cautious, brave, *but not bold*, and plausible.

* * * * * * * * *

In the forenoon of the 6th October, 1566, Bothwell started for the Borders, where a serious disturbance demanded his presence, in advance of the Queen. The Armstrongs, Elliots, and Johnstons ("Border-ruffians" we would style them to-day) were at war with each other. It was on this occasion that he was himself severely wounded in a personal encounter with John Elliot, of Park, a noted Borderer, whom some call a robber, others an insurgent. According to Chalmers (ii. 108), Elliot had some claim to the succession of the Hermitage. This could scarcely be, since it was an hereditary appanage of the Hepburns. Bothwell, however, despite his own wounds, finally killed Elliot after a protracted and exceptional struggle. Partly from error, partly from ill-will, this affair has been very much misrepresented. Bothwell's personal courage has even been assailed by his inveterate calumniators, particularly the vile Buchanan, or the adventure set aside as being romance. The very antagonism of his calumniators establishes Bothwell's worth, for "*it must not be forgotten that the Border warriors were not to be influenced except by personal bravery.*" A few days later, but as soon as circumstances permitted, "Mary flew, as it were, with the impatience of a lover," to visit Bothwell.

Did Mary hasten to the side of her severely wounded Lieutenant-General in obedience to the yearning of affection, or simply in response

to the promptings of gratitude for peril encountered in her service and admiration of a duty gallantly performed? To any student who has had experience of life,—not the humdrum career of the respectable—so styled—citizen, but of the man of the world,—to any one who has been not only "a looker-on in Vienna," but a participant in the varied enjoyments which that capital affords, Mary's motive could have been neither more nor less than the passion which furnishes the theme of one of the most agreeable of recent operettas, in which the most charming chorus rings with

"'Tis love! love! love!"

More argument has been devoted to this question than it would appear, at first blush, to deserve, but the consequences were eventually momentous. To ordinary readers it seems a mere episode, because few are aware that the fate of English Protestantism hinged on the connection of Mary with Bothwell. That it did so is ably shown by a careful statement of cause and effect, as set forth clearly in a remarkable book entitled "The Coming Man," published in London in 1881. As a consideration preliminary to the visit to the Hermitage it is necessary to investigate when Mary began to evince that partiality for Bothwell which developed unto a honeymoon but a few hours longer than a lunar month and terminated in life-long misery to both. According to the judgment of those who seek to defend or clear up the character of the Queen, her affection for Bothwell cannot be traced back much more than a year, and flamed out after the murder of Rizzio, 9th March, 1566. One argument in favor of this view, apparently unanswerable, is her permitting him to marry Lady Jane Gordon, 24th February, 1566. Burton (iv. 139) deprives this plea of any force. Comparing dates and indications, the Queen's partiality for the Earl can be followed back—as a savage detects and pursues a trail—to the period when, after her return from France in 1561, she had grasped the sceptre firmly. The miserable Darnley episode flared up like the firing of a dry brush-heap and sunk into embers even before the murder of her favorite secretary, to be extinguished with the indignant tears wrung from her fair eyes by that worse than useless crime. From this time forward, Bothwell was the first man in Scotland, and when in consequence of the performance of his duty as Warden of the Marches he lay dying, as was supposed,—in his ancestral stronghold and official headquarters, the "Hermitage,"—Mary galloped thither from Jedburgh, "a stiff twenty miles' journey." This estimate of the distance is small, because she did not take the shortest route. If the tradition be true, she made a circuit and was nearly lost in a dangerous morass, still called the "Queen's Mire." Into this her famous white palfrey plunged and was with difficulty extricated. The ride is really much longer; nearly, if not fully, twenty-four miles. As she returned to Jedburgh on the same day, it was a feat

that must have tested the endurance of a practiced rider. Sir Walter Scott, who is by no means favorable on any occasion to Bothwell, admits that it is an open question "whether she (the Queen) visited a wounded subject, or a lover in danger." The Wizard of the North adds: "The *Queen's Mire* is still a pass of danger, exhibiting, in many places, the bones of the horses which have been entangled in it. For what reason the Queen chose to enter Liddesdale, by the circuitous route of Hawick, is not told. There are other two passes from Jedburgh to Hermitage Castle; the one by the *Note of the Gate*, the other over the mountain called Winburgh. Either of these, but especially the latter, is several miles shorter than that by Hawick and the *Queen's Mire*. But, by the circuitous way of Hawick, the Queen could traverse the districts of more friendly clans than by going directly into the disorderly province of Liddesdale."

Mary's self-constituted champions furthermore insist, to divest the expedition of any remarkable character, that this ride occurred at a fine season of the year. If there were positive records that the weather was absolutely or unseasonably fine on that particular day, it might be an argument and a proof. Without such evidence to the contrary, it is well known that the weather in the region traversed, late in October, is as a rule anything but propitious for female equestrianism. Even after a lapse of over three centuries Burton (iv. 177), who has walked over the ground, states: "The author [Burton] knows, from having walked over the ground, that Hermitage Castle is a stiff twenty miles' journey [direct road for a pedestrian] from Jedburgh."

The Queen remained two hours, "to Bothwell's great pleasure and content," with him. After she had galloped back, twenty to twenty-four miles or even more, to Jedburgh, despite her fatigue, she spent a great part of the night writing to Bothwell; some say on business, others from affection. Lingard attempts to demonstrate that a woman —especially one who had undergone great fatigue all the previous day —who had just spent hours with her lover would not be likely to waste the hours which should be devoted to rest in writing to him, the more particularly when she could see this lover the next day if she chose, or might reasonably expect to see him very soon. This argument appeared to be inconsequential and weak even to the phlegmatic German, Raumer, who remarks thereupon that if it proves anything it proves clearly that Lingard, himself, had never been in love. Whatever motive actuated the Queen in what she did, the result of the anxiety, fatigue, and the preceding and subsequent labors was a fever which very nearly proved fatal to her.

From this time forward any one who doubts that Mary's passion for the Earl was growing more and more irresistible, knows nothing of life and nothing of women. The great barrier between them was Darnley. Nothing could demolish that but death. That he was to

die was soon determined. Simply the "how" and the "when" remained to be decided. When the plan was arranged, Mary lured him to his place of doom. Little search is needed to find proofs that Bothwell's wife constituted an obstacle of little consequence. The lands of her brother, the Earl of Huntley, had been confiscated. He was seeking their restoration. Lady Jane seems to have been perfectly willing to make a fair bargain to get herself out of the way. There was collusion all around. The great feudal nobility,—a precious set of rascals, than whom a more mean, cruel, self-seeking, totally unprincipled set scarcely appear, elsewhere, in history,—for divers reasons, wanted to be rid of Darnley as King-Consort; Mary desired to be quit of him as a husband; Bothwell as a rival, *in chances* if not in the heart of the woman he loved, and all the rest, closely or remotely concerned, were perfectly willing to do all that was required to be done to show themselves agreeable to all parties.

In spite of the hundreds of volumes that have been published on this subject, and the still more numerous articles, Darnley did not lose his life by the measures taken by Bothwell, or by the hands or violence of the Earl's own personal following. Goodhall proclaimed the fact a good many years ago and was laughed at for it: "but Mr. Goodhall has adopted the most ridiculous and extravagant hypothesis of all, and has endeavored to prove that even Bothwell was not the murderer." Theodor Opitz, *Freiburg im Breisgau*, 1879, in his "Maria Stuart," 170–2, and Dr. Ernst Bekker (*Giessen*), 1881, in his "Maria Stuart, Darly, [which Dr. Petrick maintains as the proper spelling of the name], Bothwell," 67–83, demonstrate conclusively that, notwithstanding all the sneering at his conclusion, Goodhall was right. Unquestionably Bothwell was guilty in intent. But, what says Shakspeare on "Intent" ("Measure for Measure," V. 1):

> "His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
> And must be buried but as an intent
> That perished by the way: thoughts are no subjects.
> Intents but merely thoughts."

These are the real facts:

There (at Kirk of Field) Darnley had gone to bed an hour after the departure of the Queen. Alongside of him slept his old servant, William Taylor; two others, Thomas Nelson and Edward Simons, lay in the hall; two grooms on the ground-floor next the bedroom sometimes occupied by the Queen. Between two and three o'clock in the morning an explosion took place. With a frightful report the house of the Prebendary Balfour flew into the air.

The occurrences immediately before that hour are veiled by a darkness which will perhaps never be quite dispelled. If one reads the declarations of Hepburn and Hay, Bothwell remained with them to the last. At two o'clock, they say, they lighted the match, shut the doors behind them, and retired to where Bothwell stood some little distance off. They describe him as devoured with impatience; they had to show him a window through which he could see the glimmering of the match;

indeed, he wished, they say, as the explosion continued to delay, to go into the house; but Hepburn held him back. At last the so impatiently expected thunder shook the air and ground. Not until now, by their account, did Bothwell with his assistants and servants start upon their return to Edinburgh, in spite of many hindrances soon reached his home, and, after taking something to drink, laid himself down in bed with his wife. But it is scarcely possible that he accomplished the distance (several (three) miles) on foot in so short a time as to have been in bed already half an hour, when those inhabiting Holyrood, startled from sleep by the tremendous report, got up; and a court officer, who from terror could not speak a word, awoke him. *Probably he, at the latest, left* the Kirk of Field *when the match was kindled.*

However this may be, the death of Darnley was not caused by the explosion, arranged by Bothwell; and, also, the house could not have been so thoroughly destroyed as it was by the powder scattered about by Hepburn, Hay, and Ormistoun. Its complete ruin, extending to the very foundation walls, is to be explained by the *mines dug and loaded*—perhaps *without Bothwell's* knowledge—by Maitland, Balfour, and Archibald Douglas, which too took fire and exploded.

But what was the end of Darnley? His corpse, near that of his valet William Taylor, was found about five o'clock in the morning, under a tree, in an orchard, and about eighty yards (two hundred and forty feet) away from the house. Both bodies were entirely uninjured, no trace of wounds from burning or contusion. The King was clothed only with his shirt,—near him lay a fur coat and his slippers. Melvil mentions, in his memoirs, the story of a page, to the effect that Darnley was attacked when asleep, dragged out, and near a stable was strangled with a napkin. The Count Moretta, on the other hand, was of opinion that the King, woke up by the murderers moving about the house, and by the creaking of the doors opened with false keys, in his shirt, and with the fur coat in his hand, tried to escape with Taylor through a door leading into the garden, but was held fast, strangled, and carried into the neighboring orchard. But one does not see why the murderers should have taken the trouble to bring both bodies so far from the house and over a wall, instead of abandoning them, with the other people in the house, to destruction by the explosion. It seems, therefore, more natural to assume that Darnley and Taylor actually succeeded in escaping through the garden and in getting over the wall, but were pursued and strangled under the fruit-trees where they were found. In the excitement and confusion they were left lying there.

The murderers of the King were neither Bothwell nor his three artificers; but the greatest probability speaks for the contrary,—*i.e.*, [implicates] Morton's representative, the Castellan of Whittingham, Archibald Douglas, with his servants John Binning and Thomas Gairner, the three men in slippers whom Powrie and Wilson met at Black-Friars. A slipper was found among the ruins and recognized as the one which, according to the declaration of Binning and Gairner, Archibald Douglas had lost. Beside this, some women, living in the vicinity of the orchard, bore witness before the Privy Council that they heard a cry, "Ah, my brother, pity me for the love of Him who pities us all!" On the mother's side Darnley was a relation of Douglas. Other conspirators, too, were on the scene. Thus Binning thought that he recognized the voice of the Prebendary Robert Balfour among the masked persons whom he met on the street subsequent to the explosion; whereupon John Maitland, Abbot of Coldingham, and brother of the Secretary of State, recommending silence, closed his mouth. The women mentioned saw groups of eight and eleven persons go towards the city in the greatest haste. Drury, however, gives Cecil, on the 24th April, 1567, from Berwick, the following details, which he probably heard from Murray, who just before that date went to the continent by way of Berwick: "It was Captain Cullen who gave the advice to make things more sure by strangling the King and not to rely on the powder only, a thing which, he asserted, he had seen many a one escape. Sir Andrew Kerr (of Faudonside), had ridden to the place in order to help in the bloody deed, if necessary. It was a long time before the King died. He defended his life with all his strength."

The valet Nelson affords, in fact, the proof of the correctness of Cullen's remark,—he was pulled out of the ruins alive.

Thus much is translated from Opitz, 1879. Bekker[8] goes much more into details, with further proofs, and demonstrates and confirms

[8] Death of Darnley. By Dr. Ernest Bekker.—(The point) that neither Bothwell nor his people took any personal share in the strangling of the King because the spot on which they were posted prevented their doing so, finds its confirmation in the extremely noteworthy fact that all of Bothwell's followers who were executed as murderers of the King declared before death repeatedly and in the most solemn manner that they had gone away from the Kirk of Field in the firm conviction that the King had perished in the explosion. The Laird of Ormistoun, who was not present at the explosion, relates in his deposition that he also had no other idea than that the King was buried under the ruins of the house, and that he had in the most careful manner questioned Hay and Hepburn, as well as all the others of Bothwell's people who were that night at the Kirk of Field, concerning the killing of the King, and that they all swore to him that they had never supposed anything else than that the King was killed by the explosion. These men said the same thing in full view of death, and, singularly enough, this declaration has not been altered, though it was so damaging; for it follows from it, first, that Bothwell and his people were at a spot where they could hear nothing of what was happening in the garden situated to the south of the court; second, that this spot cannot possibly have been other than the Thief Raw (the wynd beside the Black-Friars,—deposition of Dalgleish of the 3d January, 1568), for at every other spot behind the city wall any one could, and must, hear what took place at eighty paces distance from the house.

Bothwell's people knew nothing because, in accordance with the orders of their master, they watched or guarded the Thief Raw, at a considerable distance from the garden, and in addition were separated from the place of the murder by the high city wall. Hay and Hepburn for their part could at first know nothing more about the murder, because that during this time they were with Bothwell in the cellar attending to the powder.

Not the Earl of Bothwell, but others must have strangled the King. Circumstances prove that he had the special charge of conducting the explosion and of watching the house on that side from which alone the powder could be taken into the cellar, so that he with his six companions was divided from the scene of the murder by the town wall. But independent of this, it was utterly impossible that Bothwell could carry out such an undertaking alone. Would the Scottish nobility, who in the sixteenth century possessed a great mastery of organizing and carrying out conspiracies, have committed the execution of such an uncommonly risky enterprise to a single noble with six followers? In case things did not go well it might come to a desperate struggle, in which the King with his six servants might defend himself successfully. Could the chiefs of the Scottish nobility, and especially the chiefs of the conspiracy, the cunning Maitland, Argyle, Huntley, Morton, Murray, and James Balfour, be so foolish as not to take the most extreme measures of precaution in an undertaking whose failure would ruin them in life and property? Could they, the actual originators and plotters of the murder, sleep quietly on that night in which either the life of the King was to be offered up or in which their own lives, in case of a miscarriage or discovery, would fall into the deadliest danger? These questions must be answered with a decided negative, and the result shows that all provisionary measures which could render miscarriage impossible were attended to.

Matter-of-fact proofs and clues showing that yet other highly-placed personages participated in the murder are to be found in abundance in the material on hand, but they have been as little collected as those which show that the Earl of Bothwell

his German *confrère* of the pen. He wrote as late as 1881, with still more published evidence for his guidance.

This clearly exonerates Bothwell of everything but the intent; in

with a couple of assistants neither did nor could have carried out this daring act alone.

William Powrie says in his deposition that at one time, with Wilson, at the unlading of the powder, he met Paris with two masked persons; a certain proof that there were yet other suspicious persons who went about the Kirk of Field on that night. On his second hearing Powrie said that, as they brought the last load of powder, Bothwell came to him in company with three others who wore cloaks and silk overshoes. It is out of the question, however, that Bothwell should have been present at the unlading of the powder, since he was, precisely at this time, with the other Lords paying a visit to the King. This declaration of Powrie has in any case been tampered with. Powrie can only have seen those three persons with Bothwell when the latter went a second time to the Kirk of Field for the purpose of giving the order for lighting the match. And that these three wore silk overshoes shows that they were noble, perhaps Lords, for silk overshoes were at that time, in Scotland, only worn by the nobility, and especially by those among them who lived at Court.

In exact correspondence with these declarations is the confession of John Binning, a servant of Archibald Douglas, in the year 1581, before his execution as a regicide. In the memorable fragment of Binning's confession it is said that A. Douglas with his servants, Binning and Gairner, went to the Kirk of Field for the purpose of performing the deed. Archibald had on silk overshoes, and when he came in changed his clothes, which were covered with mud and dirt. Binning, who was sent to Throplow's Wynd, undoubtedly to look after the other murderers, who were hastening home, met certain masked men, among whom he thought he recognized the voice of Robert Balfour. There came also John Maitland, Abbot of Coldingham, and brother of the Secretary, who gave Binning a sign to keep silence by laying his hand upon his (own) mouth.

Douglas was covered with mud and dirt when he came home. Thus he could not have been if he were a mere looker-on, but only if he, possibly, had stumbled in the flight or had taken part in a fight. The former is possible, the last certain. A fight of desperation took place between the murderers on one side, and the King, with his page, Taylor, on the other side. But more of this, as also of the masked men, farther on.

Another account as regards the murderers who fled towards the city comes from two women who woke up, in a fright, at the fearful report and rushed out of doors. Both deposed at their examination that they had counted nineteen persons who were running in the direction of the town. One of these women, Mag. Crockat, tried in vain to stop one of the fugitives, who had on a silken garment, and was therefore one of the courtiers.

The Earl of Murray, who not long after the murder of the King set off for France, had (on his way thither, during his stay in London) an interview with the Spanish Ambassador, de Silva, during which he informed the ambassador that there were thirty to forty persons, in one way or another, mixed up in the murder. Murray here does not reckon himself among the guilty, as Morton also, at a later period, according to the peculiar ideas of the Scottish nobility, did not reckon himself. By the guilty he meant, not those privy to the conspiracy, but those who took an active part in it; and among these, again, especially those who were present at the act of murder. Further, Murray probably did not intend in his thirty to forty persons to include servants and subordinate actors of lower rank, but the nobles among the conspirators, for he speaks of the "guilty parties." Among the conspirators were the murderers of Riccio. The condition on which Murray, Maitland, Athol, Argyle,

this he was no more guilty than Murray, Morton, and a number of others the highest in rank, position, and influence. Murray, the hypocrite, was just as guilty in respect to intent as Bothwell, and before an

Huntley, and Bothwell promised to use their influence for their pardon on account of Riccio's murder was their joining the conspiracy against the King's life; and as we have seen, Morton, his friends, and followers at Newcastle, joyfully acceded to the "bond" of Craigmillar. The murderers of Riccio bore a deadly hatred to Darnley as a traitor, and one of them, who, in December, 1566, had not been pardoned, Ker of Faudonside, put freedom and life at stake in order to feast his eyes upon the murder of the King. He rode in the night—9th–10th February—with several companions to that suburb of Edinburgh, and after having seen the explosion, returned back again to the Border. If a banished Riccio-murderer risked this, one may conclude that the returned ones were ready to do it, particularly as they were actual conspirators. This one circumstance points at something which, considering the preceding circumstances, is more than probable.

Kirk of Field lay in the suburb. Since, now, without the slightest doubt, the house was surrounded on all sides, the supposition is very ready that the murderers of the King did not, all of them, approach it from the city, but that also a part came thither from the country; for one could reach the house quite as easily, perhaps more easily, from this last direction as from the city, and one was much less likely to be noticed. A body of horsemen on their way to the chief city attracted no attention, it was a common object.

The instance of Ker of Faudonside proves on the one hand that the death-hour of the King was exactly known to the individual members of the wide-branching conspiracy, and allows one to conclude with certainty, on the other hand, that if, beside this Faudonside, other nobles had come from the country to the Kirk of Field, they did this, not merely as idle spectators to quench their thirst for revenge with the murder-scene, but also with the definite purpose of investing the Kirk of Field on this side (South and East), and in case of need themselves pushing in. It is possible that Murray's sudden leaving of Edinburgh on the 9th February was connected with this circumstance, and did not come simply from the intention of diverting from himself a suspicion of participation in the murder.

It cannot be doubted from the adduced facts that the murder of Darnley, exactly as the murder of Riccio, was carried out by a great number of persons, and that the subsequent, commonly accepted, story that Bothwell, with a few subordinate assistants of the lower rank, accomplished a wildly desperate adventure is simply laughable. . . . The fact is entirely lost or forgotten or out of sight that a conspiracy of the highest magnates of the state, and of nearly all the Calvinistic nobles, had been formed in December, 1566, and January, 1567, with the closest secrecy and entirely independent. . . .

Binning's confession shows that Archibald Douglas, John Maitland, the brother of the Secretary, and Robert Balfour, the brother of James Balfour, took part in the murder. But these were not the only ones. It is almost certain that the above-named pair of brothers were with Argyle at the Kirk of Field on that night, and Huntley's participation is quite certain.

When Bothwell took his trusted servant Paris into the secret, he said, among many other things, "I have Lethington, who is considered one of the best heads in this country, and who is the manager of the whole. Besides, there are in the affair my brother-in-law Argyle, Huntley, Morton, Ruthven, and Lindsay." The three last named were not then in Edinburgh, but probably the three first were, and, as we have seen, were at the noticeable visit to the Kirk of Field on the evening of the 9th of February.

That Maitland should be called the "manager of the whole" agrees exactly with his conduct at Craigmillar, where he showed himself with Murray as properly

English or a New Jersey judge and jury would have been held as amenable. In New York, where the application of the law has degenerated so low as to make angels weep, Murray might have escaped

the originator and maker of the conspiracy. It also agrees with the circumstance that Maitland recommended the house of Robert Balfour, in the Kirk of Field, to the Queen, and indicates that the whole plan of the murder sprang from his brain.

Again we have another piece of testimony, from which his guilt, indirectly, appears. When Morton, at the end of 1572, became Regent, Maitland, who then was a warm partisan of the Queen, protested, in a memorial to the new Regent, against being declared an outlaw "for a crime whereof he (Morton) knoweth in his conscience I was as innocent as himself." Morton answered in the following remarkable way: "That I know him innocent in my conscience as myself, the contrary thereof is true, for I was and am innocent thereof, but could not affirm the same of him, considering what I understand in that matter of his own confession to myself of before."

Laing thinks that Morton alludes to the negotiations which took place between Maitland, Bothwell, and Morton, at Whittingham, on the 20th of January, 1567. This cannot be. At that time either one of the three named was as guilty as the others, since the murder was not yet perpetrated. It is said that Morton was persuaded at Whittingham to take part in the murder, which he had previously refused to do because the promised written assent of the Queen could not be procured. The Earl of Morton had the same idea of "guilty" that Murray had in talking with de Silva. He did not reckon those who concealed a crime, but the actual perpetrators only, as really guilty; he means by the words "by his own confession to myself of before" not a conference before the murder, but a confession concerning the commission of it. It was the words "of before" which led Laing into error. Without any reason he thinks this "earlier" must mean before the 9th of February, 1567, and forgets that Morton spoke these words towards the end of 1572. This nice distinction which Morton makes between his participation and that of Maitland allows of but one interpretation,—*i. e.*, that Morton had it from Maitland's own mouth that he was present at the carrying out of the crime, and was not, like Morton, simply privy to and a concealer and an abettor of the murder.

The participation of the Earl of Huntley in the murder is fully substantiated. "As Bothwell," says Paris, "was about to go the second time to the Kirk of Field, Huntley, with two or three servants, came to him in his chamber. After they had whispered a great deal the visitor left, and Bothwell said to Paris, who stood near, that Huntley had offered to accompany them, but he did not wish to take him." Huntley was nevertheless at the Kirk of Field that night. Therefore, either the wording of this declaration of Paris has been falsified, or Bothwell said this in order not to expose his friend before the servant.

Archibald Douglas, already mentioned as one of the murderers, told Morton, after the deed was completed, that he was present at the murder, and went with Huntley and Bothwell to the Kirk of Field.

Undoubtedly Huntley and Douglas were two of those three unnamed noblemen in mantles and silk overshoes whom Powrie at one time saw with Bothwell, and in any case upon the way to the Kirk of Field. Powrie certainly says, on his second hearing, that the same persons came to Bothwell during the unlading of the powder,—a lie, which is confuted by the deposition of Morton, and also, as already remarked, by the fact that these Lords, during the time the powder was put into the cellar, were making a visit to the King.

According to the deposition of Dalgleish, Bothwell, after the explosion, hastened as quickly as possible to his apartments, and, in order to awaken no suspicion, went to bed immediately. He had been there but a short time when a certain George Hacket entered the chamber for the purpose of telling him the shocking news of

because he was an available candidate and expert in political expediency. He was like an experienced burglar who "puts up the job," watches around the corner while the crime is being committed, and

the murder of the King. With this declaration Powrie's and Hepburn's depositions exactly agree, with the difference that the latter adds that Huntley also came immediately to Bothwell, and the former, that not alone Huntley, but also others appeared in the room, and that they all, from thence, betook themselves to the apartments of the Queen. These others, then, whose names Powrie, unhappily, has not mentioned, were noblemen, without doubt the leagued-lords, and among them Argyle and Maitland, who, as was usual with the bearers of high offices in Scotland, and just as did Bothwell and Huntley, lived in the royal palace.

This highly suspicious circumstance allows of only two explanations. If individual chiefs of the conspiracy remained that night behind in the palace, they knew what the detonation signified, but at the same time they could only guess about when the leaders of the undertaking would have got back to the palace; exactly when they could not know, since the murderers, in any case, were careful to get back to their apartments as secretly and as unnoticed as possible.

The meeting of the conspiring Lords in Bothwell's room, shortly after his return to the palace, is so striking that it may be explained by another yet more apparent conjecture. The Lords hit the time, when Bothwell had slipped home to his chamber, so precisely, because that, generally, they themselves could get there no sooner, having been at the Kirk of Field, as we know with certainty concerning Huntley.

Of the three in mantles and silk overshoes, whom Powrie saw with Bothwell upon the way to the Kirk of Field, two were Huntley and Archibald Douglas. Among the masked men ("certain mussilit men") whom Binning mentions was the brother of the advocate—J. Balfour,—John Maitland, the brother of the Secretary, came undisguised. The question is, who was that third nobleman of Powrie's, and who were the other masked men whom Binning saw? A noble murderer himself gives the answer (the already often mentioned Archibald Douglas), in his well-known, but yet little studied letter to Mary Stuart in Sheffield during the year 1581.

"The murder," writes Douglas, "was (done or executed) carried out by these persons, and took place at the command of those among the nobility who signed the league for this object;" that is to say, not alone Bothwell and Huntley, but also Argyle, Maitland, and James Balfour took part in the bloody work at the Kirk of Field. That third person was therefore Argyle.

What Douglas here writes is corroborated in fullest measure by other accounts. When the Laird Hay of Talla was imprisoned in September, 1567, he accused not only Huntley as a leader in the murder, but a great number of the most prominent Lords.

About Christmas, 1567, a number of Bothwell's people were taken prisoners in the Orkneys, as we are told, twelve or fifteen. Laing doubts this account, which we owe to Archbishop Beaton. He thinks that because in January, 1568, there were but four of Bothwell's people executed, there could not have been such a number of prisoners, especially since John Hepburn of Bolton was the only one among them guilty (of the murder).

The Earl of Morton, previous to his execution, named only Bothwell, Huntley, and Archibald Douglas as actually committing the murder. When he was asked concerning the other actors, he said, "I know none and will accuse none." Proof enough that he who through his whole life was one of the most tricky enemies of the Queen could very well have named others in addition.

It then stands established that Bothwell could not have singly carried out the murder, and also did not thus carry it out alone.

appropriates the best portion of the plunder. He counseled with the conspirators as to getting rid of Darnley, got out of the way when their plans were to be carried into execution, and he gave Bothwell a ban-

Thus viewed the confession of Binning unrolls quite another picture of the murder, with the names of other murderers. Binning names not a Hay, Hepburn Powrie, etc., but Archibald Douglas, John Maitland, Robert Balfour. Perhaps he, also, named other murderers of high standing, a circumstance which we owe to the probably fragmentary character of his confession. The servant of Douglas could name no other persons because he, with his master, Huntley, and the rest, stood on the other side of the city wall. Now it was on this side where Huntley, the Maitlands, the Balfours, Douglas, and in any case Argyle, also, stood that Darnley was strangled. Bothwell, on the contrary, had, from the other side of the city wall, gone into the cellar and examined the powder which Hay and Hepburn were guarding, while his four other servants stood at the point of commencement of the "Thief Raw." These circumstances, as already remarked, give the only clue to the fact that all Bothwell's people, both immediately after the murder (when questioned) by Ormistoun, and also at a later period, in the presence of death, declared, in the most solemn manner, that they hastened away from the Kirk of Field under the firm conviction that the King had been killed by the explosion.

Precisely in the fact, that this most important declaration of the unfortunate tools of Bothwell appears with the most perfect agreement in the depositions, lies the best guaranty for its truthfulness. The judges of these men had acted much more wisely if, instead of disfiguring their depositions by plump contradictions, or forcing them to false declarations by the rack, as is the case with the second deposition of Paris, they had thrown the strangling of the King directly upon Bothwell and his people. This the secret tribunal, which consisted of Morton, Maitland, Argyle, Huntley, and James Balfour, did not do; and this, perhaps, in order to make the mystery of this murder still more mysterious, by directing suspicion upon Bothwell only. But, perhaps, also from the fear that exasperation at too audacious lying might bring the other yet living murderers, or the friends of Bothwell, or perhaps Bothwell himself, some day to expose the true relation of things. Certain it is that the regicides entertained this fear when the Calvinistic noble party split. They accused each other mutually (that is, the two parties) of the murder of the King, but no one of the accusers (Argyle, Huntley, Murray, Maitland, James Balfour, etc.) dared to raise up the veil which lay over the commission of the deed; for had any one of those named done so he must have, always, feared that the accusation of a personal participation in the act of murdering the King would excite the accused to prove the same against the accuser. Each one preferred to pass as a member of the conspiracy in order not himself to be named as one of the actual perpetrators.

As regards the manner of the murder, this one explanation can alone appear trustworthy, according to the foregoing facts, namely, that Darnley or his page Taylor heard suspicious noises, or possibly, by chance, saw unaccustomed figures stealing about at the Kirk of Field. That in an attempt at flight through the neighboring gardens they ran into the hands of a group of murderers, who were lurking about under the leading of Huntley, of Balfour, or of the Maitlands, and of Archibald Douglas. Without doubt, the short struggle then took place, during which the King shouted those cries for help which were heard by some women in the neighborhood; and also, perhaps, the mud and dirt which covered the clothing of Archibald Douglas came from his participation in this struggle with the King and his page.

Of the other explanations, that one which Laing (chap. vii.) and Hume (chap. xxiv.) represent, viz., "the King and his page were thrown eighty ells by the ex-

quet, in his own house, when the miserable boy-king was a corpse. If *disinterested* and *impartial* men of ability ever rewrite the history of this time, Murray will not stand forth as a model worthy of imitation, any more than some political magnates in this country who have learned to pull the wires and command the "bar'ls" of their accomplices and dupes. Murray was a character which is not confined to his era. It is "for all time." Bothwell was a man of his own time, impossible at

plosion, without being singed," is simply laughable. A second, which Hosack (i. 268) mentions, along with the only true one, maintains, on the ground of a letter of W. Drury, is, that the King and his page Taylor were first strangled in the chamber, and then carried out of doors. This is quite as untenable, for, apart from the consideration that such a murder scene in the house would have woke up the servants, the murderers, in a business so pressing for haste, would hardly have taken the trouble to drag the bodies of the murdered eighty ells away from the house in the garden. The circumstance that the fur mantle and slippers of the King, as also some pieces of clothing belonging to Taylor, were lying not far from the corpses, proves that these articles were hurriedly taken up at the flight, and in the struggle were torn from them or lost; for to assume that the pieces of clothing which the murdered persons had on were not strewed about the garden until after the struggle would be contrary to sense.

Thus the King Henry was murdered, a sacrifice to the Calvinistic nobles-party to the revenge of the Riccio murderers, as well as to his own disrespectful behavior to the magnates of Scotland, with whom he should rather have sought sympathy and reconciliation than to show them, on every opportunity, his hatred and distrust. His murderers were the very persons who, on a ceremonious visit, laughing and flattering, surrounded him on the evening of the 9th February, 1567. They were those who, a few hours later, in the same night, entered the apartment of his wife with signs of the deepest condolence.

Let us now, in conclusion, review the results so far attained, which we must keep steadily in sight for what follows.

It results from certain reports which were written in the year 1566, and in the immediate surroundings of the Queen, that the position of isolation which Darnley assumed at that time, in respect to the Court, was a consequence, not of the hatred which his Consort is said to have thrown upon him, but a consequence of his enmity towards and his mistrust of the royal ministry. Darnley had a deadly anxiety lest his yielding wife should some day yield to the pressure of her ministers and amnesty the banished murderers of Riccio, whom he had so shamefully betrayed. It is most important for us that these things are confessed by the royal ministers themselves in a long account, dated 8th October, 1566, to Catharine de Medici, and it is quite as important that the Earls Huntley and Argyle, two of the King's murderers, at a later period declared, in a protest against Murray's usurped Regency, that the death of Darnley had been determined on by the chief of the nobility (the royal minister) at Craigmillar, because Darnley stood in the way of the pardon of the Riccio murderers. Out of the conspiracy of the ministers grew a great conspiracy of the Nobility.

Darnley was, like Riccio, a sacrifice to the Calvinistic nobles.

The murder of the King was eminently a political deed. The King was murdered by those who, from political reasons, had determined on his death at Craigmillar, but with the assistance and joint knowledge of a very great part of the nobles. Bothwell passed afterwards for the only murderer, simply because his share in the murder was the most certainly known, and because the material which furnishes the connected history of the affair had not been at all at any time critically examined.

later dates; and yet, nevertheless, in many respects, far superior to his surroundings.

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In the night-time, and then only, placards were posted, and lamenting voices were heard, which, amid the darkness, proclaimed Bothwell and Mary guilty of the murder of Darnley. Since these originated with the faithless Morton, the principal accomplice in the crime, it was treachery towards Bothwell, and a breach of the agreement or "Bond," and a lie in so far as he, instead of naming himself, accused Mary Stuart, of whose participation in it—whatever her share in it, more or less, may have been—he could know nothing. Bothwell, enraged at this, swore to wash his hands in the blood of the slanderer if he could ferret him out. At all events the Earl was brave enough personally to press for an inquiry, and, in the Privy Council, sufficiently bold to sign the order for legal proceedings against himself. As a consequence, on the 12th April, he was declared free from this suspicion by a court which was composed principally of men privy to the murder,—a tribunal of which the proceedings have, with justice, always been regarded as a sheer comedy.

It should, however, never be forgotten, that if the proceedings were unjust, the blame is not to be laid upon Mary Stuart, since her Privy Council had drawn up the form of procedure exactly so that this result might follow, and the whole nobility, at that time, agreed with the Council; nay, more, the whole Parliament immediately ratified their decision. Only Murray got out of the affair by setting off for France three days previously thereto. After this events pressed on in more and more rapid succession, hastened by Bothwell's bold and unrestrained energy. *All, Mary among them, acted like puppets under the influence of his powerful personality.* To Huntley his estates were restored as the price of his sister's divorce from Bothwell.

The 19th April, at the closing of the Parliament, almost the whole of the nobility (under compulsion, as they afterwards maintained,—*an hundred men by* ONE) signed in the Ainsley Tavern a declaration that they were convinced of Bothwell's innocence; that they would defend him against every slanderer; and recommended him as the most worthy husband for the Queen.

If the Queen did not accede to Bothwell's urging that she should marry him at once, this may not have been from disinclination, but because she wished to defer the union for a little longer time for the sake of decency. He, however, in the feverish haste of disquietude, especially because he knew that any delay foreboded danger, determined to compel events by audacity, and, with her consent, bear her off on the 24th of April to his castle at Dunbar. This plan was carried out, and, after proceedings hastily instituted, the divorce between himself and his wife was declared on the 3d and 7th of May, and he married the Queen

on the 15th of May, having been first raised to the dignity of Duke of Orkney. All this was done in perfect understanding with the entire nobility. There is something wild in this extreme haste, yet it should not be ascribed to Mary but to Bothwell. The consciousness and the consequences of his action impelled him energetically forward. Darnley's murder had been consummated in order to put aside a phantom King in perfect understanding with the "vast majority" of the highest aristocracy. Perhaps *from patriotism* Bothwell expected to rescue the country from boundless confusion, and alas! as the result proved, he had only hastened to confirm it.

Thus Bothwell had now become Consort of the Queen and Lord of the land. He stood so high that no one approached near to him. Did he now entertain a wish to ascend still higher, and, over the body of the infant prince, to open the way to the throne for himself or his descendants? His enemies maintain that this was so. He certainly wished *to get possession of the Prince. Was this with an evil design? There is not the smallest positive proof or indication to justify such an idea.* In any case he was already master, and lorded it only too energetically, but his highest degree of elevation is also the extreme turning-point, the high-tide mark of his henceforth swiftly ebbing fortune. Having completed his structure, the building founded on a rotten basis had to break up and fall to pieces. His very commanding nature hastened the catastrophe. Who knows if the other nobility, his betrayers, could have possibly thrown him down if he had bought himself powerful friends by bribing or paying them with property confiscated from his enemies, as was the rule of the times, or if he had become their obedient instrument, the tool of a PARTY and not the imperious master of his class, all classes? The Scots wanted nothing resembling a *real* King or ruler, and least of all an illegitimate one. Bothwell labored under the fatal error of believing he could use an irregularly acquired authority for good purposes. Doubtless he foreboded evil without knowing whence it would come. Suspicion must have entered his mind. He could not have entirely deluded himself into the belief he was to enjoy his acquisitions in peace, yet he was not meanly cunning enough to make out what actually did threaten him. *Hence his disquiet, his dark, gloomy spirit, which was not natural to him,* and this clearly explains—in connection with the jealousy inseparable from absorbing love—his apparent harshness to Mary after the marriage.

The storm broke suddenly, foreseen but not expected, and surprising him when it did come. Already between the 20th and 26th of May conferences of the nobles had taken place, with the object of dethroning the Queen and crowning James VI., who was but a year old. They soon signed a "Bond" against Mary and Bothwell. Lord Hume, Bothwell's old enemy, was to lead off. Liberton, in Midlothian, was indicated as the rendezvous for the 8th or 9th of June, and *all*

this occurred before Bothwell had even demanded the surrender of the Prince, whom the Earl of Mar guarded in Stirling. This is the best proof that Bothwell's foes *knowingly maintained a falsehood when they averred that they rose only on account of Bothwell's demand for the custody of the year-old Prince and solely to protect the royal infant.* In one word, the party which elevated Bothwell,—that is, the party of his old enemies,—the false Murray, the foul Morton, *ce fin renard*, to use the most expressive phrase of Henry IV., Lethington, let him fall, and he fell. In the early part of June the Lords of the Border, Hume, Ker, Ferneherst, set themselves in motion. Bothwell issued a proclamation against them. Few resorted to his banners. The inhabitants of Edinburgh showed a dangerous discontent, so he departed in haste with Mary on the 6th June, 1567, for the purpose of going to Bothwick and collecting troops, leaving Edinburgh Castle in the hands of the double-dyed traitor Sir James Balfour. The City at once received Morton and the hostiles. That old wily conspirator was at the head, and, according to his party watch-word, the Queen was to be set at liberty. From whom? From her husband chosen by the very "Bond" now arrayed themselves against him and accepted by her? Bothwell had directed his levies to rendezvous at Melrose on the 15th June against the rebellious Borderers. The insurgents hoped to anticipate the royal rising. They surrounded Borthwick Castle in hopes of taking the Royal Pair, but Bothwell escaped, and somewhat later the Queen. She flew to rejoin her husband, and both took refuge in Dunbar. The insurgents, however, did not pursue, but first made sure of Edinburgh, and issued a proclamation on the 11th June that the Queen should be separated from Bothwell. Some faithful adherents at the same time gathered around her,—from two thousand to two thousand five hundred men. Here, again, Fate seemed to offer a solution. Had Mary delayed a few days, even her worst enemies admit the Bond against her would have dissolved of itself. But it was not to be. Bothwell's boldness precipitated the event. He thought only of conquering by force, but at Carberry Hill they came upon the enemy in greater force, double in numbers to his own. The troops were spiritless, the Queen undecided, Bothwell ardently wished a duel with Morton, who evaded it. In the hoary traitor's stead Lord Lindsay presented himself. The Queen forbade the meeting. The negotiations of the French ambassador, the promises of the knightly (so esteemed, but erroneously, as events proved) Kirkaldy of Grange, determined the Queen to give herself up, with full confidence, into the hands of the conspirators. Bothwell hastened away, accompanied by a few trusty adherents, under an understanding (as is asserted by his detractors) with the enemy. How these latter kept their promises and sent the Queen on the second day afterwards into prison at Lochleven, and forced her to abdicate and later to fly into England, is well known.

It is the especial business of this consideration to follow out, with exactness, the final fate of Bothwell.

The facts are manifoldly distorted; they envelop Bothwell like the opaque mists evoked by a magician, and in them this important personage again sinks into deep obscurity.

That the conspirators did not at once pursue and get him into their power may seem astonishing, but they knew that he had not followers enough to make him dangerous, and they did not care to take him at once. He might have brought too many things to light. However, they concluded on the 16th a new "Bond" for the prosecution of the Earl of Bothwell. Sir James Balfour, his immediate assistant in the undertaking, and the actual deviser of the plan for the murder of Darnley, now again threw in his lot among them and joined in their faithless design. Bothwell for reasons unknown left Dunbar, put to sea and fled to the North, and was finally forced by Fate into Denmark, where he died in prison. The particulars of this flight, however, have always been given in a very brief and unsatisfactory manner. Let us first hear Robertson:

"Bothwell fled to the Bishop of Murray, then to the Orkney Islands. Escaping thence with few followers he fell into the utmost need, and was forced into a kind of life which increased his infamy. He practiced piracy. Kirkland of Grange and Murray of Tullibardine being sent against him with some ships, surprised him as he lay at anchor. He was beaten, and with one ship fled to Norway. On the coast of this country he attacked a vessel. The Norwegians came to its relief, and, after a desperate fight, he and his companions were taken and treated as pirates. It was only from his being recognized that he was spared the death to which his companions were condemned. He died in prison, after ten years' confinement, having sunk at last into deep despondency and aberration of mind."

The true and false is here mingled in the most wonderful manner. According to this account, Bothwell died in the year 1577. Chalmers gives the year 1576, and many agree with him, but it is incontestable that he died in 1575, eight years after his flight. In proof of this, on the 24th November, 1575, Danzay, the French ambassador of Henry III., in Copenhagen, adds, after he has announced the death of the Danish Chancellor, Peder Oxe, who died on the 24th October, "and the Earl of Bothwell, a Scotchman, is also deceased."[9]

Besides this particular misrepresentation, Robertson's narrative is full of errors, accidental or willful. In fact, it has no chronology. This is owing perhaps to the very fact that it is founded on the falsehoods of Buchanan and Melvil, which have no basis whatever of truth, only of virulent consistent defamation.

It is particularly important to ascertain how long Bothwell remained in the Scottish waters, and when he was imprisoned in Denmark. If Danish Archives did not help to throw light upon the story,

[9] This dispatch is for the first time published in "*Nya Handlingar rorande Skandinaviens historia Stockholm*," 1824, xi., but it is almost totally unknown.

all would remain shrouded in darkness. Happily, these offer many pieces of information, which, however, have never yet been published in connection, and which only became perfectly accessible to Dr. Phil A. Petrick because the Keeper of the Archives of the King of Denmark, Privy Conference Counsellor, Dr. Wegener, had the kindness to send him, a few years since, a full collection of all the judicial processes, printed and unprinted, then lying in the Royal Danish Archives. To him, Dr. Wegener, as well as to his Excellency the German ambassador to Denmark, Heydebrand, and von de Lasa, especial thanks are due for similar assistance.

Especially valuable are the Minutes of the First Hearing that was given to Bothwell before the law officers at Bergen,—first published by Bergenhammer, in the translation of the History of Mary Stuart by von Gentz, Copenhagen, 1803.

This is of 23d September, 1567. His capture cannot have occurred long before. Only three months, therefore, have to be accounted for. First of all, Bothwell sailed between 30th June and 7th July with some (three or five) ships to the North, without being immediately followed (*i.e.*, he was not pursued until after the Outlawry of 26th June), accompanied by Lord Hay of Tallow, John Hepburn, and Bartoun,—who were subsequently executed 3d January, 1568,—Dalgleish, French Paris, and William Murray. Inch Keith was surrendered at the same time to the insurgents, but Dunbar held out to the 1st September. Bothwell could probably have made himself secure in the latter fortress, but he felt himself more free and safer on the high seas. He felt like the Douglas of old, "I would rather hear the lark sing (the sea-gull shriek) than the mouse squeak." At first he repaired to his great-uncle, Patrick Hepburn, Bishop of Murray, and passed a while at Spynis Castle, near Elgin. Christopher Rokesby, an English spy, proposed to Elizabeth's agent, Throckmorton, to murder Bothwell. Throckmorton referred him to the personally unprincipled Morton.

He was also with the Earl of Huntley at Strawboggyn in order to induce him to take up arms. He did not succeed in rousing his brother-in law. Bothwell then hastened on to his Dukedom of Orkney. Here also treachery was predominant. His own vassal, Gilbert Balfour, brother of the Edinburgh traitor, Sir James Balfour, the real author of Darnley's murder, denied him entrance into his own Castle of Kirkwall. Things had now become perilous for him. Bothwell had to leave the Orkneys and endeavor to maintain himself in Shetland. He was still master of the sea. If Murray is to be believed he issued *letters of marque;* but only a blind enemy, not an impartial searcher after truth, can see *piracy* in this. A state of war existed, and, formally viewed, Bothwell's side of the question was the best, since he was not only Consort of the Queen and Duke of the Orcades, or Orkneys, but also Hereditary High Admiral of Scotland. Thus he stood

with threefold strength in his own proper right. Whether about this time he attacked some hostile ships of his opponents is not known, but if he did do so he acted in accordance with the laws of war. He spared foreigners. There is yet existing in the Danish Archives the contract which Bothwell concluded on the 15th August, 1567, in the Harbor of "Upt Ness," near Sumborough Head, in Shetland, with the Bremen skipper, Gerdt Hemelengk, whom he found there with his vessel, the "Pelican." This he hired for two months at fifty crowns a month. This hiring or chartering is not contradicted, but corroborated by the Certificate of Olav Sinclair, Treasurer of Shetland, to Gerdt Hemelengk, made out the 15th September, to the effect that nothing had been paid up to that time. Moreover, the petition of Hemelengk to the Burgomaster and Council of Bremen, 3d March, 1568, states expressly that the Scottish Lord had induced—not compelled—him to sell his ship or to hire it out for two months. Such transactions are not the proceedings of a pirate.

The fight between Bothwell and Tullibardine and Kirkaldy is the more correctly to be assigned to the last days of August, since, probably, in consequence of the result of the encounter,—unfavorable to Bothwell,—Dunbar was surrendered to his enemies. Before the beginning of August, Bothwell's pursuers had not started. Kirkaldy was present at Lochleven at the time of the Queen's Abdication, 24th July, 1567. It was not determined in the Privy Council at Dunbar, at which Morton presided, until after 31st July to dispatch Tullibardine and Kirkaldy in pursuit of Bothwell. Indeed, the commission issued to them is of the 11th August: "To pursue the Earl and his accomplices by sea or land, with fire, sword, and all kind of hostility, and fence and hold courts of justice wheresoever they shall think good." The Bishop of Orkney, Adam Bothwell, the same who had performed Bothwell's marriage with Mary, and who was one of the Lords of Session (*i.e.*, Judges of the Supreme Court of Scotland), accompanied them. His co-operation was simply, perhaps, for the purpose of having a high judicial officer ready at hand to try and sentence and execute the outlawed Earl if he fell into the hands of his perfidious enemies.

Two engagements took place by Bressesund and by Ounst in Shetland. At the first place Bothwell's men were ashore. They cut the cables and proceeded to Ounst. Here, however, only one, not two, of Bothwell's ships were taken, and Tallow, Hepburn, Dalgleish, and others were captured, and at a later period executed. But the principal vessel, with a smaller one, escaped by reason of Kirkaldy's ship running on a sand-bank and remaining stuck fast thereon.

This brings this narrative to the ever hitherto befogged story of Bothwell's sojourn in Norway and Denmark. He was there arrested, NOT, *however, for piracy*, but for want of credentials. The whole his-

tory of this affair—which nevertheless even Mignet repeats—is clear ill-natured fable. Buchanan himself does not put it in his history, but in his famous "*Detectio.*" The whole story is utterly false. Bothwell did not attack a ship; the Norwegians did not come to the rescue; he was not accused of being a pirate; not one of his companions was indicted and executed. The record of the official trial expressly mentions that Christian Olborrig, Captain of the Danish ship of war "Bjornen," had detained two merchant vessels (*Pinken*, Pinks) because they had no sort of credential papers aboard. There is nothing in the proceedings about "piracy."

What is more and more important to the truth, Bothwell was not at first held as a prisoner. Erick Rosenkrantz, Commandant of Bergen, allowed him at his request to lodge at a hotel or tavern, and entertained him nobly and elegantly in the castle. He was virtually free. As he was in a very destitute condition, he looked out on going ashore for suitable clothing for himself and for his people. The Lady Anne, daughter of one Christopher Thrunndsen, provided it, and her he paid with the smaller of his two vessels (Pinks). The larger he said was (as has been hereinbefore mentioned) hired Bremen property, and since some doubted this, he left the vessel at Bergen. Bear in mind it is not Bothwell who states all this, but the Court and the sworn Referees of Bergen to their King, Frederic II. On this account the ships were not confiscated, but left at Bothwell's disposal, the best of proof, if any more were required, that he had not been and was not detained as a "pirate."

Soon after this Bothwell turns up in Copenhagen, apparently at liberty, yet possibly always under some degree of supervision. On the 12th November, 1567, he writes thence to Charles IX. of France that he had spoken to the French ambassador Danzay, and that he desired to go to France. In this letter *he commends himself to that monarch's kindness by recalling his ever-faithful services as Chamberlain and Captain of the Scottish Guards.* The letter appears to be written under no feeling of anxiety, and he does not even ask for mediation in favor of his being set free, and was, therefore, at liberty.

It is evident and naturally so that the Scottish government was exceedingly desirous of the extradition of Bothwell, whom they had with amusing haste declared before the Parliament, 20th December, 1567, guilty of high treason,—that is, before the same Parliament which in April of the same year with equal inconsistency had declared him guiltless; and it is clearly evident that the Scotch authorities were supported in their demand by Elizabeth, the protectress of (her "Spaniel") Murray. Nevertheless, these requisitions met with no success. In the first place, because King Frederic received no guaranty that the trial of Bothwell—before judges composed of his own actual accomplices in the crimes to be considered—would be conducted in an impartial manner;

and, in the second place, because the King himself was not persuaded of Bothwell's guilt, the more so in that the Earl was accused only in connection with Mary, who appeared to the King to be innocent. The negotiations in respect to Bothwell's extradition become clear enough from numerous documents which were exchanged on the subject, and which are preserved in the Royal Danish Archives. A portion of these have been printed. They only reveal, however, in a measure, partially clear ideas when they are gone through carefully in chronological order.

Even before the 30th September, when Murray, as Regent, wrote to King Frederic II., in the name of James VI., from Stirling, concerning Bothwell's extradition, Captain John Clark is said to have been sent as Envoy to Denmark to obtain either Bothwell's head or person. At all events, the letter of James VI. (Murray's) to Frederic II. treats of this, together with Clark's instructions of 25th August, 1568.[10] Schiern's date, 1567, must be an error, and the year instead be 1568.

[10] In order to comprehend the action of Frederic II. of Denmark (born 1534, succeeded to the crown 4th April, 1558, in regard to Bothwell), it is necessary to investigate the character of that king. According to his portrait in Fredericksborg "he looks the very pattern of decorum, although his face, red and puffy, tells of strong liquor." Indeed "Anders Bedel, the parson, in his funeral sermon declared had he abstained from wine bibbing he might have now been alive and in good health." Perhaps he liked Bothwell because he could drink deep; and "Scotland's proudest earl" is said to have drank his enemy, the Scottish envoy, Captain Clarke, to death in the prison-house common to both and the latter's eminent deserts. He was a *positive* man, that is, one unusually strong in his convictions. His nobility, courtiers, and officials had given him so much trouble, and he had experienced such continued treason or treachery and annoyances of "cabals" against his authority, that he had "lost all faith in men and fortune;" and was accustomed to express his convictions in two ejaculations, the first, "My hope is in God alone," inscribed upon his tomb in the Cathedral at Roeskilde, which he so greatly beautified and endowed, and the second, "Faithful (or Trustworthy) is Wildpret or Wildbratt," his favorite hound, who "bit everybody but his royal master," to whom he always resorted for comfort in trouble. This second proverb, commonly written T. I. W. B., is still perpetuated in many places in Zealand, among others the carpets in the Castle of Fredericksborg, where this dog is represented with these letters on his collar. It is said that by the conjoined exclamations "My trust is in God alone," "Faithful is Wildpret," Frederic meant to signify that except in God and in the brute creation, the highest and the lowest, he had found nothing living in which he could confide. In spite of this partial misanthropy, he was a liberal prince, honest and pious, although straightlaced, if not bigoted to some degree in his views of religion. He was a zealous Protestant, but a strict sectarian, and "would allow of no dissent, no Calvinistic tendencies; the Lutheran was the recognized religion of the land, and that people must hold to or nothing." He published a book of extracts from the Psalms, the Proverbs, and the common-sense teachings of Jesus, the son of Sirach, and had the Bible translated into the Icelandic. With all this he was not fond of people who differed from his views of the faith that was in him. Consequently, he may not have had full confidence in Bothwell on account of his loose ideas of living, although in one of his letters respecting the Scotch earl, 18th November, 1568, he designated him "Our pairticular Favorite." Whether Bothwell afterwards did anything to offend his puritanical sense of propriety is not shown and not known;

The King answered Murray, on the 30th of December, that he could not give Bothwell up without great injustice, since the case was not clear, and his guilt was not proved. He intended to bring the case before the next Assembly of the Magnates in Denmark. Meanwhile, he would keep a good and strict watch over him.

Of the 13th November, 1567, appear the Instructions of Peder Oxe, the Chancellor, and of John Friis, as to the conduct to be observed towards Bothwell. A letter of Bothwell to Frederic II. fits on to this. The reply of Bothwell to Peder Oxe is of 18th November, 1567. Under date, the 28th December, 1567, is preserved the royal command for the incarceration of Bothwell at Malmö. Of the same date a memorial of Peder Oxe to Frederick II. and the answer to this, of 1st January, 1568.

On the 5th January, 1568, Bothwell was still in Copenhagen, but at this date imprisoned; because he, himself, mentions "The contumelies and indignities that I endure in this prison," whence he ad-

but as Bothwell was very impulsive, although it is intimated that 16th June, 1573, there occurred for the first time a radical change in his treatment of Bothwell, and then his real strict captivity began, nothing is more probable than that Bothwell's fiery nature incited him to revolt against the injustice and constraint to which he was subjected, and kings do not like the truth or outspoken sentiments contrary to their own.

It may be that love—which interferes with the lives of most men and renders them happy or the reverse, love which did not run smoothly—had a great deal to do with making Frederic what he was, and the usual antidote to such poison is wine. "Frederic II. was, when we consider the age he lived in, a right-minded, honorable man. In early life he was much attached to a young and beautiful girl, Dagmar Hardenberg by name, who, though of noble birth, belonged to no princely house; make her his queen he could not, and he was too high-principled to take advantage of her youth, so he remained a bachelor until he was thirty-eight years of age, when, yielding to the entreaties of his advisers, he, much against his will, contracted an alliance with the Princess Sophia of Mecklenburg. Tradition relates how Dagmar was present at the coronation of the queen, which took place in the Frue Kirke of Copenhagen, but, overcome by her feelings, fainted away, was carried out of the church, and died shortly after broken-hearted. Two daughters were the produce of Frederic's marriage, and, in despair at the non-arrival of an heir to the crown, he began to regret he had yielded to the desire of his nobles."

Petrick assures his readers that the last four years of Bothwell's life are a blank. Consequently, everything in regard to them is speculation, except it is averred that, even after he was committed to the Castle of Dragsholm, he "nevertheless got permission to go a hunting," 383, 1. Undoubtedly, however, as Schiern quotes from a letter of the French Ambassador Dancey, 28th June, 1573, "Up to this time the King of Denmark had treated the Earl of Bothwell kindly enough, but within a few days he has had him transferred to a very evil and close prison."

It may be interesting to know that Frederic II. was patron of many learned men, and among these Tycho Brahe, the celebrated astronomer, to whom he committed the sculptural adornment of the Royal Mausoleum at Roeskilde, and he protected Melancthon and other German Reformers. He it was rebuilt Kronborg, the famous castle near Elsmere, so well known to the admirers—and who are not?—of Hamlet. It is said, "Had Shakespeare searched the world round he never could have selected so fitting a locality for the ghost scene as the ramparts of Kronborg."

dressed his first Memorial to the Danish King, and defends himself with great skill, even against the accusation as to the murder of Darnley.

This the Bannatyne Club in Edinburgh, 1828, published from a copy which Bothwell gave to the French ambassador, Danzay, and which is kept in the library of the Royal Castle of Drothingholm, in Sweden. Labanoff used a copy, which is preserved by the family of d'Esneval, and which is accompanied with some remarks by Bothwell. This second exemplar was, perhaps, sent through Danzay to Charles IX. of France.

On the 29th March, 1568, Westminster, Elizabeth wrote to Frederic II., "Commissioners will arrive from Scotland in order to extradite Bothwell;" indorsed, "Received on the 21st April." The original, in the Royal Archives, is not printed.

On the 4th May, 1568, Elizabeth urges Frederic II. afresh and pretty energetically to consent to the extradition. On the 16th July, 1568, James VI. wrote to Frederic II. in regard to the approaching mission of Clark in regard to Bothwell. By this time Frederic appears to have become somewhat uncertain and desirous of obtaining external authority or advice for his action, since he invites, under date 9th August, 1568, different German princes to furnish their opinions as regards the extradition. The answers of the German princes came in under the 25th, 27th August, 1st, 11th, 19th September.

Another letter of James VI. (by Murray), of the 28th August, 1568, was dispatched to Frederic II., written on the occasion of the departure of Axel Wiffert. Clark's mission was not altogether without result. On the 30th October, 1568, he gave a certificate of the receipt of Nicholas Howbert (Hubert), called "French Paris," and of William Murray, both accused of the murder of Darnley. The first was gentleman in waiting to Bothwell, afterwards to Mary. His examinations and declarations under date of 9th, 10th of August, 1569, in St. Andrews have been often printed, but they seem to have been tampered with. Hubert was executed (judicially murdered) on the 15th August, 1569. Of the fate of William Murray nothing is heard.

After Clark's departure, Bothwell's situation seems to have been improved, 1569; and no demand made for him. He was placed on a respectable footing. Of date 2d March, 1569, appears an official entry regarding "velvet and silk for Bothwell."

According to Chalmers, Bothwell gave in this year a letter and plenary commission (irrevocable power of attorney?) to Lord Boyd to declare his assent to a divorce from Mary Stuart. This letter was accessible until 1746, among the family papers of the descendants of Lord Boyd. About this time the Regent Murray was assassinated in Scotland, 23d January, 1570. The Earl of Lenox, father of Darnley, was then elevated to the office of Regent of Scotland on the 12th July,

1570, and at once fresh demands were again made for the extradition of Bothwell.

Under date of 17 July, James VI. (by Lenox) writes to Frederic II., and begs him by no means to free Bothwell out of respect to those who desire to represent the Earl as innocent. This was received in Copenhagen 7th August. The letter of Peder Oxe and Johan Friis to Frederic II. of 22d June, 1570, and Frederic's answer of 24th June, 1570, appear to treat of this advice. Elizabeth joined in the request of Lenox, 3d August, 1570, and as Clark, who had been sent out, was represented as being a disreputable person by Bothwell, the English Queen became responsible for his honor. To the same purpose, August, 1570, James VI. (by Lenox) addressed himself to Frederic II. Nevertheless, as Clark was not deemed reputable, his services appear to be considered useless, and, in December of the same year, a special ambassador from Scotland was sent out,—Thomas Buchanan; not the Historical writer, but his nephew. He, on the 14th December, in a long Latin address, handed in in manuscript on the 16th December, asks the King, Frederic, for a final extradition of Bothwell, and under the 31st December, concisely begs the Danish monarch for an answer. The original, not printed, is in the Royal Danish Archives.

Under date 9th March, 1570, the momentous reply of Frederic to Thomas Buchanan, as regards the demand that Bothwell should either be executed in Denmark or extradited to Scotland, the King answers that Bothwell's guilt is *not clear*, since the captive Earl denies participation in the crime of which he is accused; setting forth that he has already been once pronounced innocent in Scotland; and demanding that at proper time he may have judicial trial by battle, or else a new legal trial either in Denmark or in Scotland, where the impartiality of the judges can be guaranteed. It is undeniable that Bothwell's demands are as just as they are clear, and they afford decisive proofs of sense and courage. He likewise requires the same guaranty, together with other safeguards (political), that the extradition shall create no precedent, before he (himself) will consent to a surrender. He desires an answer before the 24th August. Clark, sent out to obtain Bothwell's extradition, was now, for his own acts, justly incarcerated, and died in the Danish prison that held his intended victim.

Buchanan, the Scottish envoy, received this letter on the 12th March, and answered it on the 19th. He at once accepted the proposals, and wished that Frederic II. would himself formulate the guaranty, and recounts once more the crimes of which Bothwell was accused, among them the abduction of the innocent Queen. Take notice that the same parties who were actively protesting her innocence in Denmark, accused her in England of participation in the murder of Darnley by Bothwell, and of being an accessory to her own abduction

by the latter. Buchanan states he demands Bothwell's delivery for trial, "Because he had publicly used force with the Queen, . . . that most potent Princess, richly endowed by God with the highest gifts, to be regarded among the chief of princes on account of her peculiar virtues and rarest endowments both of body and of mind." He, Bothwell, "this natural monster," is said to have enticed [or deluded] her "by fascinations, filtres, incantations, and sorcery, with other evil arts."

In this way the extradition was virtually decided on, and Elizabeth did not need, under date of 22d March, 1570, to address a fresh epistle to Frederic II. in which she demands that Bothwell be sent to England. But the guarantees to be demanded were not so easily defined in a way to content the cautious and honorable King of Denmark, and the friends of Mary Stuart employed every means to hinder this. The extradition was to take place on the 24th August, Danzay had consented, but La Mothe Fénelon, French Ambassador of Charles IX. in London, conjured his master under date of 20th June, 1571, most earnestly not to permit this to be done. King Charles IX. appears to have concurred with his Representative and to have given Danzay such instructions as delayed the dangerous crisis. The letters of Danzay to Charles IX. and Catharine de Medici of 2d April, 15th July, and 1st September, 1571, are filled with the subject. James VI. (by Lenox, under date of 5th July, received 31st July) urges Frederic II. afresh to fulfill his promise. The original is printed in the Royal Danish Archives. The thunderstorm was gathering dangerously over Bothwell's head, but proper guarantees—for verbal promises amounted to nothing—were not furnished, and the King does not seem to have once again asked for them. Then suddenly—all is silent!—a great gap of four years occurs: the extradition did not take place. For what reason?

On the 4th September, 1571, a fresh murder took place in Scotland. "Lenox, the Regent, was killed by [the chivalric (*sic*)] Kirkaldy of Grange, Huntley, and others." Great discords followed. The Earl of Mar became Regent, and had enough upon his hands at home to prevent his troubling himself about the unfortunate Bothwell. Mar's uprightness—acknowledged by all parties—did not avail to save him. He died [by poison (?) suspected] 29th October, 1572. To him as Regent succeeded the most dangerous man in Scotland, the Earl of Morton; he, who was an accomplice in the murder of the King (Darnley), the best of proofs that the general hatred against Bothwell was grounded on other and more ignoble motives than a desire for justice. Bothwell now had rest from his enemies. A single letter of James VI., 1575, reminds Frederic II., merely incidentally, of these negotiations. The King must have understood that a guaranty for a just examination of the case in Scotland was out of the question at this time, and have recognized that the accusations against Bothwell were at

least partially calumnious. Notwithstanding—why is incomprehensible—Bothwell did not obtain his liberty.

Over and above all these false charges Bothwell is said to have been accused of the abduction of different respectable young ladies. There is nothing of the sort contained in the Danish Archives, and for this he could have been impeached only in Denmark. Thus the latter charges are decidedly false.

Almost all maintain that Bothwell lost his senses in the prison. If such had been the case it would not have been wonderful; indeed, if true, it would present a proof of his active spirit and original nobility of soul. That he became subject to melancholy from such a startling change of fortune and from regret is not unlikely, but truth compels the decision that even this statement is not proved.

Next in order comes the consideration of the existence of a Testatament [or Will, so styled] of Bothwell, a statement which he is said to have made upon his death-bed. Teulet printed it in French and in English. The former was at first published by Keith after a copy contemporary (with the original) in the Scottish College at Paris, which is now lost; the latter after a contemporary copy. Teulet considers them false,—founded on very weak grounds. Labanoff proves that a Testament really did exist. A letter of Foster to Walsingham, 15th June, 1581, gives evidence of it. In any case the Testament was used against Morton, when, in 1584, he was proved guilty of the murder of Darnley, and for this, as well as many other misdeeds, was executed. It was forwarded by King Frederic II. to Queen Elizabeth, but not made public by her, and its contents kept from the knowledge of Mary. At the same time, although Petrick believes that something of the kind did exist, the careful Doctor is compelled to pronounce the testimony brought forward by Teulet to be spurious, especially so, since the two pretended copies of it do not exactly agree. The Parisian version makes the "Paris Brawe von Schloss Vescut" [Brahe of Vidskovle, a chateau near Christianstad, now in Sweden] to be present; the English does not. The French version includes a greater number among the murderers of Darnley than the English. According to the latter, Bothwell cannot recollect all. In other respects they disagree in many points. But of more importance are completely false statements of facts. The Confession declares that my Lord Robert, Prior of Holyrood, Earl of Orkney, was among the murderers. He, however, was precisely the one who warned Darnley. For the same reason Crawford could not have been present, since he was a jealous partisan and friend of Darnley. Bothwell knew this perfectly well, and would not have stultified himself with such errors or inventions.

That Bothwell should represent himself as practicing sorcery is scarcely credible. He is said to have confessed to having abducted divers ladies from France, England, Denmark, and Germany. This is

incredible. If he had done so they must have turned up somewhere, and certainly it would have been brought against him and Mary. His enemies had not so much delicacy as to be silent respecting such a charge if true. As far as Denmark is concerned, it is manifestly disproved. Again, it cannot be believed that he ever abducted two sisters at one time; that he "has deceived tway (two) of the Burgomaster's daughters of Lubeck with many others." A Burgomaster of Lubeck, in those times, was not the man to go unrevenged and sit down quietly without making proper reclamation and compelling some wild kind of justice most satisfying and satisfactory to himself.

More weighty, however, than even these improbabilities presents themselves in that the writings are dated from Malmö,[11] and almost all later (even the best) authors agree to make Bothwell die in Malmö, 1577 or 1576. Bothwell, however, died in Dragsholm, a solitary castle on a tongue of land in Northwest Zeeland, in the beginning of November, 1575.

When he was transported to the prison in Dragsholm has not been ascertained, although it was probably after Frederic II.—subsequent to the end of the year 1571—had made up his mind not to surrender him. And, although the tower in Malmö is shown as the place where Bothwell died, this is only another instance of how little even the natives have been instructed on the subject or know about it.

Such was the end—dark and almost mythical—of a man who, for a time, controlled the fate of Scotland, and who, as the third husband of the most beautiful (so esteemed) Queen,—when once he dragged her along with him down the precipitous pathway of his (or their mutual) passions,—exerted a most fatally decisive influence over her. Such was the end of the man who just came short of winning the Crown, and who, not altogether unjustly, paid penance for his rapid rise by a more rapid fall. He is one of the most noteworthy and instructive personalities in history, and his career is especially impressive—purely tragic—by reason of the close connection of guilt, greatness, daring, and downfall. A change of fortune could in no instance have occurred more quickly and decidedly than in his case, and he must bear the full responsibility of his deeds. These his best friends do not wish to excuse where they do not merit excuse. His great political faults were a want of mistrust in believing that his enemies were capable of such infernal hypocrisy and mutual change of mind or treachery, and a credulity through which he allowed himself to be

[11] Malmö, formerly a place of strength, then belonging to Denmark, now in Sweden, on the eastern shore of the Sound (*Ore Sund*) nearly opposite and east-southeast of Copenhagen, but sixteen miles distant. Dragsholm (Draxholm) is in an entirely different direction. It is on the same island with Copenhagen, but fifty miles at least to the west by north. To confound the two places is either the result of utter ignorance or else of intentional misrepresentation.

used by these traitors as a tool even against himself, and a moral and tragic guilt,—by which he was led to conceive that by a murder he would be able to bring about an improvement of affairs, however much this may have been needed, in his native country. Conceding all this, when, afterwards, ignorance and malicious falsehood seek to distort his memory beyond recognition, the real facts of his unhappy life deserve so much the more to be brought prominently forward and demonstrated with clearness in the light of truth. It is undeniable that he *had brilliant qualities, mental and physical; that he possessed an open, liberal nature; that he was of unchangeable fidelity, high-hearted and generous.* He was not, it is true, without the frivolous characteristics of the French and the wilder nature or disposition of a Scotchman of his time; pomp-loving and prodigal; a child of civil war; brave and ready to fight, yet only inclined for open and violent action, not cunning or underhand dealing. He does not rise above his time, but he looms up as one of the most powerful in it, a born master-spirit, whose tragical position lies in that it stirred him up to take by force what seemed to be or was eventually denied him by Fate, and in that he thought by *a crime—which can be proved to have been the only one of his life—to restore peace to his deeply disturbed country.* He is a speaking proof that even to the greatest such a deed of violence can eventuate only for evil. In any event, he is worthy of a far better remembrance in history than that which is allowed to him. The verdict against him is utterly baseless, although up to this very day calumnies, repeated with virulence and anxious care, have been allowed to distort and conceal the facts in regard to him. That bitter wrong has been done to James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, can be shown from original authorities hitherto disregarded or kept out of sight, and whoever has read with care this vindication of the brave Earl must be convinced that amid the black flock of ravenous Scottish nobility in the sixteenth century, he appears, as Dr. Petrick observes, like that *rara avis*, a *White Crow.*

In conclusion, the verse (13) of Psalm lxviii. might justly, in many respects, be applied to the third husband of Mary Stuart, that "Though ye have lain among the pots," or, as the Walloon Commentator, Martin, translates it, "amid cinders and refuse,—the aristocratic generation among and with whom he had to act,—ye shall be [or appear] as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers of yellow gold."

Bothwell and Mary Stuart.


Brevet Maj. Gen. U.S.A.

AN INQUIRY

INTO THE

CAREER AND CHARACTER

OF

MARY STUART

("CRUX CRITICORUM.")

("*The puzzle of critics.*")

AND A

JUSTIFICATION

OF

BOTHWELL.

("AUDIRE EST OPERÆ PRETIUM.")

("*What is herein disclosed is worthy of attention.*")

BY

J. WATTS DE PEYSTER,

"Anchor."

New York:

CHARLES H. LUDWIG, PRINTER, 10 & 12 READE STREET.

1883.

To the Original of this Pen Portrait.

"The prettiest, tiniest little head
That ever sat on an ivory neck—
So smooth and so rounded—without a fleck—
That jewels were wasted such throat to deck—
In its muslin frill, like pearl in its bed;
With a flood of soft, rippling nut-brown hair,
Reflecting in gold the kiss of the air;
Ears small and so perfect—but by him seen,
Praxiteles models they might have been,
To complete his statue of Beauty's queen:
And eyes like turquoise and sapphire mingled;
A voice as when silver bells are tingled—
And withal so saucy! There 's not a grace
But finds a fit home in that charming face!"

TO WHOSE SUGGESTION

THE AUTHOR'S

STUDIES ON MARY STUART AND BOTHWELL

ARE DUE,

This Work is Gratefully Dedicated.

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Bothwell.

"And wrought fell deeds the troubled world along,
For he was fierce as brave, and pitiless as strong."

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S "*Vision of Don Roderick*," XXX.

LADY BUCCLEUGH.—"And loves she Bothwell?"
LADY RERES.— "Yes, indeed she does:
And she hath found in him a nobler mate
Than any yet on whom she's fix'd her choice:
The rest were boys. In him she's found a MAN;
A rough one it is true, but still a MAN:
A diamond but half polish'd, but a MAN:
HEPBURN'S a jewel meet for MARY STUART.
They greet at him, but such as he can scorn
The calculating, hypocritic guile
Of foxy MORTON, Knox's fav'rite MURRAY,
Who leaves to baser instruments the deed,
And looks at evil through, betwixt, his fingers;
Ready to pluck the fruit when it's matur'd
Upon the muck heap fully fed its growth;
And if *for him* cares not how 't grew or grows.
James Hepburn, with his mail'd and stalwart hand
Plucks the ripe ear at once, with fearless front;
He is no coward. 'Mid false, sordid 'Bonds'
That rule this Scotland, HE *alone* is true.
Poor he has been, despite his lofty birth,
So poor he's lack'd a single golden piece
To pay his score: yet never took a bribe
To wrong his country for a foreign quean;—
He never sold his honor to Queen Bess,
As other nobles flout at faithfulness
So that their jerkins gleam at Tudor cost.
His creed he's clung to spite of ev'ry wile,
Nor ever made, like Murray, creed the cloak
To hide intent, and set the kiln on fire
That burn'd our land, aye, to the very bone,
So that it prov'd alembic whence t' extract
Gain, influence, power, for selfish ends.
Hepburn's no hypocrite! He loves MARY
For Mary Stuart's sake, and will not yield
A single inch to foreign lure or price,

Content to risk the loss of all he seeks
Rather than sacrifice the faith is his.
Sin! he may sin against his own brave soul,
But never 'gainst what he deems great and true
To foster his ambition. The people,
They know that in his soul, there burns the fire
For Scotland's Independence flaming high.
The nobles love him not. He scorns their lies,
Their moral weakness and their selfish strength,
However brave in brawl and shedding blood.
Among the nobles, Hepburn 's not a friend;
But 'mid the people, duly weigh'd 's the man,
There's not a lord is held in such content
And honest admiration. This makes MARY,
Despising such a coward thing as DARNLEY,
Seek to break loose from brilliant toy she once,
With love begotten through the eye, not reason,
So madly wed, and long to link her fate
With one who, once beside her on the throne,
Fit mate would be for a queen to mate with:
And brave as she, throw banner to the winds,
And say to England, 'Come what storm come may,
I and my husband will affront it boldly!'"

"JAMES HEPBURN, Earl of Bothwell," *a Tragedy.*

THE world judges by results. Admiration, even if accompanied with discontent or heart-burning irritation, follows those men who, by audacious craft, succeed in attaining the highest power. He, however, who just before reaching his objective, has a fall, perhaps richly merited, may be certain that not merely hate, but also ridicule and even contempt, will sit in judgment on him; and, at the same time that his chief characteristics are denied to him, the decision will be so distorted as to be irrecognizable. If, again, the individual, on trial, has sought to elevate himself by crime, no enemy will let the opportunity escape for throwing the full weight of moral vengeance upon him, and, in

this way, win, in turn, for himself the appearance of being a defender of the innocent and a champion of the right. Not such should be the judgment of history: and, if the hate of contemporaries has, as it were, stoned a prominent man, then the duty of the Muse, as difficult as it is necessary, is to trace back the causes and sift the evidence on which the verdict was founded,—a labor often long deferred by passions, aroused and successful—for the time being—to what clearness is possible, and to extricate the *truth*, so to speak, from the ruins.

A fate of this sort, tragical not only by reason of rapid elevation and sudden fall, but also of the undeservedly severe verdict of posterity, has been the portion of James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, the third husband of Mary Stuart. In his case, if nothing more is regarded than the intimate relations into which he came with the unfortunate queen, this alone should furnish the strongest incentive for historians to investigate his true character thoroughly, in order to derive therefrom important historical data to form a correct judgment of the whole period. Unhappily, calumny grows luxuriantly over the fallen. It springs up, partly, from wickedness originating in design, and, partly, from blind moral anger, multiplied and recorded by scandalous, and yet more by thoughtless, persons, without proof. It climbs like poisonous ivy, thick and disorderly over Bothwell, and so conceals his true form that this can only, at last and with great labor, be, as it

were, stripped of the rank investure. One writer only has as yet, properly speaking, taken his part, Dr. PHIL. A. PETRICK, who, in his Pamphlet, about 50 pages, "*Zur Geschichte des Grafen Bothwell*," Berlin—St. Petersburg, 1874—a wonderfully clear and honest production, has striven to show to what lengths falsehood, calumny, enmity, jealousy, and a host of other meaner characteristics, crowned with success, can go to blacken the life and memory of an honest opponent after he had lost the game and stakes in a contest with the vilest sharpers.

A defence, and counsel, by the principles of a wise justice, among civilized peoples, is allowed even to the manifestly guilty. How much more is it a duty to accord it to one whose guilt is at least *not* certain, and whose motives may be clearly traced. Yes, it is an unavoidable duty. The object of this little work, confined within the narrowest limits, is not intended to be, properly speaking, a defence, but it inevitably becomes such. This is a consequence of the facts drawn from trustworthy sources. It is especially intended to fulfill a task which should long ago have been performed, and which is indispensable as a preparatory study to any impartial inquisition into that period of history. This is so not only because it will clearly show what accusations have been heaped upon him justly; what others without proof, and what others from sheer calumny. This is the more necessary on account of the short time during which he influenced the fate of Scotland, not only

greatly but decisively (1566 and 1567). During this period he was the central figure of the crisis—a crisis replete with results. This investigation will especially clear up, with the aid of all the means at the command of the critic, the facts of his previous career, as well as of its termination, and seek to obtain a judgment on him and of his character and motives, from both of those periods. When even great writers of history, examining those years alone, however closely, let him, so to speak, rise out of the darkness and then leave him to sink back into the same darkness, such an examination as is proposed herein is a wonderful satisfaction, if nothing else. It is not only from interest in the man, but much more for the purpose of understanding the times in which he so prominently figured, that the complete comprehension of his characteristics are indispensably requisite. And if we are unable to determine scarcely more than approximately the date of his death and the day of his birth, it is yet an absolute duty to piece together, with all possible exactness, whatever facts of his life may yet be discovered. To quarry them out of the original sources is indeed a difficult, but not a thankless toil, since the most fruitful revelations for the whole period become the rewards of the difficult labor—and the more that the authorities consulted, to a greater or less degree, immediately obscure the image, the more does it become evident that only a very close investigation

and comparison can reveal with clearness, the true form, its proportions, peculiarities and excellencies.

The judgments pronounced on Bothwell are almost unanimous, and yet they do not hang together. They are unanimous in that all, to a certain extent, condemn him. They are all inconsequent, because they are founded on statements which not only differ from, but contradict each other. Suspicion as to these verdicts is thus only too fully justified.

First in order, his contemporaries, among his accusers, require consideration. Buchanan never styles him otherwise than "a wicked and perfidious man." The "pirate" is with him the regular epithet. In the same way, in Murray's Diary for the 20th July, the "pirates" are Bothwell and his friends. Buchanan, in his "Detection of Mary and Action against Mary" the Queen, is full of the lowest abuse of him. Certainly the skillfully planned design of throwing back the implied reflection on Mary herself shows through only too clearly, and yet calumny always attains its object, in so far that a part of it invariably seems to impress itself indelibly upon the recollection. "Calumniate boldly," says the Proverb, "some will stick." The English Ambassadors in Scotland, Throckmorton, Randolph, Bedford, next join in. Throckmorton, November, 1560, calls him "a vain-glorious, rash and hazardous young man." This is a forced translation; "GLORIOUS" (*gloriosus*) has for its primary meaning "illustrious."

Randolph to Cecil, 3d June, 1563, styles him "a naked, good for nothing beggar; the same, 31st March, 1562, "The Earl of Bothwell (tried to) waylay Ormiston twice;" 6th April, 1566, "I assure (you) Bothwell is as naughty a man as liveth, and much given to the detestable vices." Bedford to Cecil, 12th August, 1566, "Bothwell has grown of late so hated that he cannot long continue." Yet sharper is the official letter of James VI. (that is of his guardian, the Earl of Murray, for James was then evidently only two years old) concerning the delivering up of Bothwell by King Frederick II. of Denmark, of the date 21st August, 1568. It reads, "An assassin of well known cruelty;" "A robber condemned by divine and human judgment." Elizabeth to Frederick II., 1569. 26th August, 1568, "the parricidal murderer of his king." She seems to believe that he was related to Darnley. Remark that in this letter Elizabeth styles Darnley "King," to whom in his lifetime she always denied that title, even at the christening of his son. Buchanan to Frederick II. of Denmark, 19th March, 1591, "An incorrigible traitor," All this is outdone by Thomas Buchanan, Ambassador of James VI., to Denmark, in his letter to Frederick II., 1571, "A monstrous beast, and of all men who exist, or ever will, the most wicked."

That all the accusers of Mary Stuart sound loudly the same notes is the more easily explained that these contemporaries were simply accomplices of Bothwell, as will be

demonstrated. Those who especially followed the tactics of painting Bothwell in the blackest colors felt the more compelled to do so in order, by this means, to destroy the character of Mary Stuart. But when a Hume will concede nothing good of Bothwell, and says, "without being distinguished by a single talent, whether for politics or war, he had obtained for himself a certain amount of reputation; perfectly immoral, overwhelmed by debts which were greater than his property, he had plunged himself into absolute need by his dissoluteness, and appeared to have no other resources than desperate undertakings"—it is notably unintelligible how such a man, "without a single talent," could attain to so great a preponderance that he even, by the admission of his enemies, governed Mary Stuart, and got rid of Darnley by murdering him, without any one daring to rise against him; forced even the Parliament to acquit him; compelled the assent of the whole nobility to his marriage with Mary; and could be eventually overthrown only by cunning, surprise and treachery, such as transcended the cold-blooded calculation of a Machiavelli, the sensual cruelty of a Borgia, and the conscienceless fiendishness of a Visconti.

"Italy has been commonly regarded as the country where, in the Middle Ages, the art of political perfidy reached the highest degree of perfection; but we may search the annals of Rome or Venice in vain for the details of any plot which, for depth or villainy, can match with

that of which the murder of Rizzio was only the first act. What were the consequences to be anticipated from that outrage? Probably the miscarriage, perhaps the death * of the Queen; and failing these contingencies, her deposition and imprisonment. What was to follow next? The elevation to the throne of a prince who was an object of hatred and contempt of every one of his associates, and whose incorrigible folly would speedily afford them an opportunity and a pretext for depriving him of his authority. Then, and not till then, would the true objects of Rizzio's murder be disclosed—namely, the usurpation of the government, with the certain support of the more fanatical section of the Scottish Protestants and the hardly less certain support of the Queen of England. Machiavelli never conceived—he has certainly never described—a plot more devilish in its designs than that which was devised by the more knowing of the conspirators, ostensibly for the death of Rizzio, but in reality for the destruction of both Mary Stuart and her husband." (Hosack I., 142–3.)

On the other hand, it might be reasonably supposed that the champions of Mary Stuart would also defend him (Bothwell). Not at all; they abandon him entirely. Camden styles him "a weak man." Melvil, the trusted

* Melville, who was at Holyrood at the time, says: "For she being big with child, it appeared to be done to destroy both her and her child; for they might have killed the said Rizzio in any other part at any time they pleased."—"Memoirs," 66.

counsellor of Mary, who, however, quickly changed into her persecutor, describes him as making, continually, attempts on the life of the Queen (!), of Arran, of Murray, of Darnley, of Melville, and of whom else who knows; and he entirely denies to Bothwell the possession of courage. The following abuse is applied to him: "Heart failed him, his arm was not so valiant as his tongue;" so also the "*Histoire Tragique*," "his cowardice." Herrera, "wherefore being very ambitious and given to self-indulgence." Blackwood, in his "Martyrdom of Mary Stuart," calls him "audacious, proud, easy to be influenced." Brantome, the devoted worshipper of ladies, thinks to annihilate him: "For this Bothwell was the most ugly man and the most ungraceful that could be seen." Blackwood, however, energetically contradicts this, and cites Bothwell "For his beauty." Furthermore, as a pattern of disconnected, self-contradicting judgment, may stand a passage from Buchanan, his embittered enemy (Action against Mary, Jebb I., 255): "What is there in him that would be attractive to a woman who was at all particular? Does any one see in him any dignity of speech, or figure, or strength of mind? But there is no need to say much of eloquence or form, when no one who heard him could doubt the puerility and dullness of the man. He was prudent in the business he undertook, resolute in facing danger, munificent in giving, temperate in his pleasures! Not even those most devoted to him ven-

tured to credit him with prudence!! [Note the absolute irreconcilableness of these last two sentences.] He secured a reputation for bravery; but surrounded by horsemen, mounted upon a fierce horse, personally safe, looking at the fighting of others, now and then he pursued a flying enemy. He never could endure to look upon the threatening countenance of a foeman at close quarters."

This would be killing judgment if it only possessed either sense or connection, but does it not seem exactly as if a writer were credulous enough to put together, without examination or comparison, a mosaic of scraps picked up blindly from promiscuous sources of information? What is more, the whole of these* do not agree together, and it

* Rapin, acknowledged by all but ultras—Papists and Mariolotrists—as a standard and trustworthy authority, makes some remarks upon the the history of this period which must be conclusive to every reader not cased in the stiff panoply of religious prejudice, and wrapped, as to the mental vision, with the bandage of bigoted dogmatism. In his folio edition (London, 1733; Vol. II., pp. 76, 77): "Three historians, who may be considered as originals, have related what passed in Scotland during the reign of Elizabeth; namely, George Buchanan, William Camden and James Melvil." He then goes on to dissect the character and expose the motives of the three. While doing justice to Buchanan's narrative, in many respects, he says, "[As to motive] he was Murray's creature, and deem'd revengeful." In other words, he was the enemy of Mary and Bothwell and all who sustained either. As to Camden, Rapin actually styles his account a "forged story." "Many believe *Camden* writ nothing in his Annals about Scotland but what was dictated to him, or enjoined by James I." Osborn says, "that Camden's lines were directed by King James." "In short, it may be said of these three historians, in regard to Queen *Mary*, that *Camden* had *scarce said one word of Truth*, that *Buchanan* has said *all*

is this very diversity which condemns their otherwise striking unanimity in and of malice.

But if the defenders of Mary Stuart abandon Bothwell, is not that a decisive argument against him, her third husband? By no means; for if those accusers painted him as odious as possible, in order in this way to dishonor her, the others might have adopted the same tactics from a belief that there was no other way of saving her than by rejecting him; of denying every connecting link between them, and indeed maintaining the impossibility of any inclination on her part for him. Since, however, certain traces of such an inclination could not be got rid of by denying them, this was always the weakest point of the defence; but it is decidedly an illogical conclusion to believe that Mary, even if she loved Bothwell, must necessarily have been an accomplice in the murder of Darnley. He could very well have arranged it without her knowledge, behind her back; yes, carried it out, and yet have taken his measures so skillfully that she noticed nothing, and honestly believed him innocent. But why was it that Bothwell found no friend, no defender? Are not interested motives for the general hatred against him to be discovered everywhere? He had no party, he belonged to no party—he was a party in himself. This, this was his damning sin, his condemnation.

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the Truth, and *more than the Truth*, and that *Melvil* has said the Truth, *but not the whole Truth*."—(Rapin, Fol. II., p. 77, Note 2.)

Although the author has presented so much that is original, and arrived at so many opinions diametrically opposite to the vast majority who have undertaken to write upon the subject of Bothwell, but have simply slipped into the rut of vituperation without being able to extricate themselves from it, he finds that in a foreign land, and in a foreign tongue, James Hepburn has found an advocate who used in some instances the very same terms, or words, in vindication of the Scottish Earl. Consequently, in this, his third pamphlet on the subject, the writer determined to follow closely, but not obsequiously, Dr. Petrick, and present a translation of what might be termed the able German's brief. The only absolute error discovered in the whole presentment of Dr. Petrick in respect to Bothwell—differences of opinion between the doctor and the author as to Mary do constantly occur — is contained in the following paragraph, and it would not be allowed to appear were it not to show how a critic, right in ninety-nine points, may err on the hundreth simply from an oversight; viz.: that he confounds two men, both created Earls of Bothwell; Ramsay—of low birth, who had previously neither position nor land—by James III., and Patrick Hepburn of Hales—who belonged to one of the most ancient, honorable and influential families in Scotland, who (these Hepburns) held in their "fast grip" the lands constituting the Lordship of Bothwell—by James IV. Our James Hepburn was the great-grandson of

this Patrick, first Earl of Bothwell, and there was no more connection of either with the *titular* Bothwell, Ramsay, than a clear mountain stream, glorious in every attribute, has with an artificial muddy ditch.

Family feuds and the pride of noble blood are nowhere else so strong as in Scotland. Ancient blood and the bonds of race which, to some extent, went back to the blood of the Pharaohs, are the final determining "factors of the parties." Bothwell's race [a complete error] could not boast itself of the same antiquity carried far back. They were upstarts, and that not from the first ranks. It is incomprehensible [but still correct] that Robinson (I., 317) should call him the head of an old family. He was only the fourth Earl of the name, and the title seems not to have been in existence previously to 1484. [But he *was* one of the noble, ancient Hepburns.] He must, therefore, have appeared to the nobility as very mean, and have been hated as an intruder. In fact, the first Earl of Bothwell had been too much such a one for Scottish family pride to digest or ever to pardon it in his great grandson. King James III., who, in 1485, was beaten at Bannockburn by a coalition under his own son, James IV., and killed in the fight, was hated both for his love for the fine arts and for his democratic penchant for favorites from the lower classes. Robertson mentions among them, Cochran, a mason; Hammil, a tailor; Leonard, a smith; Rogers, an English musician, and the sword or dancing

master, Torfisan or Torphicen. Among these was a James Ramsay of Balmain. At the time that the higher nobility, exasperated by this, and because James III. had caused his brother, the Earl of Mar, to be murdered—a fate which the other brother, the Duke of Albany, escaped only with great difficulty—they fell upon the King in the camp at Lawdor (Lauder) Bridge, 1483, and in his own chamber hanged all but one of the favorites before his eyes. Only Ramsay escaped, because James covered the young man with his own body, whom the King afterwards raised to the command of hisLife-Guards, and to be the first [titular] Earl of Bothwell. He appears to have fallen with his King at Bannockburn. [Another error, he lived to be favored by James IV., but the Hepburns were too strong for him, and he showed his bad blood by turning out an accomplished spy for the English king, Henry VII.] To his descendants, [all wrong again] however, remained the title and dignity and deep-rooted hatred, coming, indeed, from this unforgotten circumstance."

To the hatred of the Hepburns of Hales, become so mighty through their own merits and the confidence of their sovereign, must be added the religious quarrel which aroused the spirits of all. Bothwell was a Protestant. He refused to hear mass with the Queen. He was married to his first wife after the Protestant form only; but the next time, to Mary, after both rites, the Protestant, to satisfy his own convictions, and the Catholic to gratify her. He

was not, however, a zealot, and by no means a fanatic, as, in those times of excitement in regard to religious belief, was demanded among such a hot-headed people as the Scotch. That he did not make common cause with the "Lords of the Congregation," 1559–'60, in opposition to the government, *i. e.*, against the Queen-mother-Dowager, Mary of Guise, and had not sustained their revolt, so thoroughly justified according to their ideas, his loyalty was in their eyes, of itself, an unpardonable treachery in a Protestant to the cause of religion.

But why did Bothwell separate himself from his comrades in creed? Purely from loyalty to the monarch,—a peculiarity certainly which made him appear as a WHITE CROW in Scotland, where the mighty "Bonds" of the nobles had for centuries kept down every attempt to elevate the power of the sovereign. This simply confirms the historical fact that the Feudal nobility always made "Bonds" against the royal power; the nobility by Patent always with it, sustaining the sovereign. The latter must take this course, and it was only a pity that, there (in Scotland), and at this time, the nobility by Patent (!) was represented by only a single example of unvarying loyalty—Bothwell.

"While these important changes [in the relative influence of the feudal nobility] were taking place among her neighbors, the condition of Scotland remained unaltered. Her nobles had never been weakened, like those of England, by the wars of a

disputed succession, and her towns had as yet acquired no political importance. It was in vain that, during this and the succeeding century, the most strenuous efforts were made by the Scottish kings to break down the overgrown power of these great vassals. In all these struggles the latter proved victorious; and, of the first five Jameses, no fewer than three perished the victims of aristocratic anarchy. The division of nearly the whole of the Church lands among a body of men already too powerful was a necessary result of the Reformation; and, from the death of James V. until the union of the two crowns, *Scotland was oppressed by a nobility the most rapacious and corrupt that probably ever existed.*" [*This was the period of Mary Stuart's short reign and long misfortunes.*] ("Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers," by John Hosack. Edinburgh and London, 1870.)

"With remarkable fidelity he (Bothwell) stood by the royal house; throughout life he had been the deeply attached servant of the dynasty." (Jebb, "The Innocence of the Queen," I., 463.) Blackwood confirms this: "At every period of his life a very faithful servant of the crown; * * * his constancy and fidelity in being almost the only one among all the nobles of her kingdom who has never varied nor failed in the duties of a good subject, &c."—Herrera: "This man was always very loyal and faithful to the crown." To this he adds: "A generous man, and one of worth, but at the same time bold, proud and prompt to execute whatever action fell to his part." Even Robertson calls him "remarkably true to duty,"—"extraordinarily so" in fact. It is yet more worthy of notice that no one has

drawn from all those admissions the inevitably correct conclusion as to his character. Was he faithful to duty from selfishness? No! for the only thanks he got often consisted in banishment. He was faithful as from a sense of duty. Loyalty and constancy, however, are certainly not the accompanying characteristics of an abandoned character; and, if the other rebel lords were greater politically than he, as men, morally, they certainly were inferior to him. What must appear a merit to the unprejudiced, was the worst of crimes to the interested; and, when it becomes apparent that it was just his faithfulness to duty which drew down upon Bothwell the greatest hatred, this must throw a great weight, in his favor, into the scale. There were at this epoch only two parties. Catholics and French and Royalists appear to be identical. So, on the other hand, with Protestants and Republicans, the English party. Bothwell was the only Protestant who supported the Royalist party, yet without yielding the first place to the French; and he did this not simply from loyalty, but also from a ripened conviction that the modern State stands above parties (!), and should not be made to depend on religious fluctuations (!) Thus he occupied an important but isolated position; and along with his loyalty and his liberal ideas, it may have been to the Scottish nobles the most unpardonable sin, that he was powerful and determined enough to attempt to check or control them by the power of the State. His efforts only failed because he had no

party behind him, since the Catholics regarded him with mistrust and did not comprehend his motives, and of these he was himself perhaps unconscious. He dreamed of being in himself a separate party, and that idea hastened his fall. Consequently, since only Catholics and Protestants, English or French, wrote his history, he could only have had his enemies for judges; and it was precisely his undeniable virtues as a governor, his statesmanlike ideas, which procured for him the measureless hate of those aristocratic tyrants. Bothwell was a Bismark, but appeared too soon.

If any one wishes to obtain a general view of the varied life of this remarkable man, it becomes necessary, and especially so, first, to seek for information in the only full contemporary account, that of Buchanan; but it is striking that this author nowhere mentions Bothwell's age. If this be carelessness, the Index to his book will assist us. There stands correctly "James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, given into custody, p. 513; Banished to France and England, 523; Rival of the Earl of Lennox, 542; Recalled from France by the Queen, 641:" When was that? The Earl of Bothwell was imprisoned, together with Robert Maxwell, Walter Scott, Mark Carr, in the year 1530, by James V.;—and, in 1537, banished. The *Comes Leviniæ* is the Earl of Lennox, the father of Darnley, and father-in-law to Mary. In what was he a rival to this nobleman? In suing for the hand of the widow of James V., the Queen Dowager, Mary (of Guise). This is in the year 1545, but

Mary Stuart was born in 1542; so Bothwell, when he was imprisoned 1530, must have been about twenty years, and at the time of his wooing Mary, fifty-seven years old. In fact, an otherwise very painstaking and skillful writer, Keralio, depends on these dates and facts in order to show the impossibility of a love affair between the two—Bothwell and Mary Stuart. If the figures were only correct! How? Cannot one trust Buchanan, who, as a contemporary, knew well the persons in question? Yes, *if he had not confounded* our James Bothwell with his father, Earl Patrick Bothwell, and ascribed the whole story of the latter to the former. This seems incredible, and yet it is undeniable. Robert Douglass' "Peerage of Scotland," I., 228, says "James, Fourth Earl of Bothwell, was served heir to his father, 3d November, 1556; his father died five weeks, or thereabouts, preceding. Queen Mary describes him (James) as in his very youth at his first entry into this realm, immediately after the decease of his father." What opinion, after this, can any critic entertain of the credibility of Buchanan? Yet many have fallen victims to his error; for example, Robertson, (I., 50, 87,) speaks of an Earl Bothwell without saying that it is the father, not the son.

The grandfather of our Earl James, that is Adam, Second Earl of Bothwell, fell on Flodden-field, the 13th August, 1513, at an early age, for he was married only in August, 1511. Thus the third Earl of Bothwell, Patrick,

must have been born in 1512 or 1513, and at the time of his death, in 1556, forty-four years old. The life of this man seems to have been, if possible, more full of mutations than that of his son. Even in regard to his education there was a contest. This could not have occasioned the best results. A lawless time prevailed. At eighteen years he (Patrick, the father) was already a prisoner. At twenty-three years of age he was banished for twenty years. This, however, did not last long, and he was speedily back again, since, 1st August, 1539, he was again banished for an indefinite time from Scotland, England and France! This drove him into the arms of England. In 1549, he (Patrick, the father, not James, the son) received an English pension of three thousand crowns. Hosack, Mary's advocate, demonstrates such a charge cannot be brought against Patrick's son, James, the champion of the Maries, mother and daughter, and the lover and husband of the latter. He pronounces, (I., 296,) Bothwell "a stranger to fear," but "not proof against remorse." A man who knows no fear, and yet can repent, is better than most men. The widowed Queen, Mary of Guise, called Patrick back to Scotland about 1545, when he came forward, together with Lennox, as a suitor for her hand, and was an enemy of the English party. Then again, a third time banished, he, Patrick, was yet again recalled in 1553. His amnesty, on the 26th March, 1554, is noticed in the Privy Seal Record. He faithfully served her (the Queen); was one of the Lords

who handed the Regency over to her in place of the incapable Duke of Chatelherault; sat in the Parliament of 1554–5, which ratified it, and was her Lord Lieutenant of the Borders, in which capacity he is often mentioned; and, as has been said, died 1556. Whether this changeful life was only a consequence of the disorderly times and an ungoverned spirit, or of a dangerous character, is not evident. Baseness, at least, does not appear to be proved against Patrick, third Earl of Bothwell. Chalmers (II., 202) indeed calls him "one of the most profligate men of a most corrupt age," yet without giving any reasons or proofs. In no case is this to be attributed to the son, James, whose life might be called monstrous if one commingle it with that of the father. One thing, however, must have kindled the inextinguishable hate of the Protestants toward the father, Patrick. George Wishart, the teacher of the renowned Knox, and one of the foremost of the revered, prophet-like Reformers, was set upon by Earl Patrick, in the house of Lord Ormiston, and, in spite of a promise to take Wishart to his own castle, Earl Patrick surrendered Wishart to his enemies. This was in 1546. Bothwell delivered him to Cardinal Beaton, who caused him to be burned at the stake, 1st March, 1546. The verdict on Earl Patrick's conduct may be divided. Knox and Mac Crie maintain that Earl Patrick broke his word of honor. Hetherington (46) assures us to the contrary, that the Cardinal compelled him to act as he did; but all seem

to overlook the fact that he was Sheriff of the county in which it happened, and, thus obligated, he was imperatively bound to undertake the arrest. In no way, however, can any blame attach to James, as Rudloff (I., 54) maintains, who, if he were present, Rudloff charges, could have been only thirteen years old at the time, since the marriage of his father, Patrick, with Agnes Sinclair, daughter of Henry, Lord Sinclair, cannot well be placed before 1532. Chalmers makes it two years earlier, 1530. This, however, is incredible, on account of the extreme youth of Earl Patrick, and because at this very time he was in prison for a length of time.

Robert Douglas assigns these events to about 1535. Accordingly, even the year of Earl James' birth is very uncertain, and has also been the object of violent controversy. It cannot well have been before 1532, nor after 1536 (?), as his father was then in exile. Whether James Earl Bothwell's sister Jane, who, in 1562, married the Prior of Coldinghame (bastard son of James V., who died in 1563), and, in 1566, John of Caithness (who died in 1577), and, finally, Archibald Douglass—was older or younger than her brother, is not evident. It seems the least inaccurate to assume 1535 as the year of Bothwell's birth, and thus at the death of his father he was twenty-one years old; "he was in his very youth." Schiern (3 and 7) says he was born in 1536 or 1537, and in his nineteenth or twentieth year when his father died.

The education of the fourth Earl, James, was conducted under his grand-uncle, the Bishop of Murray. Buchanan denounces this man as "ignorant and without conscience, and given up to all kinds of lust." "What virtues, forsooth, were to be expected in a man brought up in the very palace of a Bishop of Murray, that is in by far the most corrupt centre of all—amid wine and loose women, among the vilest managers of their (*i. e.*, the Papists) dissolute discipline." How far the measureless passion of Buchanan distorts things in this connection it is hard to say. Bishop Murray was not worse nor better than most of his peers. Pleasure loving, fond of pomp, and certainly not without cultivation, he surely would not have withheld the latter from his nephew, and the documents from Bothwell's hand prove this. The Scottish letter, which is still preserved in the Register Office at Edinburgh, is as well composed and published as any other of the time. Teulet prints, as his, a letter to Charles IX. of France, of the 27th May, 1567, and one of 12th November, 1567, to the same from Denmark; besides two memorials of his to Frederick II., King of Denmark, of the 5th of January and the 13th of January, 1568; justifying himself. The sense and clearness of both are as marked as the excellent French in which they are written. These papers, since Earl James was in prison (under restraint?), are in his own hand. Undoubtedly his education would be nothing more than that probably appropriate to a gentleman and knight.

Yet in this he surpassed most of his contemporaries, and he had, by repeated sojourns in France, sufficient opportunity to cultivate his original inclination for the polish of that nation. When and where he, in his youth, "roamed about as a pirate," as Buchanan says, is not perceptible. Subsequent to the restoration of his father, 1554, he seems to have been with the latter, and to have received his education, with the further advantage of practical lessons in statesmanship afforded by the influential position occupied by his parent. Moreover, as he had an inclination for hand-to-hand encounters, there was no want of opportunity to gratify his inclination in this respect amid the anarchical condition of the "Borderers," whom, properly speaking, only he and his father brought into anything like order, and whom it was impossible for any chief to manage except he was manifestly endowed with courage and personal bravery. Thus James, the Fourth Earl of Bothwell, was already a prominent person at the time of his father's death, by which he not only inherited rich feudal fiefs, but the hereditary dignities of Sheriff of Berwick, Haddington and Edinburgh; of Baillie of Lauderdale, with the Castles of Hales and Crichtoun, and especially, in addition, with the office of Lord High Admiral of Scotland, which was granted as hereditary to his grandfather, Adam, in 1511, by James IV. Undoubtedly he would not, if circumstances permitted, delay to distinguish himself at sea in this capacity, perhaps in combats with pirates; but

to call an hereditary High Admiral "a pirate," is what could only be done by a Buchanan.

Thus born and endowed, he was early in life the richest man in the south of Scotland after the Duke of Chatelherault, the head of the Hamiltons, and no doubt lived accordingly, not without show, folly, frivolity and dissipation; but, when Buchanan declares "he grew up there with dice and loose women, and so wasted the most ample patrimony that, in his penury, he had not a brass farthing, the price of a halter," such assertions are more than spiteful—they are untrue.

The largest part of his (Bothwell's) hereditary estates could not have been alienated from him, and we find him, up to the time of his banishment, in unbroken possession of his properties, without its being necessary for the Queen to reinstate him in possession of them. Banished he was several times, but never deprived of his dignities. May not this allusion be, like others, to his father Patrick, third Earl, whose possessions *were confiscated* up to 1554. Still Randolph also chimes in with the expression, "a naked, good-for-nothing beggar, whose property has been eaten up, even to a Portugal piece;" very funny! but unfounded. Something like envy appears to crop out here. Bothwell retained his jewels to the last; until he lost them in his flight to Denmark, in August-September, 1567.

That he was not only the richest man, but one, in the south of Scotland, by inheritance, but also early in life distin-

guished by efficiency and ability as a ruler, is shown by the Queen Dowager's naming him, at twenty-three years old, her Lord Lieutenant of the Borders, and Keeper of the very important castle "Hermitage," one of the most material and responsible positions, for which especial abilities were needed. Knox, Robertson, Laing are in error when they put Bothwell's first appearance in the Privy Council, and as Lord Lieutenant, in 1565 or 1566. He was appointed to these positions, for the first time, as early as 1558, during the violent War of the Protestant Lords of the Congregation against the Queen Dowager; secondly, during Murray's Rebellion, 1565, and, also, afterwards, several times. Under him served Lord Hume, or Home, as Warden of the Eastern Borders, Kerr of Cessford, of the Middle Borders, and Sir John Maxwell of the Western. His position was that of an almost irresponsible ALTER EGO of the Queen Regent.

He had already, and previously, taken his seat in the Parliament, and, on the 14th December, 1557, signed the Commission for the marriage of Mary Stuart with the Dauphin (Francis II.) The second time, 29th November, 1558, he officiated in opening the Parliament as Sheriff of Edinburghshire.

He was not undeserving of the trust put in him.

"In some of the wild Border troubles, the too famous Bothwell," according to Sir Walter Scott, "is said to have given proofs of his courage, which was at other times very question-

able." He was Lord of Liddesdale, and Keeper of the Hermitage Castle. "About this time the Scottish Borderers seem to have acquired some ascendancy over their southern neighbors." (Strype, Vol. III.) * * * In 1559 peace was again restored."

Holinshed's popular Chronicle contains an account of a dangerous and successful cavalry incursion made by him, 1558, into England. In this instance he was supported by the "Congregation."

The unfortunate Mary, in her famous "Apology," says "that in the weiris against Ingland, he gaif proof of his valyentnes, courage, and gude conduct;" and praises him especially for subjugating "the rebellious subjectis inhabiting the cuntreis lying ewest the marches of Ingland." (*Keith*, p. 388.) "He appears actually to have defeated Sir Henry Percy in a skirmish, called the Raid of Haltwellswire."

At the time of the Peace Negotiations at Chateau Cambresis, April, 1559, he had a conference with the Earl of Northumberland on quieting the Border conflicts, and, in August, 1559, he sat as one of the Commissioners with Sir Richard Maitland and Sir Walter Kerr. The English Wardens did not like him. The Earl of Bedford and others allow the ugliness of their own personal enmity to show itself in their remarks. This, however, does him no discrédit, for his energetic representation of his own country was the cause of it.*

* "It is worthy of note that Darnley should never, so far as we know, have exhibited any jealousy or even dislike of Bothwell. That nobleman had not acquired so great an ascendancy at Court, and

The Protestant (English) party (even after peace, England secretly supported the Scottish "Congregation") was especially embittered by a decidedly lucky stroke of Bothwell. When, in October, 1559, Elizabeth sent to the Rebel Lords, 4000 crowns, by John Cockburn of Ormiston, a very essential and much desired subsidy, it was Bothwell who snatched it away and handed over the money to the Queen Dowager. Great was the wrath of the "Congregation." The Earl of Arran and Lord James Stuart (the Earl of Murray) seized, as indemnity for the money,

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was so much hated on that account, that a plot had been already formed for his overthrow. Mary has been much blamed for the favor which she now showed for this celebrated person, but the explanation is simple and obvious. BOTHWELL *was the only one of the great nobles of Scotland who, from first to last, had remained faithful both to her mother and herself.* We have no proof of the charge made against him by the unhappy Arran; and, *whatever may have been his follies or his crimes, no man could say that* JAMES HEPBURN *was either a hypocrite or a traitor. Though staunch to the religion which he professed, he never made it a cloak for his ambition; though driven into exile and reduced to extreme poverty by the malice of his enemies, he never*, so far as we know, *accepted of a foreign bribe. In an age when political fidelity was the rarest of virtues*, we need not be surprised that *his sovereign*, at this time, *trusted and rewarded him.* We may add, that although the common people admired his liberality and courage, Bothwell, among his brother nobles, had no friends. His chief reliance, next to the favor of the Queen, was placed upon his Border vassals and dependants—men whose lawless habits rendered them impatient of repose, and who were ever ready, at the bidding of their lord, to embark in any enterprise, however dangerous or desperate."—"Mary, Queen of Scots, and her Accusers," by John Hosack. Edinburgh and London, 1870. Vol. I., pp. 155, 156.

Bothwell's castle at Crichtoun while he was with the Queen Regent, but they did not hold it long. They, however, never forgave him for this "lucky hit." That they hated him for it is easily to be conceived, but that it should be used as a reproach against him, and as such recorded by serious writers, arises from inexcusable maliciousness or ignorance. Even if he had taken the money without authority in the course of a Civil War, it was simply by the "Right of War." Should he, the Lord Lieutenant of the Queen Dowager, have allowed the contribution of an enemy to pass into the hands of her rebellious foes. This, indeed, would have shown a want of fidelity to his position. Posterity must consider as faithful service that which contemporaries attributed to him as robbery. He was indeed a Protestant, but he set his Loyality above his Creed. It is a pity that it is not known when and where he became a Protestant, since his father—possibly in his presence—had at a former date taken Wishart, the Reformer, prisoner and turned him over to the Cardinal Primate, by whom he was cruelly executed at the stake. Our Bothwell was by no means a zealot. Buchanan says, "and who between the factions of different religions, a despiser of both, pretended to be in favor of either." This is false in many particulars. He did not feign Roman Catholicism, not even in France. He would not even do the Queen—whom he so ardently loved—the pleasure of hearing the Mass with her; yet, by no means,

from fear of the Protestants, whom he was always disposed to snub.

It is not necessary to consider him a Freethinker, still less an Atheist: only there was too much disputation for him, and it is often the mark of an energetic, vigorous, practical character to undervalue mere distinctions [of form] in religion. That he, as an avowed Protestant, steadily, sometimes singly and alone, supported the royal, Catholic cause, must win for him respect for his loyalty, for his liberality of ideas and for his statesmanlike views.

In December, 1559, he marched at the head of eight hundred French and Scottish troops of the Queen from Edinburgh to Sterling. He received more important commissions when, in the middle of May, 1560, the Queen Dowager—while the Civil War was at its most dangerous crisis—sent him over to France, for assistance. That he was not forced to flee the country on this occasion is demonstrated by his letter from his reconquered castle, Crichtoun. But, before his arrival, the Queen Dowager died, and the Duke of Chatelherault assumed the Regency. Bothwell appeared at the Court at Paris as a faithful adherent of the Scottish Crown and a most influential nobleman of the first rank in the kingdom, and likewise as a fiery, yet merry youngster, whom probably only a Brantome would style "the most ugly"—one who was already much talked about and was graciously received at the French Court. The King, Charles IX., appointed Bothwell

as his Chamberlain. Mary Stuart certainly called upon him frequently for advice, because she could find no other counsellor so experienced in Scottish affairs.

Important businesses of state were the subjects discussed between them, so carefully concealed as to escape the eyes of the astute English envoy, Throckmorton, who was nevertheless sharply watching Bothwell. Mary sent by his advice four Commissioners, the Lairds Craigmillar, Ogilvie, Leslie and Lumsden, to Scotland. Bothwell himself hastened thither also, unexpectedly, in November, 1560, by way of Flanders, probably to escape the English spies. This movement was made in order to form a legally constituted government composed of Seven of the most powerful Magnates, selected from different parties, of whom any three together, could assemble the Parliament. This was an attempt at a compromise, but the attempt was wrecked. The Duke of Châtelherault and James Stuart [Murray] were not willing to let slip from their grasp the power they had already obtained. Moreover the eldest son of the former, the Earl of Arran, was an implacable enemy of Bothwell. This condition of things decided Bothwell to go back again to France and to return only with the Queen, August, 1561. This fact is important!

Although after her return to Scotland, Lord James Stuart [Murray], the Queen's brother, was the chief director of the government, she raised—almost in exact accordance with the above plan of Bothwell, by an ordinance of 6th

September, 1561—all the nobles previously designated to be Members of the Privy Council. The first point was to restore peace. This the Queen had very much at heart. Bothwell allowed himself to become reconciled with the Catholic Lord Seaton. At the same time Lord James and Cockburn of Ormistoun, his old enemies, became friends with Bothwell. It was only with Arran he could not succeed in effecting an amicable arrangement. Arran, like his father, as incapable as he was ambitious, weak, vain and boastful—since he stood next to the crown through birth and position—flattered himself that he might win the hand of the Queen. He had the fantastical folly—although he was the only person in the kingdom who did so—to set himself up in opposition, by an open protest, to Mary's free exercise of her religion. If he afterwards became deranged, a predisposition to loss of mind had, thus, showed itself at an earlier date. No sensible person would make this, Arran's enmity, a subject of reproach to Bothwell. The Queen took all possible pains to induce Arran to become reconciled with him ; and Randolph, himself, allows that Bothwell was placable, but Arran "showed a refractory spirite and obstinately resisted the efforts of the Queen and Council to produce peace." On the 2d February, 1562, Mary compelled peace. It did not last for any length of time. By the end of March, Arran all at once, through Knox, charged Bothwell and his (Arran's) own youngest brother, Gawin Hamilton, Prior

of Kilwinning, with having conspired along with himself to carry off the Queen to Dunbarton Castle (which belonged to his father Lennox) and to kill her, likewise Lord James [Murray] and the influential Secretary of State, Maitland.* All agree that, immediately after this,

* "James Stuart, being now regarded as a Person who had preserv'd his Sister from a Surprise which might have been fatal to her, usurped, by this Reputation, and the Assistance of that Faction, of which he was the Chief, an Authority over her little differing from that of a Tyrant—he assumed the disposal of all Posts and offices of Trust; and, under the pretence of serving her, left her not the power to serve herself—She could, she must, in fine, do nothing now without consulting him—her Guards were Creatures of his own, whom he had placed about her, not so much for her Safety, as to be so many spies on her Actions.

"The first Use he made of his sudden Change of Fortune, was this: The County of *Murray*, which had been in the possession of the Earl of Huntley ever since the Death of a Prince to whom the Queen was immediate Heiress, he got into his Hands, and took upon him the Name of it; therefore we shall thenceforwards call him Earl of Murray. But the Earl of Huntley, who had held the County, by the Queen's Courtesy, for a considerable time, could not bear the taking it away without great Resentment. As he was not the only Person who felt the Effects of this new made Earl's Covetousness and Desire of Power, he had a great number of Confederates against him. The Earl of Hamilton, who, being a Prince of the Blood, cou'd not choose but think a larger share of the Government ought to have been invested in his hands, rather than in the others; and, for that reason, as well as the difference of Parties, conceiv'd a deadly Hate to him: joining therefore with the Earl of Huntley, a Plot was lain between them to ruin Murray, and then seize on the Queen, and compel her to marry young Gordon or Arran, leaving her the choice which of them she would take. Both these Earls vowing to each other, that all thought of Animosity or Rivalship should be laid by, and each should afford

Arran became insane. Whether he perpetrated the act from derangment or from malice, or with the design of advancing himself, nothing is proved. The accused denied

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his utmost power to the destruction of their common Enemy. In this Conspiracy soon entered himself, JAMES HEPBURN, Earl of BOTHWELL, who, by his Extravagancies and Debaucheries, having spent his Estate, which had been very large, had no way of recruiting himself but by Change of Government and publick Disturbances. He had once offer'd MURRAY to kill the Earl of HAMILTON with his own Hand; but MURRAY, whether he mistrusted the Event, or did not believe it practicable, would not hearken to it: HUNTLEY, being a Man of much more POLICY than HAMILTON, would not appear openly in the Affair, but, knowing the Disposition and Principles of BOTHWELL, said to him one day, when they were alone, that if he would make the same Proposal to HAMILTON as he had done to MURRAY, he would not find him so hard to be worked upon. BOTHWELL, who was glad of an opportunity of doing mischief any way, readily embraced the Proposal; and, going immediately to HAMILTON, represented to him the Injuries he had received from MURRAY, who had aimed at setting aside the Succession; that there was nothing that he might not in time bring about, having in his hands the greatest part of the Queen's Authority, which, with the Assistance of the Protestants, and the favor of the *English* Queen, might enable him to subvert a Government much better settled than that of *Scotland:* He alledg'd that the Design which MURRAY had in preventing the Queen from marrying, was, that if she died without Issue, he was confident of succeeding her. In a word, he told him the only Way toward this Blow was to kill him; and proffer'd himself to be the Executioner of what he proposed.

"The Earl of HAMILTON gave into this immediately: He knew, that on the Ruin or Death of MURRAY, not only his Right of Succession, *but his Son's Marriage with the Queen depended.* He had been often heard to boast, that the Family of the STUARTS, whether legitimate or not, ought to be preferr'd to the *Hamiltons;* and this was sufficient to stir up the Revenge of a man less ambitious than the Earl. He con-

the charge and nothing indicates their guilt. Nevertheless Lord James seized the opportunity to throw the objects of his personal enmity, among them Bothwell, into prison. Bothwell asked for a hearing. He received none. After being six weeks confined in the Castle of St. Andrews (which belonged to Lord James), and then in Edinburgh Castle, he escaped from the latter on the 28th of August to his own strong mountain Castle of Hermitage, in Liddesdale, on the borders of England. Here he kept quiet until the fall of Huntley, in October of the same year, made it dangerous for him to remain there any longer. He put to sea from North Berwick—his enemies say, un-

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sulted with BOTHWELL, therefore, on such Measures for his Death, as he could not possibly have escaped the Stroke, had not the Design been discovered by the most unguess'd at means. The Plot was laid to destroy him [Murray] when he went a Buck-hunting with the Queen in a Forest near *Faulkland Castle*, in which he then resided. Nothing could be more Easy than the Execution of the Project, because that part of the Country were all entirely devoted to the Family of the HAMILTONS; and would be so far from revenging the Death of a Man so hated by them, that they would readily take up arms to oppose whatever might be attempted by his Friends against the Authors of it. But Providence, for the punishment of others, who, if not equally guilty, were not also without their share of Crimes, had yet work for this consummate villain [Murray], which was, as yet, unfinish'd, and screened from the impending Blow this Minister of Vengeance."—"Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots: Being the Secret History of her Life, and the Real Causes of all her Misfortunes. Containing a Relation of many Transactions in her Reign; never yet Published in any Collection. Translated from the French. [Rare.] The Second Edition. London: Printed for D. Browne, Jr., at The Black Swan, without Temple Bar; S. Chapman, at the Angel in Pall Mall, and J. Woodman and D. Lyon, in Russel-Street, Convent Garden, 1726." pp. 27-31.

doubtedly as a "pirate," but forgot in their malice that he was Lord High Admiral of the realm, and got under sail in that capacity. Having been driven on to Holy Island* formerly Lindesfarne, a peninsula insulated at high water, nine miles S. S. E. of Berwick-on-Tweed—he was arrested by English officers, brought to London, and, without any reasons shown, detained there as a prisoner until January, 1564 (Sir Randolph to Cecil, 22d January, 1563, in which the British Agent confesses that "Murray (Lord James) and others *intrigued* with him to have Bothwell detained in England, of which he is a determined enemy." There is no trace of proof that any one reproached him, at this time, with "piracy." If they had

* "Lindisfarne, an isle on the coast of Northumberland, was called *Holy Island* from the sanctity of its ancient monastery, and from its having been the episcopal seat of the See of Durham during the early ages of British Christianity. A succession of holy men held that office, but their merits were swallowed up in the superior fame of St. Cuthbert, who was sixth Bishop of Durham, and who bestowed the name of his 'patrimony' upon the extensive property of the see. The ruins of the monastery upon Holy Island betoken great antiquity. The arches are, in general, strictly Saxon; and the pillars which support them short, strong and massy. In some places, however, there are pointed windows, which indicate that the building has been repaired at a period long subsequent to the original foundation. The exterior ornaments of the building, being of a light, sandy stone, have been wasted as described in the text. Lindisfarne is not properly an island, but rather, as the venerable Bede has termed it, a semi-island; for, although surrounded by the sea at full tide, the ebb leaves the sands dry between it and the opposite coast of Northumberland, from which it is about three miles distant."—Scott's Poetry, Vol. VII., p. 94. "Marmion," Canto II., 1, Note 1.

found the slightest shadow of proof to sustain such a charge they would more than willingly have brought it forward. Finally, January, 1564, (the Scottish Government) yielded to the pressing reclamations of his mother, Agnes Sinclair—who separated from Earl Patrick (father of James) Bothwell, March, 1554, possessed up to her death, 1573, the Barony of Moreham, and thence was known as the "Lady of Moreham," and retained the liveliest affection for her only son, James—and, through Mary Stuart, compelled the liberation of Bothwell. He now went directly to France, where he experienced, to say the very least, the most friendly reception, for he was appointed, by Charles IX., Captain of the Scottish Body-Guard which had the peculiar care of the persons of the Kings of France. The Castle "Hermitage," of which he (Bothwell) was Castellan, was handed over to Robert Elliot; nothing else belonging to him was confiscated. (Consult J. W. de P.'s "James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell," *United Service*, September, 1882, 328–332.)

From this story, as well as others, even an enemy, if he is honest, can extract nothing criminal against Bothwell: whom unjust calumniations, founded on the declaration — afterwards recalled — of a weak-minded person, drove for more than two years into exile, into prison, and into banishment, and even out of the favor of his royal mistress. This occurrence is distorted, more than all others, by Raumer, who bases his statement, however,

on the invariably always self-contradictions of the unreliable and prejudiced Randall, miscalled Randolph. It is false, when the latter writes to Cecil, on the 31st March, 1562, "this day the Earl of Bothwell, with three others, waylaid, for the second time, Lord Ormistoun. In the first place, how could Randolph note down what was occurring on the very same day, when it was taking place at a distance—miles away. Secondly, Bothwell was at this very date already in prison at St. Andrews. Thus it appears that this waylaying of any person, existed solely in Randolph's wicked imagination. Furthermore, it is false that, three days later, Bothwell (2d April) wrote in the way of reconciliation to Arran, and it is false that they lived on the best terms with each other; for, at the very time, they both were in confinement. They were, however, unwillingly reconciled on the 20th February, and when, at a later period, Randolph declares "Arran assures me that the whole (*i. e.*, the conspiracy) was *imaginary.*" What else than "imaginary" can any suppose it to have been, and in what way was Bothwell's behavior in regard to it improper. At length Bothwell's sojourn in France became too protracted for his feelings, and he petitioned for liberty to return home, or else for the means to live abroad, which, it appears, were not allowed to reach him. Even if it were true—as David Pringle, his servant, wished to prove—that he "has spoken dishonorably of the Queen, and threatened to kill Murray and Maitland" (this

again is only on the doubtful witness of Randolph, 15th March, 1565); and such words are not inevitably subject to an evil construction for a man of his times, under such circumstances of aggravation. Gross injuries had been done him, and every justice was denied him. When, finally, in March, 1565, after three years, without permission, but in open day, he returned to Scotland, this action on his part speaks sufficiently both for his boldness and consciousness of innocence. He openly visited his mother. Although Murray laid snares for him, Bothwell maintained himself in the Castle of Hermitage, retaken by him, where he kept up a large retinue and force. However, he promised the Queen to present himself before the Tribunal in Edinburgh on the 4th of May; but his enemies, Argyle and Murray, appeared on the spot, on the 1st of May, with 4,000 men, and the Queen was obliged to put a stop to his coming, far more from anxiety *for her own personal safety* than fear for that of Bothwell. As Bothwell was in even more danger than she, it is no wonder that he did not appear, and, being absent, had to allow himself to be outlawed. Even in this case, however, he was not entirely deprived of his estates. No one made this conduct on his part a reproach to him, except his enemies and those ignorant of the customs of the country. Nor should it be forgotten that the same unrelenting enemies who persecuted him throughout life—who on this occasion, hindered him by force from appearing before the court, and

profited by his keeping away, were ready, at once, to accuse him of the most flagrant contempt of the laws when he himself did the same in April, 1567—when he was accused of the murder of Darnley—and he came before a similar tribunal accompanied by several thousand adherents simply to protect himself. Bothwell, in order to escape the snares laid for him, again put to sea towards the end of April, 1565. But, by the 4th July, 1565, Randolph writes to Cecil, "it is said that the Earl of Bothwell and Lord Seton are sent for, which has the appearance of truth." Trustworthy friends were now needed by Mary. Her public union with Darnley was preceded, nearly four months, by a custom peculiar to Scotland, termed "handfasting," which permitted the familiarities and personal rights of espousals without a definite tie. The marriage itself, with Darnley, which was at first proposed and then opposed by Elizabeth's—in this case, at least—insidious state policy, was celebrated on the 29th of July, 1565, against the will of Murray, who at once began to organize an insurrection. At last—at this crisis—the Queen called to mind the faithful services of Bothwell and his fearless and experienced leadership. On the 5th August, 1565, leave to return home was granted to the Earls of Sutherland and Bothwell, together with an assurance of amnesty as regarded the escape from confinement in Edinburgh Castle. This proved, in addition, that the Queen saw into the groundlessness of that accusation, and that his estates had not been forfeited.

On the 6th August, 1565, next day, the Earl of Murray was, in turn, declared a rebel. Huntley and Bothwell became Mary's counsellors. The 10th August, only four days later, shows us Bothwell present at the Council at Castle-Hill, before Dumfries. He led a part of the army under the (*nominal*) chief command of King (?) Darnley. If we are to believe Randolph, a quarrel broke out between Mary and Darnley concerning him. The latter wished to make his father, the Earl of Lennox, Lieutenant-General; Mary desired to create Bothwell such. Mary carried her point, and rightly; for Bothwell had given the best proofs of his fidelity, steadfastness, statesmanship and military capacity. In any case, he was, on the 22d October, named by both of them, expressly, "Lieutenant-General of all the Marches." In this Randolph may be right. "*My Lord Bothwell, for his great virtue, doth now all.*" After the banishment of Murray, he was appointed, on the 29th January, 1566, to confer concerning peace with his old enemy, the Earl of Bedford, and, on the 8th of February, 1566, this latter writes to Cecil, "I despair of justice on the Borders while Bothwell is Warden." What sort of justice did he (Bedford) desire, who, for eight years, had fanned up every insurrection on the Marches? This should seem to any unbiassed critic the very best proof of Bothwell's energy and patriotism.

The Queen now stood higher than ever, and if it is asked by means of whom, *only through the influence and action*

of Bothwell. If she, as many maintain, thought at that time of a forcible reinstatement of the Catholic religion, this conception of hers must have been in the fullest agreement with the relative possession of real proportions of power, recently acquired, in her favor; all due to Bothwell.

Meanwhile, Bothwell espoused the sister of the Earl of Huntley, Jane Gordon, in the Chapel at Holyrood, 22d February, 1566. This marriage had also a collateral political object—that of reinstating the Earl of Huntley (son of the Earl killed in 1562) in the possessions of his race, of which he had been stripped. It is of importance for the character of Bothwell, for his liberal ideas, for his independence, that he decidedly refused the request of the Queen, and of his bride, to have the marriage performed according to the Roman Catholic rites.*

* The most curious fact in connection with the relations of Mary with Bothwell is that Bothwell,—about the time that policy impelled him to the marriage of Jane Gordon, 24th February, 1566,—advised and induced Mary to restore the Consistorial Court for the trial of cases of divorce which had been abolished in 1560. Is not this a sure indication that, as soon as Darnley's baseness manifested itself, he was looking forward to an event—his marriage with Mary—when such a court might be of efficient service to him in getting rid of the wife he did not want and who stood in the way of his plans.

Froude, (VIII., 190), sometimes comes in emphatically, with corroborations, the force of which none but a careful critic can perceive. At her marriage with Darnley, or Darley (names were not always written correctly at this date, witness Randolph or Randall), Mary wore "a mourning dress of black velvet," "*whether simply for a great political purpose*," to show "she was *doing an act which in itself she*

The scenes of peace, of such short continuance, were as vanishing sunbeams amid the increasing accumulation of the storm clouds of the excited parties or factions. The ground was already undermined. The 9th March, 1566, brought in the assassination of Rizzio. Circumstances became continually more and more involved. Morton, the

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LOATHED, *it is impossible to tell.*" Secretly living as man and wife, or mistress and lover, with Darnley, since early in April—meanwhile learning more and more to esteem and love, passionately, Bothwell—she had arrived at the stage of "LOATHING" the "long lad"—the silly, debauched young fool; what can demonstrate the truth of this but the event—the union with Bothwell and the catastrophe.

"Darnley's death being resolved, Bothwell began to consider how he was to act after it had taken place. He probably made arrangements for various contingencies, and trusted to the chapter of accidents, or his own ingenuity, to assist him in others. But there was one thing certain, that he never could become the legal husband of Mary, so long as he continued united to his own wife, the Lady Jane Gordon. Anticipating, therefore, the necessity of a divorce, and aware that the emergency of the occasion might not permit of his waiting for all the ordinary forms of law, he used his interest with the Queen at a time when his real motives were little suspected, to revive the ancient jurisdiction of the Catholic Consistorial Courts, which had been abolished by the Reformed Parliament of 1560, and the ordinary civil judges of commissary courts established in their place. In accordance with his request, Mary restored the Archbishop of St. Andrews, the Primate of Scotland, to the ancient consistorial jurisdiction granted him by the canon laws, and discharged the commissaries from the further exercise of their offices. Thus Bothwell not only won the friendship of the Archbishop, but secured for himself a court where the Catholic plea of consanguinity might be advanced, the only plausible pretext he could make use of for annulling his former marriage. This proceeding, however, in favor of the archbishop and the old faith, gave great offence to the Reformed party, and, when the Primate came from St. Andrews to Edinburgh, at the beginning of January, for the purpose of holding his court, his authority was very strenuously resisted. The Earl of Murray took up the subject, and represented to Mary the injury she had done to the true religion. Bothwell, of course, used every effort to counteract the force of such a representation; but he was unsuccessful (?). By a letter which the Earl of Bedford wrote to Cecil, from Berwick, on the 9th of January, 1567, we learn that the archbishop was not allowed to proceed to the hearing of cases, and that, 'because it was found to be contrary to the true religion, and therefore not liked of by the townsmen; *at the suit of my Lord Murray*, the Queen was pleased to revoke what she had before granted to the said bishop.' Probably the grant of jurisdiction was NOT 'revoked' but only suspended, as Bothwell subsequently availed himself of it; but even its suspension sufficiently testifies that Mary, at this period, listened implicitly (?) neither to one nor the other of her counsellors." [Still] Bothwell carried his point and profited by it. Mark that!]—HENRY GLAUFORD BELL'S "Life of Mary, Queen of Scots," I., 22, 23.

friend of the banished Murray, and the most unprincipled expression of an unprincipled era, together with other Hotspurs, had found means to persuade the weak-minded Darnley that Rizzio was intimate with the Queen, and without proof he believed it, and made himself the tool in a frightful political murder. The consequences of such a deed must have been as inevitable as they were almost—as they proved—illimitable,—perceptible two centuries afterward.

"It almost seems as if there had been a purpose of killing the Queen" through terror; the table fell upon her; "but Ruthven, with his complices cast down our table upon ourself." Rizzio was stabbed over the Queen's shoulder; [they] "struck him over our shoulder with whinyards;" [he was] "killed upon the threshold of the chamber," "at the entry of the cabinet" [they] "gave him 56 (!) strokes with whinyards and swords, one part standing before our face, with bended [aimed] daggs" [pistols], (Mary, to the Archbishop of Glasgow. Labanoff I., 345). "The King (Darnley) held her; the King constrained and embraced her, holding her in such a way that she could not move." (Despatch to Cosmo de Medici, 8th October, 1566. Labanoff, VII., 93.)

Bothwell was taken unawares by this occurrence. Doubtless the attempt was also aimed at him. He and Huntley saved themselves with difficulty through a window. They hurriedly, amid the confusion and darkness of the bloody night, collected together a few troops for the defence

of the Queen; but, anticipated by Morton, who was all prepared, they were forced to retire. It was not simply the killing of a favorite. Certainly some had designs on the life of the Queen. In any case, she was to be held as a prisoner. Let those bear this in mind who see in the occurrences of the following year only the consequences of her guilt in consenting to the murder of Darnley and espousal of Bothwell. The Murray party (the "Lords of the Congregation") were with the pliable Darnley to take the rudder of government. It was again Bothwell who, at this juncture brought help. The whole following plan seems to have come from his head. Darnley—who here played a fool's role, which made him utterly contemptible—was persuaded by the Queen *to escape with her from his friends*, and yet worse from his accomplices. Huntley and Bothwell guided the flight and brought them to Dunbar Castle. There Bothwell quickly assembled such a large army that the Queen, within nine days, as early as the 18th March, was able to march in triumph against Edinburgh. The conspirators fled; the mostly guilty even to Elizabeth, who protected them. A few blows sufficed to settle everything. Bothwell was installed in place of the Provost of Edinburgh Castle, and as Castellan of Dunbar Castle, since the previous commander of the latter had been an accessory to the Rizzio crime. *This was the only reward Bothwell as yet had received from Mary for his invaluable services.* No man in Scotland could

win a victory so rapidly as Bothwell, for the one side, or, for the other side, as Murray. His native capacities for command, not without harshness, appear here in the right light. *Mary was*, politically speaking, *thrust more and more into his arms.* This must have made him yet more hated by those who had the habit of looking on legal order in the light of a fetter. It is, however, the essential cause of his increasing and finally all-powerful influence. No other man gave peace to the state, although it was with a severe and heavy hand. Was Mary Stuart in love with him? It is very probable that among so many unfaithful or weak specimens about her, this "REAL MAN," her only help, may have appeared very deserving of respect. Yes, she must, at least, have given esteem and trust to this *pithy*, strongly-marked character. That the impulse of the heart joined is not less demonstrable. It may not appear, clearly, that this swelled up into a sweeping all-forgetting passion. But it did. It is true, it might not follow that the heart should inevitably chime in where the urgencies of the state imperiously forced her into the arms of the Earl! In this case, her passions did so. Bothwell, the *only representative of modern political ideas of order and duty*, was at the same time the sole man who possessed the power of curbing the recalcitrants. This quality, however, least of all contented the Scottish nobility; and, in proportion as his power grew, silently, but the more dangerously for that reason, the general hatred of the nobility

augmented toward him. Simultaneously, in him, qualities acquired additional force which were even more pregnant with fate to himself. These were his self-reliance and superlative confidence in himself. It was indeed exactly these, his inborn qualities as a ruler, which, as they multiplied enemies for him, ripened in him, as in Macbeth, what Dargaud styles the "Hell-born" qualities—ambition to make himself the head-ruler and grasp the helm of the state, even if to do so it was necessary to commit a crime.

Meantime arrangements were to be made for the safe lying-in of the Queen, whose death would have been acceptable to many. Edinburgh Castle was determined on as the safest place for this occurrence, and, moreover, she desired to enjoy a little tranquillity. It does great honor to the Queen's heart that she pardoned Darnley, was herself reconciled with her brother Murray, and his brother-in-law Argyle, and also persuaded Huntley and Bothwell to a like course. Bothwell's acquiescence is the best and most honorable testimony to his readiness to restore concord. Murray and Argyle lived in the castle; Huntley and Bothwell did not. The latter, soon after, set off for the Borders for the purpose of watching the movements of Morton, who, without hindrance from any one, was threatening them from England. Affairs of state were principally in the hands of the Bishop of Ross.

The difficult period of Mary's lying-in passed away happily. James VI. was born on the 19th June, 1566.

Four weeks later the Queen's excursion took place. This was by water over the Forth to Alloa House, under the escort of Murray, of Mar, and, as was natural, of the Lord High Admiral of Scotland, Bothwell. What, however, do the calumniators of Mary Stuart make out of this trip. Listen to the Journal of Murray. On the 20th July ("or thereby"), "she fled the company of the King (?) and past with boythis (vessels) to Alloa house with the pyrattes; and the King came also and was repulsed." "With the pyrattes!" as if Bothwell and his companions were sea-robbers, and as if the Queen could know that these four would be concerned in the murder of Darnley. How? Were Murray and Mar likewise sea-robbers? "And the King was repulsed." Darnley, on the contrary, landed, and was reconciled with the Queen, as the French Ambassador, Castelnau affirms. Lethington, the Secretary of State, then and there received pardon. Of Bothwell, however, Bedford informs us, August 2d, to Cecil, "he is generally hated, and is more insolent than even Rizzio was," that is to say, *he kept every one in check, and maintained peace and order in the country.* Only on the Borders things were yet in a disquieted condition, and this was due to the underhand intrigues of England.

On this account it was determined by the "pirates" in Alloa to hold solemn Courts of Justice (*Justiciairs!*) at Jedburgh, on the English Border, for the restoration of the peace and order. So many things, however, inter-

vened, that they were put off until October. On the 7th September, Bothwell was in the Secret Council. Here the first combination of Bothwell and Murray against Darnley seems to have occurred. What followed is made better known, and will be described in as short a space as possible, so as not to exceed the limits assigned to the discussion. It cannot, however, be omitted, for then a gap would appear in the general exposition. The points on which the views of the case herein presented are based on the most substantial grounds. Wherein they differ from others can only be indicated and summarily established.

Peace at this time, as has been stated, had been established and was temporarily maintained. A few such years of tranquillity under the government of Bothwell, now that he was reconciled with Murray, and perfect order might have been permanently assured to Scotland. The folly, the unsteady character of Darnley, however, did not allow of the long continuance of quiet. His haughtiness without strength, his disposition, vaccillating without amiability, made him hateful to all, and finally so to himself. Serious differences between Darnley and Mary could not fail to arise. Still, to find matter of reproach against Mary on this account can only be attributable to ill will, or spring from a want of acquaintance with the circumstances. Darnley wanted to obtain the crown-matrimonial of Scotland. For Mary to concede it to him was to put folly on the throne, to make all parties her enemies,

and to deliver over the state to insurrection. Mary was obliged to refuse the crown-matrimonial to him. The refusal called forth such a childish display of petulance that he became despicable to all, and when, entirely without reason, he wished to flee to France (as he informed the French Ambassador du Croc, on the 25th September, and on the 29th September), his father wrote to the Queen, that his son had inflicted upon himself the most damaging blow possible. The Members of the Council of September 29th, 1566, were unanimous in a decision adverse to him, and he was obliged to confess he had no good reason whatever for his conduct.

Doubtless Murray's idea of getting rid of Darnley now took more solid form; only how to do so was undecided. Here it should be particularly noticed that the whole Council of the 8th of October, formally declared that, "so far as facts had come to their knowledge, Darnley had no ground of complaint."

Bothwell was not present at this "sitting," but only at those of the 3d and 6th October, which were held to discuss the same subject. * * * *

On the 17th December, 1566, the baptism of the infant prince, James VI., took place. If we choose to believe Buchanan and Murray's Dairy, the attention of the Queen was especially taken up in having Bothwell's dress particularly handsome and even in supplying him with money. It is of greater consequence to know that, although it was

a Roman Catholic baptism, he himself a Protestant, conducted it—was complete Master of the Ceremonies. The other Protestant Lords were so intolerant that they would not even enter the church. As their action in the National Council—wherein, at that time, there was no Roman Catholic—was essential, it is highly to the credit of Bothwell that he alone, as ever, was unprejudiced enough to afford his hearty co-operation to the Queen. His influence had already reached its full height, and certainly rightly so. Even his old enemies coveted his favor and he put faith in them. This was assuredly a sign of his openheartedness and nobility of character. He was all-powerful and surrounded the Queen with his creatures. Thus he was entirely master of the situation. This, and the consciousness of inborn power to rule, unfortunately made him too sure of enduring triumph, and carried him—*a nobleman who, as it can be proved, had hitherto been guilty of nothing dishonorable*—beyond the restraints of virtue and determined him to set about compassing the death of the King, Darnley, despised on all sides—a result which everybody desired, but from the execution of which all, except Bothwell, shrunk back from fear. *Their* (not his) hesitation was based neither upon pity nor virtue, but simply upon interested personal or political motives.

Let it here be distinctly noticed that, despite the general assumption, *Bothwell's participation in the murder of Darnley has not been* strictly proved—that is undeniably

and completely beyond the power of reasonable denial. In opposition to the allegations of his enemies, stands his being pronounced not guilty by *them;* the unscrupulous acquittal of himself and condemnations of others by the Parliament; his own denial; and the subsequent probable falsifications of the testimony and of the dying declarations of witnesses. It would not be impossible, that some, at least, formally sought to pronounce him fully exonerated. Petrick, however, follows the general opinion; firstly, because he shared it; secondly, because, according to the morals of the times when it occurred, *it is certainly not dishonoring for Bothwell.* Petrick concludes by observing he does not acquit him, but in all things he desires if he is compelled to condemn Bothwell, if, and when, it must be done, he seeks to do so justly, not otherwise.

Darnley was always in discredit with Murray's party; he had lost the favor of the Queen, on account of his personal conduct and his participation in the murder of Rizzio and his denial of his falsehood and treacherous acts. To Morton and the other conspirators he had become contemptible from his credulity and hateful for his treachery to their cause. Foreign powers did not recognize him as king; nevertheless, he who could not rule himself demanded the Crown Matrimonial with childish vehemence. "A young fool and 'crank'" (Martyre de Marie, Jebb II., 211), he threatened with death, every instant, one or another of the magnates. Still Mary openly seemed

unwilling—or played her part so—to be separated from him. On these accounts, the state was in danger of being precipitated from one crisis into another. What wonder is there that people thought of some method of getting him out of the way, and that Bothwell, the boldest and most powerful, undertook it. Thus the subsequent fatal deed is not excused—it is explained.

One fact should be clearly brought to the light. All parties supported Bothwell in his action; all desired the result, but each shunned the deed—especially Murray, who has steadfastly denied it, and Morton, upon whom, during his trial, it was proved. Both were in the plot. In the preparation, the following coincidences can be distinctly noted: at Edinburgh, 29th September; at Craigmillar, 5th December, and at Whittingham, 20th January.

When Darnley, on the 29th of September, played that deplorable role at Craigmillar, all came to the conclusion that he was impracticable. How far the consultation went, cannot be exactly determined. To a certainty, the idea first of making way with him originated with the Secretary Maitland (Lethington), who at once won over his friend Murray to it, and, on the 30th September and 3d of October, they had two interviews with Bothwell on the subject. The latter did not require much persuasion.

The mutual good understanding which appears between the two ancient enemies, Murray and Bothwell, until after the murder, is the best token of this. The plot

advanced to a new stage when all came to Craigmillar Castle on the 23d November, where they remained until the 5th December. On the 3d December they presented themselves, together, before the Queen—Murray, Bothwell, Argyle, Huntley and Lethington. The last was spokesman, and proposed a matrimonial separation. Mary did not agree to this, but wished, herself, to withdraw to France and to leave Darnley behind as Regent. This at once brought matters to a crisis. Threats against Darnley were let fall. Nevertheless, publicly, *whatever may have been her private views and feelings*, the Queen refused energetically to have anything to do with the affair.

The peaceful means of adjusting matters was wrecked. Doubtless a "Bond" was at once drawn up by Sir James Balfour (who at a later date abandoned Bothwell) and signed by Bothwell, Huntley, Argyle and Lethington, with the final intention of killing Darnley. Murray did not sign it; yet any one must be blind who holds him guiltless because he did not actually affix his signature. He was astute enough not to compromise himself by his handwriting; but without his knowledge and approval what followed could not well have occurred. Lethington himself says, "*I am assurit he will look through his fingeris thairto*," and, in addition, it is proved by the protest of the Earls of Huntley and Argyle. His friend Lethington, his brother-in-law Argyle, were present, and the price or consideration of that "Bond" was the recall of

Morton, Murray's friend, which was obtained at the time of the Baptism, at the request of Bothwell and the others. The plan of Murray was laid in a masterly manner to kill the King, to recall his friends, to throw the whole responsibility upon Bothwell, and, then, on the overthrow of this latter, to come out as the champion of morals. Bothwell certainly overlooked, or was blinded to, the fact that he was nothing but a tool. He believed in the honor of the others and this trustfulness of his was a co-operating cause of his fall. As a usurper he failed in not possessing the ignoble characteristic of mistrust and a contempt of his fellow men, as well as, likewise, the ever intently-listening-ear of a bad conscience, which, after some experience of treachery, hears in anticipation what in coming. *He was a master in power, but not in cunning.* His unprincipled, cold blooded, co-conspirators were exactly the reverse of this.

When Mary apparently sought a reconciliation with her sick husband, then the Confederates concluded there was no more time to lose and the conspiracy became ripe on the 20th January, 1567, at Whittingham, the Castle of Murray's brother. Maitland, Morton and Bothwell were the three who executed everything. On the following day, the 21st, Bothwell accompanied the Queen on her journey to Glasgow, whence she wished to bring away her consort as far as Callendar. Then Bothwell turned about, so as to arrive in Edinburgh on the 23d of January,

and on the following day to leave for Hermitage in Liddesdale. His intention was no doubt to raise support among his clansmen.

Mary's ignorance of the preparations for the removal of her husband, Darnley, even if she did love Bothwell, cannot be clearly proved, even by her most ardent champions and advocates.

In the night of 9th–10th February, the blow was struck. About two o'clock, the house in which Darnley resided was blown into the air. Nevertheless, although this much is certain, the mode of his death is still an unsolved riddle. The proclamation of the 26th June, 1567, accuses Bothwell of having murdered Darnley "with his own hands," but in flat contradiction to this is the testimony of his enemy, Buchanan. "Especially when on the whole body nothing appeared broken, contused or livid." Consequently it may be at least doubtful whether or not Bothwell, in person, was present at the murder. Nevertheless it must not be forgotten that the whole nobility, then and at a later period, sympathized with the deed, and that the wild ideas of that time and of the Scottish people made little account of a murder. Consequently it is inconsistent with common sense to believe that the bold Bothwell, any more than the hypocrite Murray, rose above his time. If, later, Bothwell's actual accomplices—Morton among them, who was subsequently executed for his participation in the crime—pretended to avenge the murder of the King—

whom they never had acknowledged as such, whom they persecuted during his lifetime, and whose death they procured—and set no bounds to their outraged morality; all this was only the culminating zeal of accomplices who, in fevered haste, strove by so doing to clear their own skirts, fouled with so many crimes. Immediately after the murder they showed no exasperation; they associated intimately with Bothwell, and Murray invited him to his house to a formal banquet, perhaps from fear. At the time of the murder, Murray could have immediately got together an army, driven Bothwell away and punished the murderers, but that was contrary to the Agreement or "Bond" and its consummation, at which he had "looked through his fingers."

Murder of Darnley.—"The narrative contained in the third part of the poem will be found to correspond closely with the account of the murder given by Bothwell's accomplices, Ormiston, Hay of Talla, and Hepburn of Bolton, in their examinations and confessions, which are printed at full length in Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*. Yet over some parts of this frightful tragedy there still hangs a cloud of mystery; in particular, it appears impossible to ascertain whether Darnley perished by the explosion, or whether he was strangled in bed, or in the orchard, when attempting to escape. [By Douglas and his Seids, not by, or with, the knowledge of Bothwell or his subordinates. What is more, the house had been mined and the mines charged before Bothwell's men brought a grain of powder into the building.] *There is strong evidence to support the latter view.* On the following morning his body, and that of his servant Taylor, were found lying under a tree, in an orchard, about eighty yards from the ruins. There were no marks of fire or of actual injury on his person: and what is most remarkable, his furred pelisse [overcoat] and pantouffles [slippers]

were found close by. The bodies of four men, members of Darnley's household, were found crushed among the ruins. The only survivor, Thomas Nelson, was asleep when the explosion took place. Buchanan says that on that night there were three distinct bands of conspirators watching the house. Drury, writing not very long after to Cecil, makes an averment to the same effect, and specifies Ker of Fawdonside, the ruffian who, at the murder of Riccio, levelled a pistol at the Queen, as having been on horseback near the place, to aid in case of necessity. Drury further uses these significant words, "the King was long of dying, and to his strength made debate for his life." Melville says, "it was spoken that the King was taken forth, and brought down to a stable, where a napkin was stopped in his mouth and he therewith suffocated." Herries' account is different, but very circumstantial. He says that Bothwell, after leaving Holyrood, "went straight to the Kirk-of-Field, up Robloch's Wind, where he met with William Parris and John Hamilton (a servant to the Archbishop of St. Andrews), who had stolen the keys of the gates. They entered softly the King's chamber, and found him asleep, where they both strangled him and his man, William Taylor, that lay by him on a pallet bed. [*This is utterly impossible, Bothwell was far off in another direction.*] Those assassins that are named to be with Bothwell, and actors, were those two above named, Parris and Hamilton, John Hay of Talla, John Hepburn of Bolton, George Dalgleish, and one Powrie, Bothwell's men all; James Ormiston of that Ilk (called Black Ormiston), Hob Ormiston, and Patrick Wilson. After they had strangled the King and his man dead, they carried them both out at a back gate of the town-wall, which opened at the back of the house, and laid them down carelessly, one from another, and then fired some barrels of powder which they had put in the room below the King's chamber; which, with a great noise, blew up the house. They imagined the people would conceive the house to be blown up by accident, and the corpse of the King and his man to be blown over the wall by the force of the powder. But neither were their shirts singet, nor their clothes burned (which were likeways laid by them), nor their skins anything touched by fire; which gave easie satisfaction to all that looked upon them."

☞ My own conviction (W. Edmonstoune Aytoun) is that Darnley

was strangled in the orchard while attempting to escape; that he had been awakened either by the sound of the locking of the door, or by the smell of the burning fuse, which, Bolton says, was lighted for a quarter of an hour before the explosion took place; and that, in his haste, he had caught up the garments which were found beside his corpse. I do not see how it is possible to account otherwise for the appearance of the bodies and the scattering of the dress. For let it be supposed possible that the bodies could be blown through the roof, and cast such a distance into the orchard, without presenting any visible marks, still no one can believe that loose articles of dress could be carried there by the explosion. I think that the real details of the murder, from whatsoever source they might have come, were known to Drury; for the accuracy of the information obtained by the agents of Elizabeth, with regard to every important event in Scotland, is truly wonderful. But if Darnley was murdered in the orchard, and not in the house, *I must also conclude that other actors, unknown to Bothwell and his men, were engaged in the villianous work.* [This is so; proved.]

Bolton and Talla, who confessed to having put the powder in the house, fired the match, and locked the door behind them, averred, both in their depositions when examined and in their confessions before execution, that there were but nine of their company, and that they neither saw nor knew of any others. The nine were Bothwell, two Ormistons, Bolton, Talla, Dalgleish, Wilson, Powrie, and French Paris. And the confession of Bolton, corroborated by that of Talla, bears, "He knows no others, but that he (Darnley) was blown in the air; for he was handled with no man's hands as he saw; and if he was, it was with others, and not with them." They both concur in saying that the two Ormistons went away after the powder was put in, the Queen being then in the house with Darnley, and that they did not return; which tallies perfectly with the account given by Ormiston in his confession, for he says that the clock struck ten as he returned to his lodging, "to avoid suspicion, that no man should say I was at the deed-doing; for I was an hour and more in my bed before the blast and crack was." Wilson and Powrie were mere servants, who brought the powder, by order of Bolton, and, having delivered it, returned to the Abbey, where they waited, until summoned by Bothwell to go with him to the Kirk-of-

Field. They were carrying back the mail and trunk in which the powder had been conveyed, when, "as they came up the Black Friar Wynd, the Queen's grace was going before them with light torches." This marks the time of their departure. Dalgleish, Bothwell's groom of the chamber, was not at the Kirk-of-Field in the earlier part of the night, and only witnessed the catastrophe. Paris went away at the same time as Ormiston, but he seems to have come back to witness the explosion. This man, whose real name was Nicholas Hubert, and who had previously been in Bothwell's service, was the party who furnished the keys. There is, however, trace of one other person, Archibald Betoun, who was Queen's usher, and the proper custodian of the room in which the powder was placed. Nelson, the sole survivor of the explosion, deponed that this Betoun had the keys; and Ormiston, in his confession, says, that "Archie Betoun" was along with Paris while they were preparing to lay down the fuse. But, apart from this, all the confederates and servants of Bothwell, who were executed for their share in the murder, declared that they knew of no others present at or concerned in the deed. Neither Ormiston, nor Bolton, nor Talla, could have any motive or interest in giving a false account; for they all three admitted that they were principal actors in causing the explosion, by which they evidently thought that Darnley perished. [He did not—he was strangled by Archibald Douglas.]

Powrie, however, stated in his deposition, that when he and Wilson brought the powder to the gate at the entrance of the Black Friars, there were with Bothwell two strangers, "who had cloaks about their faces;" and, upon being re-examined, he said that the Earl of Bothwell came to them at the gate, "accompanied with three more, who had their cloaks, and 'mules' upon their feet." Mules were large slippers, worn to prevent the tread of the feet from being heard. From evidence given at a much later trial, it appears extremely probable that one of these strangers was Archibald Douglass, Parson of Glasgow, a near relative of Morton. But, whoever they were, they had departed by ten o'clock; and both Hepburn of Bolton, and Hay of Talla, who were in the house "till after two hours after midnight," when the match was lighted, say positively in their deposition that they knew of no others concerned, save the nine in their company. It is quite possible that their depositions may have been *altered to*

suit the purposes of Murray and Morton, before whom they were emitted; but there is no evidence to that effect, and we must take them as they stand. "[Why? Knowing those two men, should their frauds stand without the nicest critical investigation? Far from it."] If their depositions are entitled to credence, they establish this much, that these two men, as well as Bothwell, believed that Darnley was asleep in the house when the explosion took place, and that no other company was on the watch.

But, as Miss Strickland, who has taken great pains in the investigation of this point, has shown, it appears from depositions recently discovered in the General Register House of Edinburgh, that on that night two detachments of men, one of eight, and the other of eleven (two of whom were in armor), were seen hurrying from the Kirk-of-Field, immediately before and after the explosion. There is thus evidence that another party, besides that of Bothwell, was on the watch; and this circumstance strongly corroborates the account of the murder which was sent by Drury to Cecil. [See statement of Opitz, 1879, pp. 415–16, and of Bekker, 1881, pp. 417–23 (translated from the German), in the *United Service*, October, 1882].

These complications may appear to the casual reader unnatural and overstrained; for at first sight it seems extremely improbable that two bodies of conspirators should have been sent on the same errand, without the one being cognizant of the presence of the other. *But then it must be kept in view that the main object of the other conspirators was to implicate Bothwell*, and to avoid anything that might leave a trace of their participation in the deed. ☞Murray found it convenient to go over to Fife on the morning before the murder, selecting Sunday as his travelling day, which assuredly was a great lapse in so rigid a professor of Calvinism.☜ Morton was at St. Andrews. His kinsman, Archibald Douglass, was indeed in the plot, as the Earl long afterwards confessed on the eve of his execution, and had told him of the purpose; but then, as he said to the inquisitive [Presbyterian] ministers, "Mr. Archibald at that time was a depender of the Earl of Bothwell, making court for himself, rather than a depender of mine." In short, *the leading conspirators were desirous of two things—firstly, that Darnley should be effectually disposed of*, and, secondly, that *the whole blame*

should rest on the shoulders of Bothwell—and they took their measures accordingly.

It seems very clear that they had not much faith in Bothwell's dexterity; for they made provision, unknown to him, that he should not blunder in the execution of his design. From Bolton's deposition and Ormiston's confession, it would appear that, until two days before the murder took place, Bothwell understood that Darnley was to be disposed of in a different manner—viz., that each conspiring nobleman was to send "two servants to the doing thereof, either in the fields or otherwise, as he may be apprehended." "But," said Bolton, "within two days before the murder, the said Earl changed purpose of the slaying of the King in the fields, because then it would be known; and showed to them (Ormiston, Bolton and Talla) what way it might be used better by the powder." Now, as to the quantity of powder used. That was contained in a trunk and a mail or portmanteau, and was brought by Powrie and Wilson from the Earl's lodging in Holyrood to the Black Friar's gate, where it was handed over to Bolton and Talla. It was in bags and was poured out loose on the floor of the room below Darnley's chamber. All this is distinctly proven. Bolton and Talla, after lighting the match—a soldier's fuse, "of half a fathom or thereby"—locked the door, and joined Bothwell outside; and so long was it until the explosion took place, that Bothwell could hardly be restrained from entering the house to ascertain whether the match had not failed. When it came, the explosion was awful. Not only the upper part of the house, but the whole fabric, from the foundation-stones, was heaved into the air. French Paris said, it was like a tempest or a thunder-peal, and that for fear thereof he fell to the ground, with every hair on his head standing up like awls! To use the language of the Privy Council, the house was "dung into dross." The same phrase is used in Mary's letter to Archbishop Betoun (Labanoff, Vol. II., p. 3). "The matter is so horrible and so strange, as we believe the like was never heard of in any country. This night past being the 9th February, a little after two hours after midnight, the house wherein the King was lodged was in an instant blown in the air, he lying sleeping in his bed, with such a vehemency, that of the whole lodging, walls and other, there is nothing remaining—no, not a stone above another, but all other carried far away, or dung in dross to the very ground-stone."

In the first volume of Chalmers' "*Life of Queen Mary*," there is a facsimile of a drawing, taken at the time, of the ruins, which entirely corroborates the statement that the house was blown up from the very foundations. I do not pretend to be a master of the theory of explosive forces, but I have asked the opinion of some competent judges, and I am assured, that if the facts above stated, regarding the quantity of powder deposited by Bothwell's people, are correct, it is absolutely impossible that the house could have been so demolished from the foundation. Here, then, is another mystery. Bothwell's only agents were the men specially named; and they did nothing more than bring to the Kirk-of-Field, on the night of the murder, a quantity of powder quite inadequate to produce the actual result. *The house had been previously undermined.* There was no difficulty in doing this, for the house of Kirk-of-Field belonged to Robert Balfour, brother of Sir James Balfour, who drew the original "Band" for the King's death, and he was entirely in the hands of [the utterly imprincipled but remarkably astute] Lethington. This is not a mere hypothesis, for the fact rests on undeniable evidence, and it is proved that both Sir James Balfour and Archibald Douglass sent powder for the purpose. Miss Strickland has the great merit of having brought together, in a little compass, all the evidence upon that point. That such were the operations of the conspirators is also evident from the terms of the indictment raised *against Morton* in 1581, in which it is set forth that he "most vilely, unmercifully, and treasonably, slew, and murdered him (Darnley), with William Taylor and Andrew MacKaig, his cubiculars (grooms), when as they, buried in sleep, were taking the night's rest, burned his hail lodging foresaid, and raised the same in the air by force of gunpowder, which, a little before was placed, and in put by him and his foresaids *under the ground, and angular stands, and within the vaults, laigh* [*laig* (?) cellars, foundation, or lowest parts] *and derne* [secret] *parts and places thereof, to that effect.*"

These operations, however, seem to have been studiously concealed from Bothwell; nor was the idea of blowing up the house suggested to him until two days before the period fixed for the murder. Like many other men of action, Bothwell was infirm of purpose, and liable to be imposed on, as indeed his whole history shows, and he fell at once into the snare. But he never was informed that the house was

already undermined—for this reason, that the other conspirators calculated on his taking such steps as would avert suspicion from themselves. And so it proved; for the powder, conveyed to the Kirk-of-Field in the trunk and valise, was brought on the Saturday, by Bothwell's order, from the magazine at Dunbar, of which he was keeper, to his apartments in Holyrood—was carried by his own servants, and laid down by his own associates—things which could not be done so secretly as to defy detection. In consequence, he was looked upon as the sole deviser of the murder, which, however, there are strong grounds [incontrovertible proofs] for believing was not perpetrated by his means." "Bothwell," a Poem, in Six Parts, by W. Edmondstoune Aytoun. Boston. 1856. Note (page 220, &c., Appendix) to Part III., § xiii.

"About the middle of January the Queen returned from Stirling to Edinburgh, accompanied by the infant prince. The Earl of Morton had by this time returned to Scotland; and, even before he reached his own home, Bothwell and Maitland met him, and proposed that he should join in the conspiracy for the murder of the King [Darnley]. This remarkable interview took place at Whittingham Castle, in East Lothian, the residence of a kinsman of Morton's [? Archibald Douglas, who was the actual murderer of Darnley]; and, according to the confession of that nobleman, made before his execution, in the year 1581, he refused to take part in the enterprise unless it was approved by the Queen. The conspirators assured him that this was the case; but, as they failed to produce any evidence of her assent, he says that he declined to join them. This incident occurred about the 20th January, 1567.

Morton was thus, by his own confession, acquainted with the fact of the conspiracy; and there are strong reasons for believing that, notwithstanding his denial, he aided in the prosecution of the plot. Motives still more powerful than revenge urged him, as well as the other conspirators, to seek Darnley's death. Morton and Maitland, as well as Murray, had imposed upon the generous nature of the Queen in the disposal of the crown-lands, and they knew that Darnley had expressed his disapproval of the improvident bounty of his wife. They knew, moreover, that by the law of Scotland any such grants made without the sanction of Parliament might be revoked at any time before the

queen attained the age of twenty-five. The fears of the conspirators were not imaginary, for, during the preceding reign, various grants which James V. had been induced to make to his nobles during his minority were cancelled before he arrived at the full age prescribed by law. Mary had now entered her twenty-fifth year, and it was of the utmost consequence to the conspirators to obtain a confirmation of their titles in the Parliament which was about to meet in the spring. If this opportunity were allowed to pass, the Queen might at any time, before December, 1567, resume the extensive grants of Crown and Church lands which she had made to the chief of the Protestant nobility before her marriage. The conspirators had good reason to fear that Darnley would exert all his influence to induce her to take this step; and as his illness might not improbably lead to a reconciliation between the royal pair—for they all knew her forgiving temper—the danger was obvious and imminent. Although *Bothwell had shared less* [!] in the bounty of the Queen than his associates, we know he had a motive no less powerful for seeking the death of Darnley [the hand of Mary]. Thus was formed the third plot [Bond] of the Protestant nobility for the destruction of Darnley and the Queen. Two had already failed, but the conspirators were at length to reap the fruits of their perseverance and audacity.

If it is asked why Maitland and Morton should have lent themselves to the daring schemes of Bothwell, the answer is plain. They knew that, if successful, they must prove fatal both to him and to the Queen. ☞Bothwell had long been regarded as an enemy by the faction of which Murray was the chief. The reconciliation between them was recent, and it had never been sincere. The murder of Darnley, followed by the marriage of the Queen to Bothwell, could not fail to exasperate the people; and amid the general discontent the Protestant chiefs would have an excellent opportunity of carrying out their long meditated scheme of seizing on the government.☜ Robertson seems to think it incredible that men should help to elevate a confederate whom they hated with a view to his ultimate ruin; yet we know that the same men had played the very same game with Darnley only a few months before. They had engaged to obtain for him the crown-matrimonial as the price of his adhesion to the conspiracy against Riccio; but who can doubt that, if Darnley had ever acquired that dignity, he

would have been speedily hurled from it by the men to whom he was indebted for his elevation? ☞ *The plot for the destruction of Darnley failed from causes already explained; the plot for the ruin of Bothwell was entirely successful.*" ☜ "Mary, Queen of Scots, and Her Accusers." By John Hosack. Edinburgh and London. 1870. Vol. I., pp. 178–181.

Thus far the author, with divergences—expressions of his own opinions and contrary to those of Dr. Petrick—has followed generally the learned German. The rest of Petrick's arguments constitute the basis of the author's Second Article on the Earl of Bothwell, in the October (1882) number of the "*United Service*," pp. 423–437, —issued together with the First Article in the September number—in pamphlet form, and entitled "A Vindication of James Hepburn, Fourth Earl of Bothwell, Third Husband of Mary, Queen of Scots." The balance of this present work will be a "Summing up," founded on the author's personal examination of over two hundred works in English, French and German. The author's Trilogy, "Mary, Queen of Scots, a Study," "A Vindication of James Hepburn, &c.," and "James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell," are intended to present the character of a "REAL MAN,"—traduced through over three centuries—in a true light and demonstrate how villainously he has been misrepresented, calumniated, and—pardon the expression, but it is the only one applicable in this case—consistently belied.



" Through the large, stormy splendors of the night,
When clouds made war, and spears of moonlight strove
To penetrate their serried ranks and prove
That stronger than the darkness was the light,
Yet failed before the storm-clouds' gathered might,
I heard a voice cry: '*Strong indeed is* LOVE,
But stronger FATE *and* DEATH, who hold above
Their pitiless high court in Love's despite.' "

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, in "*Lippincott's Magazine.*"

" But O, that day, when first I rose, a cripple from my lair—
Threw wide the casement, breathed my fill of fresh and wholesome air—
Drank in new life, and felt once more the pulse's stirring play—
O, madly in my heart is writ the record of that day!
I thought to hear the gorcock crow, or ouzel whistle shrill,
When lo! a gallant company came riding up the hill.
No banner was displayed on high, no sign of war was seen,
No armed band, with spear and brand, encompassed Scotland's *Queen*,
She came, on gentle errand bound,—the bounteous and the free—
She came to cheer her wounded knight, she came to smile on me.
She waited not for guard or groom, but passed into the hall;
Around her were the four MARIES, herself the rose of all.
I never thought that woman's voice could thrill my being so,
As when she thanked me for my zeal in accents soft and low.
I saw the tear within her eye, when, bending down to me,
She placed her lily hand in mine, and bade me quit my knee.
'Dear lord,' she said, 'tis woman's right to comfort when she may:
Then chafe not, if we take by storm your Border-keep to-day.
We come not to invade your hall, or rudely mar your rest:
Though well I know, at fitter time, I were a welcome guest.
But could I quit the Border-side without my thanks to him
Who paid his service far too well, at risk of life and limb?
Ah, BOTHWELL! *you have bravely done*, and all my thanks are poor;
Would God that more were bent like you to make my throne secure!
True heart! strong arm! I cannot place a chaplet on your brow,
For the old laws of chivalry are dead and vanished now;
But, trust me, never was a Queen more debtor to a peer,
Than I, brave Earl, am proud to own, before the presence here!' "

AYTOUN'S "*Bothwell,*" II., vii., viii.

THE story of Mary Stuart, Darnley, Bothwell, and the implacable enemy of all three, but particularly the last, Murray, has not as yet been clearly understood or its true particulars manifested. To comprehend it, it is necessary to disentangle manifold considerations of cause and effect. Each of these is entirely independent of the others in its, and their, progress of development, and yet so strangely are they inter-twisted as to seem at times inseparable. In the first place, the head and front of all the offending was the mischief-maker, Mary's bastard brother, James Stuart (Murray), who through the backing of Knox and the Reformed clergy and nobility hoped in some way to overcome the drawback of his illegitimacy and become King of Scotland. Still, as Petrick justly observes, the turbulent Scottish nobility did not want a king, a master, and above all an illegitimate one. They were unwilling to accept such a one, and unfit to have a good ruler. They were not even loyal to their "Sovereign by the grace of God." Not one of the Stuarts can be said to have died a natural death: two were assassinated, one fell in battle, one was killed by the bursting of a cannon, and two died of broken hearts through the treason of their chief and trusted magnates. Besides these crowned examples, one crowned prince was starved to death by his own uncle aiming at the crown.

According to Robert Birrel's Diary, "There hes beine in this Kingdome of Scotland one hundereth and fyve kings of quhilk ther wes slaine fyftie sex." ("*Fragments of Scottish History*, p. 3.")

Sudden and violent ends seemed to be the natural terminations of the reigns of Scottish monarchs. This was proved when Murray did accomplish his purposes and became Regent, June 24th, 1567. Like many another bad citizen, he was proving himself an able ruler, suffiiciently so to win the title of the "Good Regent" when he was assassinated, 23d January, 1570. He had enjoyed the aim of his career thirty-one months. Lenox, another firebrand, next, the Second Regent, was shot 4th September, 1571, within twenty months. John Erskine, or Areskin as Rapin styles him, the Earl of Mar, the Third Regent, died with suspicion of poison, 28th October (15th November?), 1572, within fourteen months, and the hoary-headed villain, Morton, the Fourth Regent, after five years of rule, October, 1572—September, 1577, although he had resigned, nevertheless lost his head 1st June, 1581. All these wretches, as regarded Mary and Bothwell, saw the cup of realization dashed from their lips as they were drinking. Murray and Morton, the first and last, richly deserved their dooms, Lenox won it and Mar got it. By this time James VI., the legitimate king, was old enough to sit upon his throne as the complete representative of roy-

alty, but his position was very uneasy. His reign was anything but peaceful. Conspiracies succeeded each other, rather against those who ruled in his name than against the ruler. Inheriting the Crown of England, he found himself monarch of a different race. There was no rebellion among his new people during his reign, but turbulence did not end in Scotland for over a century and a half subsequently. Cromwell was the only one who could keep England, Scotland and Ireland, all three so different and antagonistic, quiet. He was indeed in every sense a Protector. What Cromwell made himself in 1653, Murray was already striving after, in hope, a century previous. Cromwell died a *natural* death after a rule of nearly five years, Murray came to a *violent* end in less than two.

Mary but fulfilled the destiny of her race. Raumer justly styles the history of her dynasty "The Tragedy of the Stuarts," and observes, "As there are ill-fated persons, there are also ill-fated families." Mirabeau (French), pursuing a similar train of thought, endorses this view of the German historian and philosopher, "Though I am far from adopting the gloomy and irreligious mania of fanaticism, yet it is impossible not to believe that there are very estimable beings who, from a concurrence of disastrous circumstances accumulated on their heads, seem to be destined to a calamitous existence." Mary exemplified the truth of this individually and intensified its general application.

Every human being is a product, neither more nor less—the result of mingled material combinations and developments. Jonathan Edwards sets forth an analogous theory, an idea, if not in the exact words, in doctrine. He says the will or desire to do is free, but the will or desire is nevertheless dependent on a long series of antecedent causes, of which the origin is so remote as to defy recognition. What is this but another word for "inevitable decree," which is simply Fate.

> "But vainly doth a man contend with Fate."
>
> "Sir, and King, thy Fate
> That comes on all men born hath come on thee."

are the words of Laing in his "Helen of Troy." That but expresses the bed-rock belief of antiquity, that even the gods were subject to the "inevitable," whose laws were as binding on the Olympian immortals as upon the mortals who were their dependents and victims. Under different names, but endowed with the same irresistible powers, "Hathors in Egypt," "Μοιραι among the Greeks, or Fata in the Latin belief," all gods, men and things were subject to their decrees. It is difficult to distinguish between the laws of Necessity and those of Nature. "She" [Nature], says Auerbach, "goes her steady appointed course, from eternity to eternity." Coleridge thought that "Shakespeare wished to show how even such a character as Hamlet is at last obliged to be the sport of chance," or Fate. His case,

"Like mortal schemes by fortune cros't."

"Vainly did my magic sleight
Send the lover [Bothwell] from her [Mary's] sight."

However forced asunder, they had to come together until all was accomplished—"No spot where human hearts are beating can escape the cruel entanglements of Fate." "The curtains of yesterday drop down, the curtains of to-morrow roll up; but *yesterday* and *to-morrow* both ARE." "To the divine knowledge, the *future* must be as much *present* as the present itself." Mary simply fulfilled in sorrow and suffering her destiny. It was necessary to England's future that she should fail and fall. Reform in Church and State hinged upon this, and the world to-day is reaping the benefits of her misery—the bitter consequences of her very criminal love for Bothwell—sown in folly and crime, and watered with her tears through twenty years.

"No, no, fair heretic [to principle], it needs must be,"

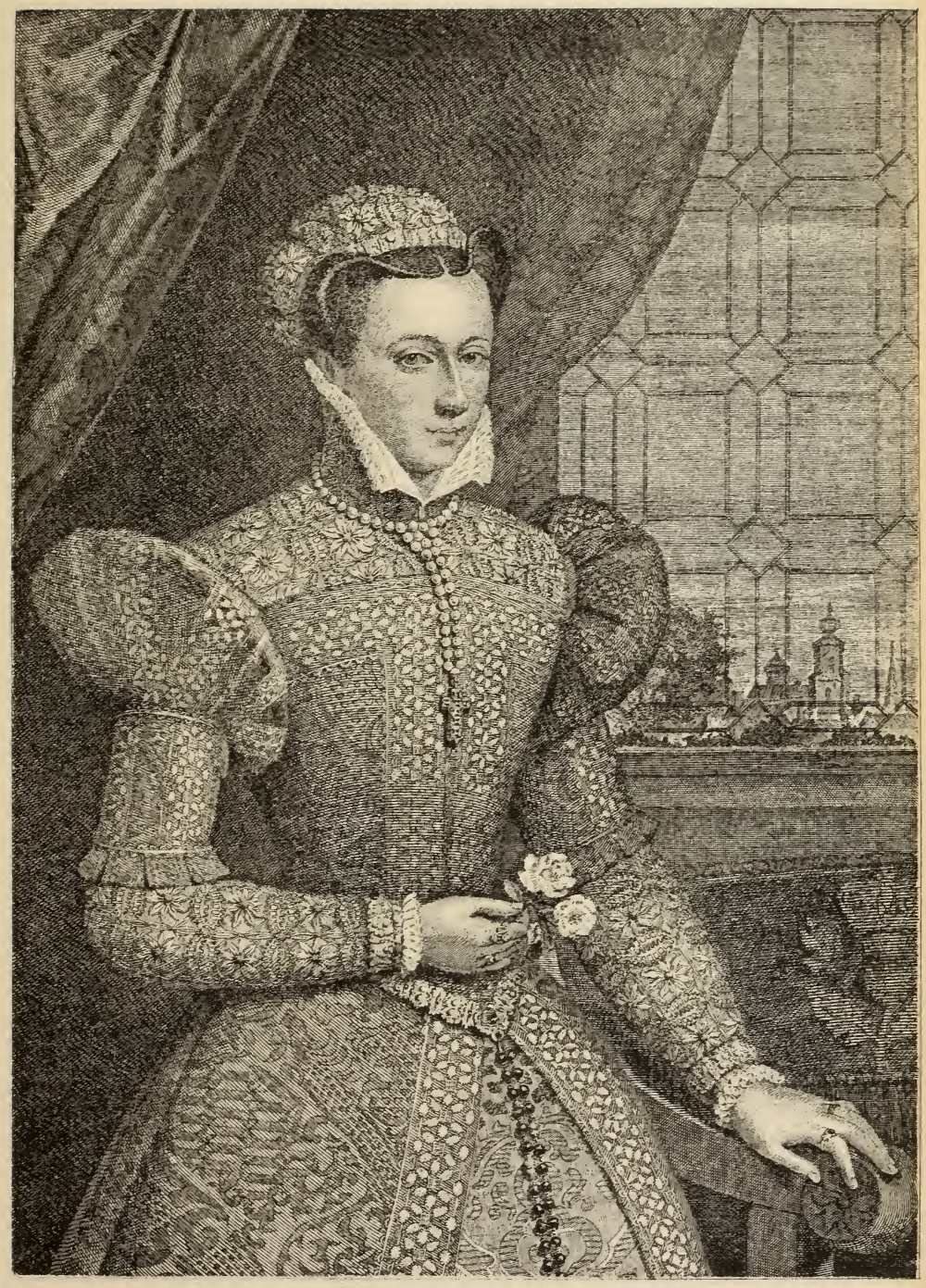
as Sir John Suckling sang truthfully.

Bothwell was not *her* evil genius, she was *his*. She was not only, as Babington White styles her, "The false and frail accomplice of Bothwell," but the cause and negative instigator of "the only crime chargeable to him"—"a nobleman, who as it can be proved, had hitherto been guilty of nothing dishonorable" (p. 54 *supra*). "Man's destiny is woman; she it is who opens the thread of his life—dark or golden" (Hamerling's "*Aspasia*"), and

Paracelsus, wisest among the observers of nature, declares "Woman is under the sovereign influence of a single organ." (Michelet, X., 50–1.) Everything connected with Mary's career* has been distorted favorably by her own champions and advocates or for evil by the opposition. Impartiality discovers no truth, even in her portraiture. She was not the lovely woman she has been represented by pencil, brush or pen. Her pictures, generally accepted as correct, are mere ideals. She was fascinating, grace itself—a very Circe. Longfellow has some lines in

*Among the many curious publications on this never-aging subject, there is a Tragedy, "The ISLAND QUEENS, or *The Death of Mary, Queen of Scotland.*" By J. Banks, 4to, 1664. This piece was prohibited the stage; for which reason the author thought proper to publish it, both in defence of himself and it. The story is founded on the *Scotch* and *English* histories, to which the author has closely and impartially adhered, and well preserved that power of affecting the passions, which runs through all his works and sometimes makes ample amends for the want of poetry and language. It is reprinted without date, with the title of "The ALBION QUEENS, or *The Death*, &c. [Bell's British Theatre, Vol. 22 ?]. To this edition are the names added of *Wilkes Booth, Oldfield, Porter*, &c., in *Dramatis Personæ*, from which it should seem that it was afterwards allowed the liberty of being performed."

"These remarks are from *The Companion to the Play House: or, an historical account of all the Dramatic Writers (and their Works)* that have appeared in Great Britain and Ireland, from the commencement of our Theatrical Exhibitions, down to the present year, 1764. Composed in the form of a dictionary, for the more readily turning to any particular author or performance. In two volumes. London: printed for T. Becket and P. A. Dehoudt, in the Strand; C. Henderson, at the Royal Exchange; and F. Davies, in Russel Street, Covent Garden, 1764."



"Hyperion" depicting another Mary, which probably presents the truth of Mary Stuart:

—"She was not fair,
Nor beautiful—those words express her not;
But, O, her looks had something excellent,
That wants a name:"—

These lines exactly epitomize the previous conclusions of the author in his "Study" on Mary, and "Vindication" of Bothwell. Or, as Lovelace rhymes:

"The melody
Of every grace
And music of her face."

Mary embodied the Charms of "Nature's three daughters—Beauty [or what was accepted as such in her, a queen], Love [the passion], and [undoubtedly] Wit."

Or, again, to borrow the words of an unpublished tragedy:

"Many a village maid, in face and form,
The child of Nature, 's far more beautiful
Than Mary, Queen, so peerless in men's eyes;—
But she's a queen, therefore a deity,
And, to defects, all blinded by her rank,
See in her face the sea-born Aphrodite.
She's not so lovely as report avers—
Although most lovable as all admit—
She is too tall, too vig'rous in her port;
A full man's heart is beating in her bosom;
And more than once she's pray'd to be a man
With helm on head and girt with sword and dagg,
Astride a gallant steed like Border-Chief:
Yet in her eye there 's such demoniac light

Can kindle passion in a breast of ice,
And lure, as serpent fascinates a bird:
We've seen her do it. Blazing into flame
Her heat could melt a mass of iron ore:
'Tis not her beauty won her Hepburn's love,
But something kin to tropic heat at pole.
Magnificently clad, her lusty form
Captures the men as springtime 'livens flies:
And though she plays, as cat plays with a mouse
With lovers bowing 'fore her sov'reign grace,
By never yielding has Earl Bothwell won:
As spell more potent overcomes the less;
And binds the weaker with more potent sway:
His magic's been an over-mast'ring will.
Her mother's grandeur and her sire's finesse
Make her omnipotent in swaying men:
When young she rul'd them with her gentle lures:
A full grown woman with her subtle wiles;
And thus, pre-eminent in female guile,
She leads the wolves as Orpheus moved the trees:
Carried away by Darnley's courtly airs,
She soon discerned the caitiff 'neath the style,
And then returning to her stifled love,
She found herself compell'd, as 't were by Fate,
Into embrace of stalwart Bothwell's arms,
As hunted deer rush wildly in the net."

Partisans, of her creed, exhibit her as a victim and a martyr. "Nothing in [her] life became [her] like the leaving it." She has found knight-errants, even among those who do not believe as she did, if she believed—in the real sense of belief—anything; bewitched by her own sorceries, and magnetized by her sad story. Is her story true as it has usually been told by them? No! A thousand times,

No! Bothwell was the victim of her Circean lures, as she became the victim of his desires. Bothwell was a "real man," a man ahead of his time. "Men who dare to be the first in great movements are ever self-immolated victims." He belonged to no party; he swore by no other's formula or oath; he planned, strove, fought—yes, even loved for the good of Scotland. He was more upright and magnanimous than Murray, more virtuous than Morton and the whole of that "healthy crowd," who betrayed him and their country, and more honest and chivalric than Kircaldy, the tool and spy of the Elizabethan cabinet, but he was less astute than "The Chameleon" Lethington, and less brutal than Ruthven or Lindsay, who were nothing more than aristocratic ruffians and murderers.

"A noticeable man, with large grey eyes," he justified Churchhill's principle, that "The vices of a generous man are better than those of a cold-blooded hypocrite, ingrate and traitor," like Murray, *cum suis*—or even Knox!

The diabolical subtlety of the Scottish nobility was shown in nothing more clearly than in their refusal to allow their monarchs to enjoy the protection of a regular body-guard. The conspiracies at the same era against the monarchs of France were not more dangerous and embittered than those against Mary; but in the former case there were numerous and highly disciplined organizations which afforded trustworthy protection to the royal person and ministry. The rebellious Scottish nobility were well

aware, that if Mary could organize a guard solely dependent on herself, even of a few hundred men, she would be at once beyond the immediate reach of their machinations. Had Mary and Bothwell been able to array five hundred regulars, in addition to the few hundred faithful Borderers who adhered with constancy and courage to Bothwell, with two such corps, supported by what artillery might be carried into the field, the royal pair would have bid defiance to all that the rebels could have brought together for a single decisive collision. This is all that was necessary, for it is well known that the last revolt could not have maintained itself for a week. Carberry Hill, 1567, was fatal to Bothwell, because the Confederate Lords could marshal a greater number of trustworthy troops, and Langside, 1568, to Mary, for the reason that Murray was able to array discipline against indiscipline, however devoted and reckless.

Bothwell stood alone, as inaccessible to English bribes; and, had he succeeded and shared a stable throne with Mary, the union of Scotland and England, under Mary's pedantic, "slobbering" son, "the wisest fool in Christendom," would have been an impossibility. The time, however, had arrived that the British islands should become united under one crown. Destiny works with strange, uncouth and often cruel instruments, and by tortuous ways, and its motives and motors and movements are inscrut-

able and almost invariably misrepresented and misunderstood.

All accepted history is in less or greater degree a fearful lie, "a splendid fiction," founded remotely in ignorance, unsusceptible of enlightenment at the time, and on wilful falsehood, which has worn a rut so deep that succeeding historians can hardly extricate themselves from it.

> "And oft repeating [the panegyrics of Mary and malisons on Bothwell], they [historians] believe them true."

It is only within this generation that the story of the Mælstrom has been shown to be without foundation, and only within a year or two that the "Upas Tree" and its "Death Valley" has been proved to be an utter falsehood. "I am gradually coming to disbelieve everything that has been asserted," was the despairing utterance of William Smith.* Undoubtedly "Religious history is partial in its verdicts." What is more and most to the point, "*The story of James I. having had the Castle Fotheringay razed, as the scene of his mother's death, is pretty, but false.*" "The site of Fotheringay now [1882] belongs to the most moneyed man in England—Lord Overstone, son of a London and Lancashire banker, who has a great estate there. The castle began to be dismantled in 1625. [This date proves James had nothing to do with its demolition,

* See "Milledulcia," 1857, "The impossibilities of History, Cranmer," 43–44, "The Fallacy of Traditions," 209–'10.

because he died 27th March of that year.] Sir Robert Colton bought the hall in which the Queen was executed, and removed it to Covington, now Mr. Heathcote's, in Huntingdonshire; some of the stone went to build a chapel at Finshade, not far distant; and the remainder of the material was used in works to render the Nene, which flows by it, navigable."

A sensational writer, like a ghoul, disinterred the remains of England's second greatest poet, to prey upon them, and to fill the world with the story of a foulness originating in a bitterness of which none but a jealous wife, who considers herself deeply aggrieved, is capable. "A further examination [of a recently discovered correspondence of Byron] confirms the opinion we expressed—(is the language of a sterling British periodical)—would be to prove the groundlessness of the horrible suggestions made public in 1869. * * * There is nothing in the documents [now ready for publication] that does not redound to the credit of Lord Byron or his sister." Just so the more that is revealed in regard to Bothwell places that cruelly maligned patriot in a better light; and so it will ever be if the investigation is conducted on honorable principles by parties who can divest themselves of bigotry, partiality, prejudice and wilful blindness.

"Though from our birth the faculty divine
Is chain'd and tortured—cabin'd, crib'd, confined,
And bred in darkness, lest the truth should shine

Too brightly on the unprepared mind,
The beam pours in, for Time and SKILL *will couch the Blind.*"

The writer simply pities those who cannot see, and he will not indulge in the disgust their wilful stupidity that justice and intelligence might justly arouse. "Ephraim is a cake not turned," *i. e.*, only "one-half baked." "Ephraim is joined unto idols, let him alone." Mary Stuart is an idol to the partisan and bigot. "Ephraim is a silly dove," "a wild ass alone by himself: Ephraim hath hired lovers." It is perfectly ridiculous to attempt to judge the XVI. century by the present era.

Strange to say, it seems impossible in writing of Mary, Queen of Scots, not to make a psychological study of her, and absolutely feeling and taking as much interest in it as a doctor does in a dissection. Doubtless there have been worse women; but, as far as her impulses were concerned, she was about "as bad as they make them." Her powers of fascination were boundless, and she used them to their fullest extent wherever her interests seemed to indicate they might be of service to herself or conducive to her purposes. She was habituated to look upon murder with complacency, and immorality as not only pardonable, but commendable. Her passions, when aroused, appear to have been uncontrolled; and her love to have been simply material—for what was there in the hobble-de-hoy carpet-knight Darnley, or, to say the worst of him, in the border-chieftain, the indomitable moss-trooper, Bothwell,

to arouse *her* instincts, except the lusty vigor of the one or the absolute manhood of the other. Bothwell has always hitherto been maligned. He *must* have been a "real man," but perhaps an extremely rough-hewn one, full of that, however, which pleases the majority of women, chief of all virtues, courage.

Renan, amid all his half-truths—neutrals—because a Frenchman as well as an Orientalist, seemed to be afraid to utter more than half-truths; to throw the gauntlet fair and square in the teeth of Roman Catholicism, inasmuch as that was the recognized religion of France—did and does, nevertheless, utter once in a while grand, independent, pregnant sentences. In his Anti-Christ (Chapter XX., 543–4) he observed, "in spite of the many violent shocks given to Truth, such fearless firebrands, as Bar Gioras and John of Gischala, will never become great citizens; but they will play their parts, and the future will discover, perhaps, that they, better than men of sense, saw farther into the secret designs of Destiny."

That observation applies forcibly to Mary, Queen of Scots. She was to the Union of England and of Scotland very much what Bar Gioras and John of Gischala were to the catastrophe at Jerusalem, agents for the dissolution of existences, which, dissolving like the seed in the ground, still bore within themselves the germ that, nourished by their own putrescence, produced plants to grow, to flower and to fruit in grander new developments. "The ruin of

Jerusalem and of the temple," continues Renan, "was for Christianity a fortune without limits. If the reasoning assigned by Tacitus to Titus is correctly reported, the victorious general believed that the destruction of the Temple would be the ruin of Christianity as well as of Judaism. Never did any human being deceive himself so completely."

Mary, Queen of Scots, was undeniably the rightful heir to the Crown of Scotland, and she was posessed, at the same time, of strong hereditary claims to that of England also ; but she was a bigoted Papist. Her ultraism in belief and morality—or rather the want of the latter—smoothed the ascent for the march of the Reformation in Scotland to a plane elevated even with that in England.

Her execution made the throne of Elizabeth perfectly secure. Had Mary been otherwise than heartless while passionate, she would not have been driven from her ancestral realm and deprived of her royal rights. The axe that cut off her head severed at the same time every legal claim, which, in her, endangered the crown and existence of Elizabeth. The latter, dying without an heir, transmitted at once her own rights, to her godson, by selection, James, as well as those established by the death of his mother, Mary, and those which he inherited through his sonship. These brought about the union of two kingdoms, so long arrayed in hostility—and with conquered Ireland—completed the Empire of Great Britain.

"HANDWRITING ON THE WALL OF ENGLAND."

1066 A.D.		William the Conqueror.
	468 years.	
First Great Act of English History.	46.8	First Great Act Popery or Egyptian Bondage.
	47th Decade.	
Protestantism, or the Woman's Church. 1534		
	First Finger .	HENRY VIII. Protestant Reformation.
Second Great Act.—First Hand	Second Finger	EDWARD VI.
	Third Finger .	LADY JANE GREY. Sacrifice.
	Fourth Finger	MARY [Roman] Catholic
	Thumb . . .	ELIZABETH. Founder of the [Anglican] Church
1603	[redacted]	MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. [1587] Female Curtain
	First Finger .	JAMES I.
	Second Finger	CHARLES I. Prisoner, 1646. [Executed 1649.]
Third Great Act.—Second Hand	Third Finger .	Interregnum. CHARLES II. Sacrifice of King and People.
	Fourth Finger	JAMES II. [Rom.] Catholic
	Thumb . . .	WILLIAM. Founder of Protestant Constitution.
1702		
1714		ANNE. Female Curtain.
	First Finger .	GEORGE I.
	Second Finger	GEORGE II.
Fourth Great Act.—Third Hand	Third Finger .	GEORGE III. Sacrifice of blood and money.
	Fourth Finger	GEORGE IV.
	Thumb . . .	WILLIAM. Parliamentary Reform.
1837		
Dawn of the Fifth Act. This being an act of mercy, does not necessarily involve the removal of the Queen. Perhaps the contrary. But I do not pretend to prophesy, only to reason from analogy.		VICTORIA. Female Curtain.

"From this ['Handwriting on the Wall of England'] it is evident that the history of England is arranged dramatically by the all-wise and all-powerful Manager of the universal theatre, and that we are on the eve [1873] of commencing the fifth or last act. The history of the world from the beginning is arranged in the same order, and it all displays throughout, in a variety of modes, the same legitimate arrangement, for it is all written by the hand of the only Great Dramatist who can be imagined to live from eternity to eternity. The unities of time and place are strictly attended to, with the exception perhaps of a few perturbations like those exhibited in the planetary movements, which perturbations are merely the infinitesimal representatives of human liberty, which is only as a drop in the ocean compared to the DIVINE NECESSITY, by which all things that take place are in wisdom and irresistible power ordained.

"You will observe that in the Middle Finger there is always a sacrifice, for it represents the Mountain of Sacrifice when arranged in the order of time. The second great act is the Exodus of the Protestant Church—its coming out of Egypt, and fighting for an independent existence. It accomplishes its end in the fifth little or subordinate act, under Queen Elizabeth, but not without blood. Jane Grey, who was a half-crowned, or proclaimed queen, was in this dramatic five [the second grand act] the victim. She was the royal female martyr of the Protestant Church, which is represented by a woman. Mary, her sacrificer, was Catholic; and thus the fourth act represents, as it uniformly does, apostacy or rebellion, or departure from the principle which characterizes the era. After the fourth, the thumb appears in Elizabeth, and the Church is established, its Articles agreed upon in 1562, and confirmed in 1571 by Act of Parliament. Thus the Exodus closes. A woman, however, of another family was heir to the throne, namely, Mary, Queen of

Scots, and she was sacrificed. Her curtain, therefore, is black [in the tabulated exposition], as the succession passed through her dead body. Her death was inevitable upon the principles of dramatic propriety. * * * Jane Grey had already died for the Protestant Church. Mary must die for the [Roman] Catholic Church—for the Protestant Church is both Protestant and Catholic—and she is brought from Scotland on purpose, because Scotland, being a spiritual Church with Christ as its supreme head, represents the principle of spiritual Catholicity in Great Britain. England having a lay, or civil, head of the Church, its Catholicity is formal.

"The three great acts begin with the United Kingdoms of England and Scotland, each having contributed its royal, female victim. James I. distinguished his reign with a new translation of the Bible. And regarding himself and all crowned heads as God's vicegerents on earth, he inculcated the doctrine of the Divine right of Kings, and the passive obedience of subjects, both in Church and State. This reveals the character of the third great act. It is a fight for a Constitution as well as a Church, some intelligible principle upon which the rights of king and people may be reconciled with religious principle. The fight, of course, begins with the second act, although it is announced in the first. Charles I., therefore, in pure dramatic order, contends with the People, and as the stars in their courses are leading towards universal in opposition to particular interest, the people gain the victory; he is made prisoner in 1646. Then the Monarchy ceased, and Presbytery is established, and the Scotch Church reigns triumphant, and draws up the Westminster Confession of Faith in company with English divines. The Sacrificial era, which is the third, then begins. The King is sacrificed as the representative of Royalty—the State and the People sacrifice one another in the civil wars. When the sacrifice

ceases, the Restoration takes place in Charles II., who is the third crowned head of the era, or act. After that, of course, a departure from principles takes place in the fourth act. King James II. becomes traitor to the ruling principle, attempts to restore [Roman] Catholicism, and is obliged to flee the kingdom. Then the thumb appears in William III., who settles the Protestant constitution upon *Low* Dutch principles—the material power taking the precedence, and the multitudinous Parliament gaining a legitimate and recognized ascendancy. Thus closes the great Levitical era of English history. The great era of sacrifice are the cloven mount of republicanism and monarchy.

"Then the female curtain drops again; for woman represents the negative principle in law, and she thus with strict propriety divides the eras. Here the Parliaments of Scotland and England are united. When the curtain of Queen Anne rises, a new act commences. It is the *High* Dutch era of the Brunswick family. It is the spirit of Germany in England. Germany represents the Universal Man. Its ideas are therefore large; but as the first is always material, and the forerunner type, or representative of a successor, the universalism of the Brunswick era is purely material. Therefore the Church is overborne at its commencement. The Convocation is entirely suppressed, and the nation devotes itself with unprecedented zeal and assiduity to the pursuit of its commercial or material interests. This being the fourth, is the great Numerical era of the history of England. Materialism is in the ascendant. It flourishes amongst the people, the clergy, and the nobility; and science and philosophy almost silence the voice of the Church in the private walks of society. The sacrifice of this era therefore is pecuniary, and it takes place as usual in the third act—the reign of George III., on the cloven mountain of the king and the regent. Here the severity is mitigated in respect to the king, and

his mind only is affected—his person is saved; because the Numerical era requires the sacrifice of money chiefly, as representing material interests—blood-money. And blood-money it has had. The national debt is this blood-money, the great sacrifice of the numerical era. This being also a universal era—an Alleman or German era—the external empire is greatly enlarged in India, and the wars are Continental, conducted upon a great scale. George IV. constituting the fourth act of the drama, an apostacy of course is demanded in his reign by the law of the drama, and apostacy is mildly and delicately performed, for we are approaching mild and delicate times, in the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and in the Act of Catholic Emancipation—Catholicity once more in the fourth act—apostacy from rigid Protestant principle. George means 'husbandman, or man of the earth'—admirably representing the materiality of the period. The first George was a rude, unpolished man; the last was a finished gentleman, but wholly material and sensual. William, the 'man of the sea,' closed the drama in the fifth act, by means of a new constitution—Parliamentary Reform. The sea is a Catholic representative. The four great rivers run into the sea from the earth. The Georges, or earthmen, terminate their reign in a sea-man. This is a still nearer approach to universalism, and as the sea represents purity, purifying the corruptible rivers that flow into it, so Parliamentary Reform attempts to cure corruption. But being only a type, and not the substance, it does not accomplish its end. The end is accomplished in the fifth great act, not in the minor fifth.

"The female curtain drops once more, and the name of Victoria is painted upon it. Her name is propitious; and as we are approaching a mild and gentle government of the world by the Great Dramatist, the Queen has no reason to fear for her-

self. But remarkable changes are on the eve of taking place; and her relationship with Church and State must submit to the law of Divine necessity, which forbids a woman to sit at the head of a doctrinal Church. Her proper position is the head of the ceremonial and dramatic Church, the Church of good-manners. The change about to take place may be imagined by examining the three female curtains. The first curtain of Queen Mary united the monarchies of Scotland and England; the second united the Parliament of Scotland and England. What should the third unite?" ("The Coming Man," II., 330–335.)

Wonderful to consider are the steps by which the Inevitable advances to its objective. Even the "wise-fool" James, son of Mary, and godson of Elizabeth, was a means to an end. An embryo in the womb of Mary, he felt the shock given to the mother by the murder, at her feet, of her favorite, her Ahitophel, Rizzio. The offspring of Darnley weak in will, and of Mary strong in will, his very inherited feebleness of will was requisite to the pacific unification of the Anglo-Scottish island. Entirely destitute of force of character, he presented no stumbling block to a perfect identification of adverse or conflicting interests. Had he been a strong personality, he would not have tamely acquiesced in the judicial murder of his mother. Had he been a thorough Scotchman, he would have been unfit to assume the rule over Englishmen. Circumstances transmuted his very vices into negative virtues. The little good that he inherited from Mary, added to the great power he inherited from Elizabeth, constituted him a timely make-shift. The

tendency to arbitrary king-ship transmitted to him through blood by his real mother, Mary, and through election by his god-mother, Elizabeth, developed into Charles I., another necessity of the time. Without such a one as the latter, there had been no chance of a Cromwell, whose rise laid the bases of the Liberties of England. The Failure of the Commonwealth paved the way for the return of the Stuarts. Their vices and weaknesses, inherited from Mary, Queen of Scots, re-asserted themselves with opportunities, and made the advent of William III.—another necessity for progress—King of Great Britain. By blood through his wife, and by might through his sword, and by choice through the temper of men's minds, he came, "the right man at the right time," "to honor the crown of England"—as Hazlitt justly observed—"by the wearing of it." He raised the superstructure—the building of which would have been impossible but for two such reigns as those of Charles II. and James II. that were the *products* of a bigotry inherited from Mary, Queen of Scots, upon a foundation, laid strong and deep, by Cromwell and the Commonwealth. Those, again, could never have become realities but for the senseless attempts at arbitrary power exhibited in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., heirlooms, direct, through son and grandson of Mary, Queen of Scots; in whom the exhibition of like qualities was the cause of the loss of her crown, the flight from her realm, and the scaffold at Fotheringay Castle.

"No man," says Wisdom, "is a necessity to God;" but philosophy also reveals the fact that Providence often makes the very deficencies of a mortal the apparent necessities that constitute the stepping-stones of the Inexorable in its strides, leading, or dragging, on Human Progress as it were, by the hand.

The speech placed by Webster, in 1612, in his "eminently interesting" tragedy, "The White Devil," reads like an echo of the opinion of the majority of the English and Scotch people upon Mary Stuart, when, 1587, the axe fell upon her neck:

> "Miserable creature!
> If thou persist in this, 't is damnable.
> Do'st thou imagine thou can'st slide on blood,
> And not be tainted with a shameful fall?
> Or, like the black and melancholick yew-tree,
> Do'st think to root thyself in dead men's graves,
> And yet to prosper? Instruction to thee
> Comes like sweet showers to over-harden'd ground;
> They wet, but pierce not deep. And so I leave thee,
> With all the furies hanging 'bout thy neck,"

Destiny judges not so. As in "Manfred," it declares the implacable "MUST BE" of Mary Stuart.

> "*Made* [her] *a thing, which I, who pity not,*
> *Yet pardon those who pity.*"





JAMES ERLE BOITHUILLE.

[AS HE HIMSELF WROTE IT.]

JAMES HEPBURNE, ERLE OF BOTHELL.

[AS THE SCOTCH PRONOUNCED IT.]

Monticello.—"It is a wonder to your noble friends,
That you, having, as 't were, enter'd the world
With a free sceptre in your able hand,
And to the use of nature well applied
High gifts of learning, should in your prime age
Neglect your [I?] awful throne for the soft down
Of an insatiate bed. O, my lord,
The drunkard, after all his lavish cups,
Is dry, and then is sober! so at length,
When you awake from this lascivious dream,
Repentance then will follow, like the sting
Plac'd in the adder's tail. Wretched are the princes
When fortune blasteth but a petty flower
Of their unwieldy crowns, or ravisheth
But one pearl from their sceptres; but, alas!
When they to wilful shipwreck lose good fame,
All princely titles perish with their name."

JOHN WEBSTER'S *Tragedy*, "*The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona.*"

Mosby.—"Silence speaks best for me. His death once known,
I must forswear the fact, and give these tools
To public justice—and not live in fear. (*Aside.*)
Thy heart is mine. I ask but for my own. (*To Alicia.*)
Truth, gratitude, and honor bind you to me
Or else you never lov'd."

Alicia.—"Then why this struggle?
Not loved!"

GEORGE LILLO'S *Tragedy*, "*Arden of Feversham.*"

IN 1565—wrote Lamartine in 1859—"Bothwell was no longer in the flower of his youth; but although he had lost an eye by a wound, he was still *handsome.*" * * * "Blackwood cites Bothwell 'for his beauty,' which must have been natural, since even his enemy, Agnes Strickland, admits, 'Bothwell does not appear to have affected fine dress.'" "*His beauty was not effeminate*, like Darnley's, nor melancholy and pensive like Rizzio's, *but of that rude and manly order which gives to passion the energy of heroism.*" He was tall, athletic, "columnar;" wore a thick brown beard, with which his mustache mingled; presented a stately warrior figure; was a consummate rider and master of the weapons of the day, an excellent commander, possessing all the attributes of a leader and general. "The licentiousness of his manners, * * * had made him well known at the Court of Holyrood. He had many attachments among the women of that Court. * * * One of those mistresses, Lady Reves, * * * celebrated by Brantome, * * * was the confidante of the Queen. *She had retained for Bothwell an admiration which survived their intimacy.*

The Queen, who amused herself by interrogating her confidante regarding the exploits and amours of her old favorite, allowed herself to be gradually attracted towards him by a sentiment which, at first, assumed the appearance

of a mere good-natured curiosity. The confidante divining, or believing she divined, the yet unexpressed desires of the Queen, introduced Bothwell one evening into the garden, and even to the apartment of her mistress. This secret meeting forever sealed the ascendancy of Bothwell over the Queen. Her passion, though hidden, was, for that reason, still more commanding, and became for the first time apparent to all some weeks after this interview, on the occasion of a wound Bothwell had received in a Border feud, on the Marches of which he had the command. On hearing of this, Mary * * * rode, without resting by the way, to the Hermitage, where he had been carried, assured herself with her own eyes of the danger he had run, and returned the same day" [to Jedburgh]. "The Earl of Bothwell," writes at this time the French ambassador to Catharine of Medici, "*is out of danger, at which the Queen is well pleased. To have lost him would have been no small loss indeed to her.*"

She herself avows her anxiety in verses composed on the occasion :

> "When first my master he became,
> For him I shed full many a tear;
> But now this new and dire alarm
> Destroys in me both life and fear!"

"*After his cure Bothwell became master of the kingdom.*"

"The career of Earl Bothwell had been one tissue of inconsistencies." Nevertheless, he did not by any means deserve the

abuse poured upon him, amounting to what Robert Hall aptly styled "distilled damnation."

"Revolting at the ecclesiastical executions which about the period of James V.'s death so greatly disgusted the Scottish people, [James, not] his father became a reformer at an early period in life." His father, "like all the leaders in that great movement which was fated to convulse the land, accepted a secret pension from the English court to maintain his wild extravagance; but when blows were struck and banners displayed, when the army of the Protestants took the field against Mary of Guise [Queen Dowager Regent], young Bothwell, in 1559, assumed the command of her French auxiliaries, and acted with vigor and valor in her cause.

"Afterwards he went on an embassy to Paris; where, by the gallantry of his air, the splendor of his retinue, and the versatility of his talents for flattery, diplomacy, and intrigue, together with his dutiful and graceful demeanor, he particularly recommended himself to Mary of Scotland, the young queen of France.

"Four years afterwards, when Mary was seated on her father's throne, he had returned to Scotland with her; but engaging in a desperate conspiracy for the destruction of his mortal foe, the Earl of Moray, then in the zenith of his power and royal favor, he had been indefinitely banished the court and kingdom. Filled with rage against Moray, who wielded the whole power at the court and council of his too facile sister, Bothwell, finding his star thus completely eclipsed by a rival to whom he was fully equal in bravery and ambition, though inferior in subtlety and guile, and that his strong and stately castles, his fertile provinces and rich domains, were gifted away to feudal and political foemen, sought the Danish court, where he had intrigued so far that at the period when our story opens (1560 or '5?) a conspiracy had been formed

to place all the fortresses of Orkney and Shetland in the hands of Frederick II., who, in return, was to create Lord Bothwell Prince of the Northern Isles. This plot had gradually been developing; and the Earl, in furtherance of his daring and revengeful scheme, was now on his way back to Orkney, where he possessed various fiefs and adherents, especially one powerful baron of the house of Balfour of Monkquhanny.

"To a face and form that were singularly noble and prepossessing, the unfortunate Earl of Bothwell united a bearing alike gallant and courtly; while his known courage and suavity of manner, in the noonday of his fortune, made him the favorite equally of the great and the humble." "Beginning from his very youth, * * * immediately after the death of his father, who was one of the first Erles of the realm, and his house was the foremost in reputation by reason of the nobleness and antiquity of the same, and great offices that were hereditary in the family." (Mary Stuart.) "*He was the darling of the common people for his courage and liberality, and the envy of the court.*" "James Hepburne, a man generally esteemed and applauded." (Crawford, 42.) Bothwell was "One of the handsomest men of his time," as old Crawford tells us, and Gilbert Stuart clinches this by admitting that "When he won the favor of the Queen, he was in the prime of youth, and extremely handsome." Even Murray's panegyrist agrees with Mary's champion, Stuart. To sum up the matter, it would seem that if Bothwell must rank among the fallen angels, he was nevertheless invested with all the glorious external attractions of the grandest of the condemned celestial hierarchy; not a sleek, cunning, plausible, however brave, but not bold, Belial; but an audacious, fearless and impulsive Moloch. Perhaps Bothwell was in reality what Rodogune appears, in Nicholas Rowe's tragedy of the 'Royal Convert' (*circa* 1700), "a personage truly

tragical, of high spirit and violent passions, great with tempestuous dignity, and wicked, *with a soul that would have been* HEROIC, if it had been virtuous," according to Dr. Johnson's ideas.

"Without being yet a confirmed profligate, he had plunged deeply into all the excesses and gaieties of the age, especially when in France and Italy; for at home in Scotland, when under the Draconian laws and iron rule of the new [Reformed (Knox's)] *regime*, the arena of such follies, even to a powerful baron, was very circumscribed." "Though of a happy and thoughtless temperament," "he was "a reckless, and often (when crossed in his pride and purposes) of a ferocious disposition."

"His heart was naturally good, and his first impulses were ever those of warmth, generosity, and gratitude; and these principles, under proper direction, when united to his talent, courage, and ambition, might have made him an ornament to his country. His early rectitude of purpose had led him to trust others too indiscriminately; his warmth, to sudden attachments and dangerous quarrels; his generosity, to lavish extravagance.* Early in life he is said to have loved deeply and

* Buckingham, another partial advocate for Mary (I., 171), mentions "His extreme wealth,"—("The greatest landlord in this country" [Southern Scotland], *Paris apud* Goodall, I., 139) "his valor" and "preeminence in bravery and martial destruction;" "glorious as had been his career," (B, I., 184);—"of our own subjects there was none, either for the reputation of his house, or for the worthiness of himself, as well in wisdom, valor and all other good qualities, to be preferred or yet compared to him." (Mary Stuart, herself, 1567.) "Nor shall we omit his service done a little time before in the wars against England, wherein he gave great proof of his valiantness, courage and good conduct, that notwithstanding he was then of very young age, yet he was chosen out as most fit of all our nobility to be our Lieutenant General upon the Borders, having the whole charge as well to defend us as to assail. At

unhappily, but with all the ardor of which first passion is capable of firing a brave and generous heart. Who the object of his

which time [1565], he made many noble enterprises not unknown to both the realms, by which he acquired a singular reputation in both." (Mary Stuart. 1565.) "He was unanimously chosen General to the Army when very young, merely upon the score of his bravery." (Crawford, 53.) "Among the noblemen whose names constantly meet our eye" [1560–1565], was one" * * * "whose after career justifies us in selecting him, and indulging him with a more special notice. James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, the descendant of a long line of illustrious ancestry, succeeded, in 1556, to the estates and honors of his father, Patrick, and although a member of the Reformed Church, attached himself finally to the party of the Regent, in opposition to the rebellious Murray, being appointed by her lieutenant general of her forces and honored with special marks of her favor and approbation: *but his* LOYALTY *at length compelled his retreat into France.* There he entered into the service of Mary, was constituted Captain of the [Royal French] Scottish Guard, and obtained several marks of distinction for his enterprise and valor, and on his return to Scotland, 1560 [with the Queen] was noted by Throckmorton as a 'glorious, rash and hazardous young man,' whose motions were to be watched, and whose actions were to be feared by his foes. Although a firm and consistent Protestant, refusing even to sacrifice in form to the religious notions of his queen, yet his loyalty and consistency,—the more remarkable when contrasted with the duplicity and villainy of many of those around him—procured him the favor of his queen. But Murray was his enemy, and summoned him to a public trial, on a charge of having conspired against his life, and as Murray came to the place appointed for the trial with a body of five thousand men, Bothwell thought it most prudent to avoid the impending danger by departure from the country. When, however, a short lapse of time had exposed to Mary the baseness of her brother, and when, unmindful of the favor and advancement which he owed to her, he had taken up arms to oppose her marriage, she began to perceive how little weight was to be accorded to the assertions of such an accuser; and, recalling Bothwell from his exile, she placed him at the head of the royal troops:— * * * raised to the honor and

love had been was then unknown; one report averred her to be a French princess, and the Magister Absalom Beyer shrewdly

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dignity which his past service and loyalty well deserved, while his accuser, Murray, was suffering in exile the merited punishment of his treason. To attempt to sketch the character of Bothwell, is to tread on ground so insecure and so disputed, that prudence would induce an abstinence from so dangerous a theme, *but justice has high claims to be regarded; and, even at the risk of offending the deeply-rooted prejudice of many*, I shall venture upon the attempt. Setting aside, for the moment, the truth of his assumed participation in the murder of Darnley, [Scoto-Brittanicus alludes to "his supposed share;" in that evil deed,] * * * we shall, I think, see nothing in his general character which will merit the extreme obloquy which has been cast upon it ever since the age in which he lived. *Bravery, beyond the reach of doubt; loyalty which could never be shaken by the highest temptations which were offered for its desertion; and fidelity to all the trusts which were reposed in him*, are elements of character which certainly deserve some portion of our respect. But it would be useless and uncandid to deny that these high qualities were clouded by many faults, even if they were not obscured by weighty crimes. An ambition which was jealous of the slightest obstacle to its advance; a degree of political recklessness which was, unfortunately, very characteristic of the Scottish aristocracy in that age, and which was augmented, if not caused, by the license which they permitted to themselves in [their] depredations upon the church, and which led them to look with some degree of contempt upon religion itself; and a want of scruple with regard to the means which he employed for the attainment of the objects he desired, are very dark traits in his disposition, and were, unhappily, not peculiar to himself. But to Mary none of these less favorable characteristics were likely to become known. The mutual position in which they were placed exhibited to her only his loyalty, his courage and his fidelity; and she liberally rewarded these: while she would have shrunk from the contemplation of the other elements of his disposition." Buckingham's "Mary Stuart" (I., 91–95). Bothwell must have been a very lovable man, since women once in love with him never ceased to feel the warmest interest in his fortunes, and continued to be not only his friends, but his agents for the furtherance of his interests."

guesses, that this means no other than the Dauphiness, Mary Stuart—but of this more anon.

"There was now a dash of the cynic in his nature, and he was fast schooling himself to consider women merely what he was in his gayer moments, habitually averring them to be, the mere instruments of pleasure, and tools of ambition.

"The unhappy influence of that ill-placed or unrequited love, had thrown a long shadow on the career of Bothwell; and as the sun of his fortune set, that shadow grew darker and deeper. But there were times, when his cooler reflection had tamed his wild impulses, that a sudden act of generosity and chivalry would evince the greatness of that heart, which an unhappy combination of circumstances, a prospect the most alluring that ever opened to man, and the influence of evil counsel spurring on a restless ambition, hurried into those dark and terrible schemes of power and greatness that blighted his name and fame for ever!" Buckingham adds (1, 215), "Bothwell was a man whose early career should have led us to hope for a brighter close, and whose character is one of the darkest mysteries which history presents to our contemplation. His unconquerable fidelity to his sovereign, amid all temptations which surrounded him, had procured so large a share of her favor, that it was not very wonderful that he should have dared to aspire even to the highest honor, and look to her hand as the reward of his long and loyal service."

It is all well enough for modernized manhood in swallow tails and white chokers, who scarcely enjoy a real movement of the soul throughout their money-seeking or money-wasting existences, or mawkish sentimental womanhood cramped within their Worth-stayed dresses, to sit in judgment upon Bothwell. But where is the man who, to

attain the woman he loves—for love covers all—would not sweep a rival from his path as quickly as an insect, if he dared. The trouble with Bothwell was, he made a blunder.* As was said of the "Massacre of St. Bartholomew" and the "Revocation of the Edict of Nantes," and the "Military Execution of Glencoe," and the "Assassination of the Duke d'Enghien," they were worse than crimes, they were stupid blunders. Had Bothwell been a refined Italian or Frenchman, he would have accomplished the same result without noise and without display. Darnley would suddenly and simply have ceased to be. Unfortunately, they did not know how to do those things properly in Scotland. They were bunglers, hacking an enemy, or rival, or oppressor to pieces, as they did Archbishop Sharpe even as late as 1679. Morton was the only one who seems to have profited by Continental examples. Mar dined with him one day, and after his meal felt uncomfortable and died, vacating the Regency in favor of his host. The Earl of Atholl supped with Morton 24th April, 1578, and, curious coincidence, likewise died of indigestion next day. Perhaps the copper casseroles were not cleansed of verdigris, or a toadstool got among the

* Until within two days before the murder, Bothwell wished to do it decently, with cold steel, and openly, "à la Cæsar Borgia," the boldest of executives when any one stood in the way; but his associates induced him to change his intention, (A. S. M. S., I., 391). Why? That the explosion of the powder might blurt out the truth and burthen Bothwell, not them, with an universal obloquy undeserved, as can be proved—which has lasted until this very day.

mushrooms. Bothwell was ruder in his ministrations, but the object and end were the same. Why overwhelm him with obloquy and let Bothwellhaugh, Kircaldy, Crawford, Morton and an hundred others go free. The fact is he blundered, and Nemesis did not mitigate a pang to the mortal or his memory. He is the Œdipus of modern tragedy in his suffering and the Œgisthus of evil repute. Visconti does not receive the thousandth part of the execration heaped upon him and yet the Italian was as fiendishly cruel to women as to men. Bothwell intended to blow up one, and Visconti tortured hundreds to death and had them torn with his bloodhounds or crushed in his iron telescoping prisons. The Milanese is scarcely alluded to, and the Scotchman is damned in prose, poetry, romance and history. He is a perfect victim of the bitterest "Irony of Fate."

"Happy is the man," exclaims Virgil, "who is skilled in tracing effects up to their causes." Equally happy should be the author who honestly endeavors to do so, and is enabled to embody, agreably, the results of his labors. This is strictly apposite to the consideration of Bothwell. The cause of the obloquy heaped upon the "fair," "the great" "Erle" was, in the first instance, his original success against the finally triumphant party, especially in winning the hand of Mary, and in the second his failure to maintain himself in the possession of what he had so boldly won. As Kant remarks, "Success is justly considered the test of merit, even where it is attributable to an unworthy

origin," literally "To have the conclusion right is the chief point (requisite), even if it may be done (reached) from false premises." Victor Hugo is more generous and honest, but less worldly-wise. He declares that "History is the mere dupe of Success."

While so many regard Mary Stuart as resembling "The White Devil," of Webster's Tragedy of "Vittoria Corombona," first printed in 1612, others, as numerous, seem to contemplate Bothwell, as displayed in the character of "Schedoni, the Monk," in Miss Radcliffe's novel, "The Italian," published in 1797.

"The White Devil of Venice," in the opinion of Charles Lamb, "sets off a bad cause so speciously, and pleads with such an innocent boldness, that we seem to see that matchless beauty of her face which inspires such gay confidence into her, and are ready to expect when she had done her pleadings, that her very judges, her accusers, the grave ambassadors who sit as spectators, and all the court, will rise and make proffer to defend her in spite of the utmost conviction of her guilt."

On the other hand, the Monk is "as strongly drawn a character as ever stalked through the regions of romance, equally detestable for the crimes he has formerly perpetrated and those which he is willing to commit; formidable from his talents and energy; at once a hypocrite and a profligate, unfeeling, unrelenting, and implacable. The romance in which he dominated abounds—according to Sir Walter Scott—with "the new and powerful machinery afforded by the Popish religion, when established in its paramount superiority and thereby [the author] had at her disposal monks, spies, dungeons, the mute obedience

of the bigot and the dark and domineering spirit of the crafty priest." Any such implication on Bothwell is cruel!

These references to works of fiction are the more justifiable as there are many facts elicited in them that escape historians or are neglected as unimportant; whereas they are the solvents of much that is otherwise either sealed or misunderstood.* The great Prussian general, von Moltke,

*There are two tragedies of the time of Elizabeth, "Arden of Feversham," 1592, and "The Warning to Fair Women," 1599, which seem to have been founded on the results of the connection between MARY and BOTHWELL—pronounced in the Scottish dialect, "BOTHEL." The former is sometimes attributed to Shakespeare. It was translated into German by Tieck. A tragedy on the same subject was composed by George Lillo, 1693–1739. Arden was a gentleman of Feversham, who was murdered by his wife, Alicia, and her paramour, Mosby. In "The Warning to Fair Women," a London merchant is murdered in like manner as Arden and Darnley, by his wife and her lover. Bothwell's temptation is exemplified in the lines of Shakespeare's poem, "A Lover's Complaint,"

> "O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
> In the small orb of one particular tear."—

one of the many tears shed by Mary over the conduct of the ill-conditioned and ungrateful Darnley, the more fearful in their effects on Bothwell since the latter were augmented by the belief that he had been supplanted in his suit and hopes by the successful rival who caused them to be shed. Again, in "The Maid's Tragedy," 1619, Beaumont and Fletcher may have derived their inspiration from a perusal of the famous "Casket Letters," from Mary to Bothwell, in portraying the character of *Evadne*, "Her naked, unblushing impudence," says Hazlitt, "her utter insensibility to any motive but her own pride and inclination—her *heroic superiority* to any signs of shame or scruples of conscience are well described."

declares that poets alone confer abiding fame, and it is very likely that a more truthful record of Bothwell will survive in verse and romance than in works styled history which, as a rule, are mere exhibitions of party spirit and prejudice. Swinburne, in his "Chastelard" and "Bothwell," is just towards the latter and affords a fair idea of his love, rise and fall; and White Melville, in his novel, "The Queen's Maries," exhibits more evidences of close search for facts in connection with the Earl than the majority of historians. The same remark holds better in respect to James Grant's "Bothwell," and he refers to incidents in James Hepburn's early manhood which have been neglected by almost every authority, and yet they colored his whole after-life. That Bothwell, sent out to France in 1558 by the Queen Regent, fell in love with Mary Stuart before she married the Dauphin, is alluded to in chronicles of the day, and also that he was not the desperate man he afterwards became until Darnley made his appearance and crushed for the nonce his hopes.

It is very remarkable that Catherine de Medicis, while rejecting the divine truths of revelation, caused seas of blood to be shed in the religious struggles she fomented and was a firm believer in astrology. The royal sorceress one day consulted her favorite seer as to the fate of Mary Stuart. Nostradamus answered, "I perceive blood," and predicted that the young Queen would be a victim to the fatal heritage of her race. When Mary was about sixteen

years old, and when as yet she was scarcely betrothed in form to the Dauphin, Bothwell, in the course of one of his numerous voyages between Scotland and the Continent, saw "*la Reinette d'Ecosse*" and fell in love with her. He was then about twenty-two years of age, and although any suit at that time was hopeless for him, he was always true to this love at first sight. After the death of her husband, Francis, the two noblemen who afterwards successively became her husbands, visited her in France. Darnley was scarcely more than a boy, but Bothwell, already, in 1560 exhibiting rare ability, had become a man of mark. He remained in attendance upon Mary for upwards of four months, and she consulted him continually on matters of the highest importance and placed implicit reliance in his judgment. Agnes Strickland, with whom the Earl is no favorite, admits that he undoubtedly possessed literary talent and sufficient political importance to merit the closest supervision of the English ambassador in France, who notified his government that he exhibited qualities of the highest order, on which account it behooved his adversaries to keep a sharp eye upon him [III., 159–60]. He had already lost the sight of one eye (the left), but neither in a dishonorable manner nor in the course of a piratical cruise, as is almost invariably charged. The wound which destroyed its vision was received in a personal encounter [v. 228. 2] with Cockburn of Ormiston, when, in November, 1559, he tore the English subsidy from that agent of the

Rebel or Confederate Lords. Although the sight was gone, the organ was apparently uninjured, and the scar which remained, so far from being unsightly, was becoming to the martial visage of a born soldier. Miss Strickland, besides acknowledging his cultivation and capacity, is likewise forced to concede that Bothwell, in his hatred to Romanism, was a staunch Reformer, and so determined in his principles that, in spite of his ardent love for Mary, the Queen, could never induce him to concede the slightest conformity to the observances of the creed of which she—except when under his influence—was so devoted and zealous a member.

One of the charges brought against Bothwell, after he accompanied Mary back to Scotland, was that he intended to slay Murray and carry off Mary and wed her. It is a great pity he did not execute this plan, if he in reality entertained it (see 35–36, and note *supra*). Was there anything surprising in Bothwell's hatred of Murray, who had been and was his life-long bitterest enemy and a cold-blooded villain, neither more nor less, in every way, towards man and woman, where it served his purposes. If no other proof existed of this charge, his treatment of Christian, the Countess and unfortunate heiress of Buchan, would establish the fact. Having first sought the young lady's hand, he stripped her of her large possessions, and when he had impoverished her and enriched himself, he forced her to marry his uterine step-brother, far beneath her in rank. In this connection it is curious to learn that Murray's

brother, another bastard of James V., John, Prior of Coldingham, married Bothwell's sister, and Bothwell himself, after Darnley's public marriage, married Jane Gordon, daughter of the Roman Catholic Earl of Huntly, whom he, as a Protestant, assisted Murray to ruin when the latter was the Prime Minister of Mary. The political vagaries of this period are utterly incomprehensible. Diabolical is almost too polite a term to apply to them. They present no redeeming aspect.

Whatever apparent or real temporary animosity Mary at any period displayed towards Bothwell was entirely due to the influence of Murray, which was succeeded by the inexplicable ascendancy of Rizzio ; that was especially due to the fact that he was a secret agent of the Jesuits and the Pope. He it was engineered the courtship of the papist, Darnley, who made his appearance at a time when Bothwell was under a cloud, through the machinations of Murray and his own tendency to frolic. Those prejudiced against Bothwell conceal that Murray wanted to poison him.

Napoleon remarked, on the way to Marengo, that if he was killed at that time, his career, brilliant as it had been, would not fill ten pages of history. The whole story of the gradual conquest and dominion of the Saxons in England is confined in ordinary histories to about as many pages as it occupied centuries. The same remarks apply to the narrative of a great many historical phases, but not to the case of Mary Stuart. The most important portion

of her career fills only a little over two years; yet it has been the subject of hundreds of volumes, and has enlisted the pens of some of the ablest writers in every language. Why? Not for the reason that most people suppose; but because she was an agency to throw down the past, control the present and assist in erecting the future. She was the socket-joint on which turned the fate of the Reformation in the British Isles. Yes, and thus in many respects, upon her and Bothwell, pivoted the impulse, if not all the future of Anglo-Saxondom—which completes the whole of—humanity.

The fact that portentous events did hinge upon her involves inevitably the close consideration of Bothwell.

If Mary was the first, Bothwell was the second great quantity in the equation of the times, and their intimate connection lasted, clearly visible, but a little over a year; recognizably but little over two years, although perceptibly to close observation for a much longer period. As the crisis of the fortunes of Mary and of Scotland occurred within the two years of the intimate relations of Mary with Bothwell, this it is makes him so important a factor in the effects developing therefrom, which were gradually felt in ever-increasing circumference, until it may be said that, like the circle in the water, cited as a parallel by Shakspeare, the ripple set in motion by the loves of Mary and Bothwell have broken and to-day break, according to times, places, and circumstances—upon the horizon, nearer or farther, of human development.

Raumer—as quoted—justly observed that there are fated individuals—using the word fated in an unhappy sense—and fated families. This remark might be extended to embrace fated nations and fated races. Mary Stuart's life was one tissue of mistakes. These errors were neither her fault nor her crime. *Every human being is a product*, and the elements which entered into her creation produced effects such as must inevitably result from an amalgamation like to theirs in any power, so to speak, exerting the influence of a sovereign, as pertinently observed by the au thor of "The Modern Hagar" on the death of a child immediately after its birth, "A chain of evil that might have warped souls for a century—unto the third and fourth generation—was broken in the welding."

Bothwell was a much nobler product than Mary. His antecedents were better. The Hepburns were greater men in their sphere than the Stuarts in theirs, although the latter occupied a higher one, a throne. Mary's race or components were bad on both sides and in every direction. This was clearly demonstrated in the author's "Study," "Mary, Queen of Scots." Bothwell's father was a wild slip, "a gay Lothario," but not worse than his compeers. His grandfather was a grand character. The record of his mother, Agnes Sinclair, "a virtuous lady of the highest rank" (A. S.—V. 229, 1) is unstained. She was divorced by a self-seeking husband, planning for a higher, but not a better mate, the Queen-Dowager-Regent, Mary of Lorraine.

Agnes lived a good wife ever, an affectionate mother, careful of the interests of her only son, and died, leaving all she possessed to his illegitimate son (Schiern, 4–53.). His legitimate daughter by Queen Mary disappeared, of her all certain traces—as has been shown—have been lost.

Agnes Strickland (Q. of S.—V. 316) commenting on this birth uses very unsatisfactory language, "*There is no* SUBSTANTIAL reason to believe, * * * that Mary ever gave birth to any other child" than James VI. "Substantial!" What does she mean by this? She cannot disprove it, and equally credible witnesses affirm it. Throckmorton mentions her pregnancy as admitted by herself. Miss Strickland (IV. 53) mentions her "painful and dangerous illness" at Lochleven, "exactly nine months from the period," Bothwell is charged to have forced her in Dunbar Castle, and the good and virtuous Castlenau and Le Laboureur, Counsellor and Almoner to the King of France, attest the existence, fate and demise of a daughter. All the evidence against the birth of this unhappy child is *negative*; all the proof in favor of it is *positive*. In a court of justice which of these pleadings would prevail? Throckmorton had no interest in misrepresenting Mary's admission of her pregnancy. Miss Strickland, a panegyrist and partial advocate, concedes the painful illness at the natural epoch, and also eulogises Castlenau as honest, who, the latter, furnishes us with the evidence of the birth. Where bigotry and prejudice and interest combine to deny a fact

which disinterested records confirm, whoever doubts the latter ranks himself with the former, who belong to the class who "neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

God bless the good mothers: like Bothwell's, Agnes Sinclair, whoever is blessed with such is blessed indeed!

In many respects Bothwell was an eminent man. He was a brave soldier and a capable leader. The French ambassador, du Croc, a veteran, admired his dispositions for the last battle he set in array. He was a statesman, indeed, for his times, and as a politician he would have ranked with the highest if he had been *less* honest. He was a patriot in the best sense of the word, devoid of hypocrisy and a believer in the religion, or rather creed, he had chosen without affectation or cant. As a subordinate he was an extraordinary example of fidelity amid almost universal faithlessness. His was a lovable nature, and powerful in inspiring a corresponding passion.

"I held the Queen in no captivity [at Dunbar], *but I loved and honored her with such humility as she deserved*," are the words of Bothwell, when with years and captivity he had time for reflection and had no reason to misrepresent the slightest fact.

It is curious how much can be proved through the self-contradicting testimony of his traducers. Their evidence demonstrates the falsehood of Buchanan's inconsistent untruths and Brantome's prejudiced Gallic misrepresentation.

When, in 1563, Bothwell, like Harold, the great son of Godwin, was driven to an inimical shore by a tempest—in the same manner as the grand Saxon had been—he was unjustly seized and unrighteously imprisoned by the mean Elizabeth. Just like Bothwell, the subsequent victor of Stamford Bridge and the victim of Sanguelac was dishonorably trepanned by William the Conqueror. Mary Stuart exercised efficient influence for the man she loved; Edward the Confessor had not or did not exert any in favor of the Thegn, in whom he trusted implicitly, even while he did not feel for him any affection. At this time the English agent, Randal, or Randolph, who especially had occasioned Bothwell's detention, writes to Cecil, dated Edinburgh, 3d June, 1563 "I beseech your grace, send him where you will, only not to Dover Castle, not so much for fear of my aged mother, but my sister is young and has many daughters." Now does it stand to reason that a man, stigmatized by Buchanan as resembling "an ape in fine clothes," and by Brantome as "the ugliest and awkwardest man ever seen," could have been dangerous among women of rank? A second Englishman—another of the accredited meddlers in Scottish affairs, who was particularly hostile to Bothwell—Sir William Drury, writing to Cecil, charges the Earl with "inordinateness toward women." When illicit connections occur between cultivated men and women in the higher ranks of society, as a rule, the man is not the seducer, but the seduced. To this rule

there are exceptions; but in this case, as in all others, the exceptions prove the rule. Respectable people, so styled, condemn the man because it is the fashion to do so and suits the purposes of moralists. Again, mannerism is very frequently mistaken for immorality, and the refinement of courtesy—sometimes styled gallantry—for absolute vice. The judgment of this world is almost always fallacious. The proverb, "there is no smoke without fire," is about as true in its general application as many of the comprehensive adages which will not bear critical investigation. There may be a huge column of smoke with a very little fire, and a fearful conflagration with hardly any visible smoke. Kindle a small fire, and heap damp combustibles upon it without preventing the circulation of air, and it will send up a veritable pillar of smoke which can be seen for miles. Haul together hundreds of loads of dry brush, apply the torch to windward, and in a few minutes a conflagration will ensue which will snap out tongues of flame laterally that make it perilous to stand in the vicinity, and shoot up a pillar of fire that often rivals in altitude the ordinary evolutions of smoke. The author has burned huge piles of damp leaves and vegetable matter, and also thousands of loads of brush, green and dry, in clearing up extensive woodlands throughout a period of forty years, and knows these parallels to be correct and these facts to be true. Identical deductions hold good with regard to the passions of individuals. The same decision in the Court

of Love will not apply with justice to scarcely any two cases brought before it.

> "The mind hath a thousand eyes,
> The heart but one;
> Yet the life of a whole life dies
> When love is done."

But, to cease from moralizing at large, and to return to the immediate consideration of Bothwell. Let us see what unprejudiced gentlemen wrote about him at the age of twenty-eight to thirty.

At the same time while Randolph was persecuting Bothwell so bitterly, one of the young Earl's keepers in England, Sir Henry Percy, recommended him to Cecil, with the testimony that "he is very wise, and not the man he was reported to be." "His behavior has been courteous and honorable, keeping his promise." ("Calendar of State Papers, Foreign Series," 1563, p. 129; 1564–5, p. 83. Sir John Forster also writes at that time to Cecil, that Bothwell, "all time of his abode here, behaved himself as to him appertained." ("Calendar of State Papers, Foreign Series," 1564–5, p. 75.)

It is a strong point in his favor—however the over-virtuous may desire to reject the evidence—his mistresses, even after the more intimate tie had been severed, continued to the last most faithful and active instruments for the advancement of his fortunes.

It is, indeed, very interesting to discover how women,

once in love with Bothwell, never lost their interest in him, and absolutely, contrary to the rule in such cases, became his most faithful agents in furthering his plans. For instance, if there is any truth in the private records of the times, Lady Reres, one of his intimates, was his most effectual ally in bringing him and Queen Mary together. She was the daughter of the Earl of Angus, and cousin of the Earl of Morton. Her sister, Margaret Douglas, known as Lady Buccleuch, wife of Sir Walter Scott, of Buccleuch (according to Froude, IX., 7 (2), see Scheirn, 53 (3 and 4), 54 (2), 55 (1)), was another of the many *chere amies* of the Earl, and also influential between the Queen and him, so much so, indeed, that she was accused of accomplishing her purposes by witchcraft, a charge which, by-the-bye, was likewise brought against the Earl, and urged vindictively against him by Buchanan, the Scotch ambassador to Frederick II. of Denmark, when Bothwell's extradition was the subject of so much negotiation and pressure by the Regency of Scotland and the Government of England.

It is still more curious to observe how every writer, even those the most abandoned to their Scottish Mariolatry, when conscience and circumstances compel them to admit the merits of Bothwell, fall back on the scurrilous Buchanan, "the prince of literary prostitutes," to neutralize their unwilling praise with his calumnies, or else refer to an inimical witness. Brantome, who it is not certain (Burton, IV., 174, and others), ever saw Bothwell with his own eyes.

"James Hepburne, Earl of Bothwell, though some of the leading features of his character had hardly shown themselves at the period of which we speak [1561, when Mary returned to Scotland], merits, nevertheless, from the part he subsequently acted, especial notice at present. He had succeeded his father in his titles and estates in the year 1556, when he was five or six and twenty years of age. [This is a gross error; he was only nineteen or twenty. He was born in 1536 or 1537, and only nineteen or twenty at the time referred to, and but fifty when he died.] He enjoyed not only large estates, but the hereditary offices of Lord High Admiral of Scotland, Sheriff of Berwick, Haddington and Edinburgh, and Baillie of Lauderdale. With the exception of the Duke of Chatelherault, he was the most powerful nobleman in the Southern districts of Scotland. Soon after coming to his titles he began to take an active share in public business. In addition to his other offices, he was appointed the Queen's Lieutenant on the Borders, and Keeper of Hermitage Castle, by the Queen Regent, *to whom he always remained faithful*, in opposition to the Lord James [Murray], and what was then termed the English faction. He went over to France on the death of Francis II., to pay his duty to Mary, and on his return to Scotland was by her intrusted with the discharge of an *important commission* regarding the government. Though all former differences were now supposed to have been forgotten, there was not, nor did there ever exist, a very cordial agreement between the Earls of Murray and Bothwell. They were both about the same age, but their dispositions were very different. Murray was self-possessed, full of foresight, prudent and wary. Bothwell was bold, reckless and extravagant. His youth had been devoted to every species of dissipation; and even in manhood he seemed more intent on pleasure than on business. This was

a sort of life which Murray despised, and perhaps he calculated that Bothwell would never aim at any other. But, though guided by no steady principles, and devoted to licentiousness, Bothwell was, nevertheless, not the mere man of pleasure. *He was all his life celebrated for daring and lawless exploits*, and vanity or passion were motives whose force he was never able to resist. Unlike Murray, who, when he had an end in view, made his advances toward it as cautiously as an Indian hunter, Bothwell dashed right through, as careless of the means by which he was to accomplish his object as of the consequences that were to ensue. *His manner was of that frank, open, and uncalculating kind, which frequently catches a superficial observer.* They who did not study him more closely were apt to imagine that he was merely a blustering, good-natured, violent, headstrong man, whose manners must inevitably have degenerated into vulgarity, had he not been nobly born and accustomed to the society of his peers. But much more serious conclusions might have been drawn [as in regard to Julius Cæsar] by those who had penetration enough to see under the dark cloak of dissoluteness in which he wrapped himself and his designs."

Bell, perhaps, sought to do Bothwell justice, but his desire to clear his heroine, Mary, would not permit him to do so. To tell the truth, Bothwell stands erect and prominent in his better qualities among his contemporaries. He resembles a grand, polished and ornamented shaft, which has retained its perpendicular amid similar erections, its fellows of even date, which, shaken by a moral and political earthquake, if not thrown down, lean in one direction or another, or lie prostrate in the mire of their meaner

characteristics, or half hidden *amid* the rank and dank growth of their vices and their crimes. He was certainly more honest and more bold than his only real rival in power and influence, the sly, self-seeking Murray, the pet of the clergy. Besides this Stuart, there is no other Scottish nobleman who deserves to be named in the same breath with Bothwell.

Agnes Strickland, who is positively wicked at times in her vituperation and misrepresentation of Bothwell, is, nevertheless, compelled to make admissions in his favor, which neutralize volumes of abuse. She says (I., 139–140), "Covetousness was not his besetting sin," and that he "had refused to enrich himself with English bribes when deprived of all his living in Scotland." Of what other Scottish noble but he could the same be said? What does this mean? He was unalterably true in good or evil estate to his sovereign, his government and his country. "However deserving of censure, he had resisted every temptation either to act as the secret service man of England or to trouble Mary's government by raising a revolt against her in [his own territories] Liddesdale, during his imprisonment at Berwick, which he might well have done; his forbearance was deservedly appreciated by his sovereign." (*Ibid* 229.) "As long as he [Bothwell] remained faithful to his duty, she [Mary] was safe." (1566, *Ibid* 351.) To impugn his complete intrepidity is to descend to the meanest vilification, of the lowest. If he had not been consum-

mately brave and expert in the management of arms, why was he always ready to venture his person in the field? and if he was simply a braggart, why did the men he challenged always shirk or refuse, or slink out of the encounter, as did the miserable Morton, at Carberry Hill? The atrocious abuse of Bothwell does not hang together. It would contradict, or stultify itself if prejudice had not petrified itself into something insoluble to proof and reason.

In 1565, amid her 18,000 men, "*of Loyal friends, the Queen could really count on none but* Bothwell, *young Athol, and perhaps Huntly, the rest were as like to turn against her as to stand by her.*" (Froude, VIII., 213–14). This makes Mary's conduct at Carberry Hill utterly beyond the grasp of common sense. In allowing herself to be separated from Bothwell she abandoned everything trustworthy. It was sheer insanity.





Ernesto.— "'T is true
He thither came a private Gentleman,
But young and brave, and of a Family
Ancient and Noble as the Empire holds.
The Honours he has gained are justly his;
He purchas'd them in War; thrice has he led
An Army 'gainst the Rebels, and as often
Return'd with Victory; the world has not
A truer Soldier, or a better Subject."

OTWAY'S *Tragedy*, "*The Orphan.*"

—"Ha! not love her!
Witness, ye heav'ns, if e'er was love like mine!
Witness, ye hours, that saw my joys and pains!
My joys and pains that were for her alone.
When I stood wond'ring at her awful beauties,
Gaz'd on her eyes, or languish'd on her lips,
Did she e'er joy, but I was all in raptures,
Or ever grieve, but I was all in tears?"

RICHARD BARFORD'S *Tragedy*, "*Virgin Queen.*" 1729.

"Love, like a wren upon the eagle's wing,
Shall perch superior on Ambition's plume,
And mock the lordly passion in its flight."

JAMES DARCY'S *Tragedy*, "*Love and Ambition.*" 1732.

THE difficulties of presenting a concise and, withal, a clear statement of facts, were admitted by the celebrated Pascal, master of his language, as he remarks at the end of Letter XVI. of his famous "Provincials." "I have made this dissertation longer *because I did not have time nor leisure to make it shorter.*" In any event could he have made it more concise without obscuring its clearness.

Terence, 1900 years before, said, "There may be too much, even of a good thing." The human brain is very much like the human stomach. Good writing and good health depend very much on the digestive and assimilative powers of these organs. To receive facts or food and so digest either that the one will turn what it has taken in into *excellent* writing, or the other into *perfectly healthy* blood, is what few mortal brains or stomachs are capable of doing. These remarks are particularly pertinent to the consideration of the case of Bothwell and his times; and the results of a careful analysis will prove most conclusively the truth of Shakespeare's idea, that "pleasant vices become scourges." James the Fifth, the "King of the Commons," was very common or indiscriminate in his loves. Among his illegitimate children, the best known is James, the Prior of St. Andrews, better known as the Earl of Moray, or Murray. As a physiognomist remarks, after studying his portrait, "His face gives him away," *i. e.*, reveals his character.

It abounds with traits that deceive the multitude of ordinary observers, and disgusts the few who possess the gifts of insight and reflection. In spite of his seniority of birth, his bar-sinister precluded any right to the throne of his father. Notwithstanding, that was the *objective* of his life, and to its attainment he was willing to sacrifice everything which honest men esteem. Gratitude and rectitude were qualities of which he knew not the signification.

Mary Stuart, his father's legal heiress and his sister, who should have been the object of his sleepless care and tenderest solicitude, was the victim of his unceasing machinations and criminal attempts.

From the first, Bothwell's loyalty of service and affection aroused Murray's utterly selfish enmity. After getting rid of this fearless obstacle to his plans for a time—as he hoped for all time—the soul-less Murray transferred his hatred to Darnley, when the latter became betrothed to Mary. The papist creed of the royal pair made Murray and Knox coadjutors in every attempt to weaken or overthrow their authority. Knox, however worthy of respect as the prime moral agent in securing the triumph of the Reformation in Scotland, was full of defects as an individual. To him "the end justified the means;" and, while wide awake and eloquent as to the vices of Mary, he was often blind to the iniquities of his associates. He even winked at murder if it advanced his cause, as in the case of Rizzio. And yet, to his credit be it said, that Knox, in his own "work" [writings], Bothwell is "never mentioned without a certain unmistakeable sympathy" (Schiern 183). Murray was always a traitor at heart. After Mary's marriage with Darnley was an accomplished fact, Murray's treason in *purpose* became so in *deed*. The only Scottish nobleman who was capable of checkmating Murray was Bothwell. He had been driven from the country at the instigation of Murray. Nothing but Bothwell's loyalty,

ability and courage were equal to save the Queen from "the Bastard." Bothwell was summoned home, and with James Hepburn, at the head of her forces, Mary was soon and easily able to chase out Murray and his brother rebels. The brief campaign by which she triumphed under Bothwell's leadership is known in Scottish history as the "Run-about-raid," because, as soon as Murray and his associates settled down in any position which they deemed defensible, Bothwell ran them out of it, and finally out of the country.

Mary's weakness in continually condoning treason, her folly in forgiving unrepentant enemies, was only equaled by her strength of will for the gratification of her passionate nature, as was manifested by her sudden self-abandonment to Darnley's superficial attractions and almost as sudden a revulsion of feeling in favor of Bothwell.

With an obtuseness to her best interests, she pardoned where she should have executed, and the recipients of her highest bounty proceeded to inaugurate another League or Bond, ostensibly to get rid of Rizzio, who was the power behind the throne, but in reality to sweep away from the path of Murray and his faction, not only the favorite, and the husband, Darnley, but the Queen and the child in her bosom. Their removal would have left the throne vacant for Murray. Darnley, silly fool, dupe and tool, lent himself to the designs of his deadly enemy. Rizzio was murdered 9th March, 1566; how is well known. But the

Queen, who, as Froude (IX., 158) remarks, "had happily a tough, healthy nature," survived a scene and shock which would have destroyed most women in her condition. Bothwell was to have been included in the massacre. He escaped to frustrate the success of the plan. Darnley, a traitor to his consort and his sovereign, in order to rehabilitate himself with her, betrayed in turn his associates, of whom he had been the instrument, and of whom he was to be the victim. Mary's want of common sense throughout all this is as remarkable as her self-will.

She had sacrificed friends and supporters to enrich Murray and his supporters by confiscations and grants of crown lands. By the latter she had impoverished the Throne. By the law of Scotland these acts of folly could be remedied, provided they were revoked before she had attained her twenty-fifth year, a term near at hand in 1567. Darnley, aware of this, could find his revenge by influencing the Queen to such a course against Murray, Morton, and their "Bonded" associates. It was well known that Bothwell was desperately in love with the Queen, and that her passion for him was equally violent. With a fiendish astuteness these nominal reformers in religion and politics entered into another bond, under the leadership of Murray, to get rid of Darnley, ostensibly for the benefit of Bothwell, and in reality solely for the advantage of themselves.

Bothwell, carried away by his "overpowering love" for

the woman, although a patriot and an honest man in every other respect, yielded to the temptation, and in intent, but not in deed, became a partner in an iniquity by which Darnley perished, just eleven months after Darnley, in conjunction with his own after-murderers, had assassinated his best friend, Rizzio. Darnley did not lose his life through anything that Bothwell did, but by the hands of the strangler, the Scottish Thug, Sir Archibald Douglas, the cousin of Morton, the *Alter Ego* in sin of the arch sinner Murray. The last felt that he was now on the threshold of success. By inflaming the public mind with the idea that Mary and her paramour were associates in the murder of her husband, he assured himself, if a marriage between the lovers could be accomplished, both might be crushed under the load of obloquy which would be aroused against them. Murray led off in the devilish design. He was the first to sign the Ainslie Supper Bond, which urged the Queen to marry Bothwell, and pledged the fortunes and fidelity of those who signed the Bond to defend and support the Queen and her third husband, James Hepburn. The ink was scarcely dry on the Bond before the human devils who subscribed it secretly entered into another to sacrifice Bothwell and the Queen. Fate was their friend, and Mary, with a folly as incomprehensible as inconsistent, threw away the game, allowed Bothwell to be driven from her side, gave herself up to her enemies, and became first a prisoner, and then a fugitive.

Murray had triumphed. Mary's son, heir to the throne, being an infant, Murray became Regent—was virtually King. For two short years he enjoyed the fruits of his life-long treachery. Then *Ate* stepped in, and through an agent as vile in his ingratitude to Murray as the latter had been to Mary, slew Murray; and one by one, within a very few years, each one of his associates in crime perished by the bullet, by poison, by the axe, by the halter, or by some other sudden violence, artificial or natural. Then, out of the revolting putrescence of folly, passion, sin and crime, grew up, flowered, and fruited the success of Reform, and the Union of Three Crowns, the sovereignty of the British Islands, in the son of Mary.

It seems to be the endeavor of every one who has written respecting the closer relations of Mary and Bothwell, to prove that their season of love—even if they admit their love was mutual—was of very brief duration; with strange phases, at most comprised within two years. How long Mary took a warm interest in him is not so susceptible of proof; but that Bothwell was in love with her as early as 1558, when he went to France in connection with her betrothal to the Dauphin, is admitted by more than one writer, either as a fact or as a surmise. Whether he saw her again until he encountered her at Joinville, in 1560, is not so certain. In that year he was sent over by her mother, the Queen-Dowager-Regent, on an important political mission, and remained four months in close commun-

ion with Mary, enjoying her fullest confidence and consulted daily by her on many questions of vital consequence connected with her present and future. That she acted on his advice, and that his counsels were most wise, is undeniable. She learned to appreciate the literary and political capacity of which she had ample proof, and the trust that she acquired in his mental superiority was afterwards fortified by the experience she had reason to regard with gratitude in consequence of his invariable trustworthiness in arms and in council, his loyalty and his heroism.

When Bothwell first enjoyed her society he was only eighteen years of age, although already showing the ability of riper age, and in 1560 he was not over twenty-four, in the full possession of acknowledged virile beauty and manly courage. In truth, as soon as his father died, in 1556, he evinced "The spirit of a youth that means to be of note."

It is also certain that Bothwell returned to Scotland with her, but whether or not in the same vessel is nowhere stated. He may have been in the ship with the Earl of Eglintoun, which was stopped by the English vessels-of-war. If he was afterwards or at any time under a cloud for a shorter or longer period in his own country or in exile, the disfavor was not due to himself, but to the malice of the wicked Murray, who was implacable in regard to every one whom he deemed an obstacle to his greed and to his ambition. Doubtless Bothwell's habits may have

offended Mary from time to time; not his vices, for to such she had been accustomed during her sojourn in France, but to the manner in which he gave way to his indulgence.

Mary's relations with Bothwell must have been more or less intimate, because her favorite brother, Lord John Stuart, Prior of Coldingham, married Bothwell's only sister, Jane Hepburn, 11th January, 1561–2. The nuptials "were celebrated with great splendor at Crichton Castle. The fetes were prolonged for three days, during which time Mary, matronized by his widowed mother, was Bothwell's guest. The family connection established between them by that marriage placed them on more familiar terms than might otherwise have been the case. What more natural, if Bothwell had been a man likely to please the Queen, then a widow, than that courtship should have been commenced between them on an occasion so auspicious for love-making as a festive Scottish wedding in a lonely castle at Yule-tide, when all was mirth and social joy, and regal cares forgotten for a season? What objection could have been urged against her contracting matrimony with him at that time? Bothwell was one of the great territorialists, Hereditary Lord Admiral, Lord Lieutenant of the Borders, a valiant soldier, and a Protestant. John Knox himself would have been willing to pronounce the bridal benediction of his feudal chief and the blooming Queen, in the hope that she would accompany her anti-Popish bridegroom to the preaching, learn from his stern

lessons the monstrousness of female domination, and submit the sceptre and the sword of empire to a king-matrimonial of the Reformed faith."*

The only issue of this marriage of John Stuart and Jane Hepburn was a son, Francis, who stood in an equal degree of relationship to Mary and to Bothwell, being the nephew of both, thus forming an additional strong connecting link between them. Lord John died in 1563, three years before Mary and Bothwell were drawn most closely together, and Mary always cherished a great affection for the little boy to whom she had given the name of her first husband, Francis. This son was a real Hepburn, and turned out a wild slip, and by his wayward boldness showed that his Uncle James lived over again in his sister's child, who was devoid of fear and full of wild enterprise.†

Whatever may have been the feelings of Mary toward Bothwell, their course was turned aside by the appearance

* Here let it be observed that it is very questionable if Mary would have conceded full royal rights to any one, or, if she did so, submit to a co-equal exercise of sovereignty by a consort. Perhaps the key to much of her enigmatical conduct is the fact that, as soon as she felt her neck within a bow of the matrimonial yoke, her whole powers were exerted to relieve herself of the constriction and control. Moreover, this may explain her strange conduct at times, particularly after her marriage with Bothwell, arising from a mere struggle for mastery. As long as the relative positions of lover and sweetheart were maintained, it was a sliding scale, dependent solely on feeling. Marriage brought in a new quantity, and instead of two positive poles, mutually attractive, there were now a positive and a negative, repellant.

† "John Stuart had already died at Inverness about the close of 1563. His widow entered, in the year 1566, into a second marriage with John

of Darnley. This "beardless Adonis" captured her fancy, and Bothwell for a short time was "out in the cold."

Sinclair, of Caithness, and after the death of the latter, in 1573, into a third, with Archibald Douglas, a relative of the Earl of Morton. Bothwell's sister, during her first brief union to John Stuart, bore a son, Francis Stuart, to whom Mary became godmother, and of whom his maternal uncle [James, Earl of Bothwell] at a late period assumed the office of guardian. Named, as it would seem, after Mary's first husband, and by his father's early death specially commended to her care, Francis Stuart received even in his childhood, while the Queen was still at the head of the Government of Scotland, many proofs of her kindness, and was afterwards, in a testament made at Sheffield during her imprisonment, recommended, as her brother's son and her own godson, to the favorable regard of James VI., particularly in order that he might succeed to the Bothwell estates [those of her third husband]. James VI. consequently considered Francis Stuart as his cousin, and, although belonging to an illegitimate branch of the family, created him, in 1581, Earl of Bothwell and Lord High Admiral of Scotland, having at the same time made over to him all the rest of his uncle's long-forfeited possessions and offices. His character was, notwithstanding, too much like that of his uncle [James], and his political life was also as stormy as his. However ungrateful the new Earl of Bothwell afterwards showed himself towards James VI., he never in the least forgot the kindness with which Mary had followed him from his cradle. *He told James VI to his face that if he submitted to Elizabeth's prosecution against his imprisoned mother, he deserved to be hanged; and when the tidings of her execution reached Scotland, he exclaimed that a coat of mail was now the only mourning he should wear, and put forth all his efforts to set on foot a hostile attack upon England.* Seven years afterwards he was obliged to seek refuge in the wild highlands of the North, and subsequently to betake himself to the Orkneys, whence he at length continued his flight over the Shetland Isles to France. In 1600, the French Government compelled him to withdraw into Spain, whence he betook himself to Naples, and there, after he had gone over to Romanism, he ended his life in the year 1612, having, it is alleged, died of grief at the death, by accident, of the eldest son of James VI., Prince Henry Frederick." "Schiern's Bothwell," appendix (Note B. to P. 57), 407–'8.

Handfasted to Darnley early in April, she was married to him 29th July of the same year, 1565. Before the public ceremony she gave tokens of regret at her precipitate choice of a yoke-fellow.

The consideration now reaches a point which has given rise to a great deal of discussion. After the marriage with Darnley, Bothwell had been recalled, as the only man who could support the Queen against the bastard Murray. Why did Mary promote his marriage with Jane Gordon if she hated Darnley so desperately and loved Bothwell so dearly? The English minister wrote home, 18th February, 1566, "I know now for certain that this Queen repenteth her marriage [with Darnley],* and she hateth him and all his kin." Burton (IV., 139) answers every objection in two short sentences:

"The interest taken by Queen Mary in this marriage has been pitted against the many presumptions that her heart then belonged to Bothwell. But experience in poor human nature teaches us that people, terrified by the pressure of temptation, do sometimes set up barriers against it, which they afterward make frantic efforts to get over."

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*Feuillet, in his "*Histoire d'une Parisienne*," has some pertinent observations on a similar antagonism between man and wife. "This man [Darnley], constituted solely of physical energy, had held his own against the anxieties by which he had been secretly tortured for weeks. His moral force had weakened under the astonishment, under the prolonged impression of that sombre hatred, that premeditated, astute, implacable vengeance

Whatever barrier Mary was thus erecting against herself, and however impassable she considered it to be, Bothwell had already planned the way to break it or sweep it away. His project was the reëstablishment of a Roman Catholic Court, invested with the power to pronounce divorces, especially where such were sought on a plea

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of which he felt that he was to be the victim. Habituated to treating women as children and playthings, he was stupefied and even terrified at having encountered, all at once, in one of these frail and despised beings, a profundity of perception and a force of will against which all his personal forces, physical vigor, fortune, social position, conjugal authority, were impotent and of no account whatever."

"The conclusion of the matter is this: in the moral order of things monsters are not produced. God does not create them, and [Mary] the angel, by her husband's brutality, was transformed into a monster." As a bystander observed, "I see something in the pupil of her eye which would not greatly please me were I her husband."

"Her (Mary's) education was essentially that of the French Court, and it affords a general solution of some of the moral difficulties connected with her career to collect from the sad history of the times the principles she must have then imbibed." "Appleton's Picturesque Cylopædia of Biography."

"The first Stuart on the English throne [James VI. of Scotland and I. of England] *was a true son of the* (mean and cowardly Darnley and of the intellectual but) *vicious beauty*, the mother, Mary, Queen of Scots. He (James) was a hard, cruel, weak, degraded creature." "*A perished kernel.*"—Ewall's "Stories from State Papers," 11-71.

which the Papists never failed to adjudge sufficient to untie the marriage knot. Upon the advice of Bothwell, Mary reconstituted this Court, and, when the time came that a divorce was desirable, Mary did all in her power to bring the matter before this tribunal and hasten the proceedings which set Bothwell free to marry her. All parties interested then concurred in using every means to remove all obstacles to the union of Mary and Bothwell, and the Protestant and Papist authorities ran a race, neck and neck, to legalize the divorce, without which Mary could not have married Bothwell, 15 May, 1567. It is utterly ridiculous to attempt to explain away the patent fact that, without Mary was willing, and all parties agreeable, the marriage between the Queen and the Earl could not have been accomplished. Mary's champions and defenders may shout themselves hoarse without weakening in the slightest degree Hume's consummate argument, that until her friends can show that Mary did not marry Bothwell, they had brought forward nothing to exonerate her. As to the question, how early Mary entered into those intimate relations with Bothwell—which not even her passionate affection for him can excuse, in a strictly moral light—is not so clear, nor is this so important if the fact can be shown that they did exist for some time before the death of Darnley. That they did as early as the summer of 1556 is attested by her own hand, in one of the famous Sonnets addressed to Bothwell by her after he had such a narrow escape

from death on the 6th of October, 1556. After this Mary seemed determined to aid him to the fullest extent of her ability in hastening the crisis. Then and thence resulted the death of Darnley, the divorce of Bothwell from his wife, Mary's marriage with him, and her complete surrender of herself to him, as it were, in the very presence of her husband's corpse.*

Mary's conduct at Borthwick Castle demonstrates that, so far as she was concerned, she was determined to cast in her lot with him; but her conduct, as well as his own, at Carberry Hill, is one of those "weakenings" which puzzle the clearest head and most philosophical mind. That she should have consented to let Bothwell leave her without striking a blow, and have insisted upon surrendering herself helplessly to his and her mortal enemies, is one of those mysteries which neither experience nor philosophy can solve.* History, it is true, abounds with mysteries, but pre-

* "Amid the confusion and general stupor, Jeanne, suddenly sobered, kept her feet, cold, impassable, resting one hand on her chair; her lovely face—once so pure and noble—seemingly concealed beneath the mask of Tisiphone, it manifested that mingling of horror and savage joy (satisfaction) which might have been discovered in the expression of Mary Stuart when she heard the explosion which avenged her upon the murderer of Rizzio."—Feuillet's "*Histoire d'une Parisienne.*"

* What an awful fatality must that have been which led Mary Stuart * * * ; but the hand of Nemesis is upon *the false and frail accomplice* of Bothwell. She rejects all advice." * * * [Babington White's "Circe."] The author is speaking of the equal feasibility of Mary's escape to France after Langside as to England. His view is just, for the French galleys took her on board at Dumbar-

sents none greater than the abandonment of Mary and the fruiting of his ambition and ("supposed") crime, by Bothwell. After striving for years to obtain, his relinquishment of his success without a struggle is among the most incomprehensible faintings in manhood on record. Some explanation may be discovered in the supposition that he had formerly found his strength and influence renewed and increased in exile; but even then the chance was so desperate and dubious, his desertion of his own cause, without a shot being fired or a blow struck, ranks with the inexplicable. It is one of the instances of the self-betrayal of a brave man which taxes the ingenuity of his biographer to excuse it; that is, if the historical writer has had any knowledge of manhood in adversity. Mary was doubtless at fault more than Bothwell; but since he had triumphed over her in his marriage and in accomplishing all his previous purposes, his will should have risen, with opposition and the occasion, to a greater triumph. What conversation passed between them in their parting exchange of thoughts, hopes and affection is a mystery as great as the result. Impartiality can only suggest that all powers, even the boldest, have their moments of weakness, and this was one of Bothwell's. The decision of the Queen and of her consort on this occasion must be assigned to the same class

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ton when she was a child, and transported her to France, which was a onger and a more dangerous transit. The same remark, however, is equally applicable to her action at Carberry Hill.

of inexplicable events as Hooker's throwing away all his advantages on the 1st of May, 1863, at Chancellorsville, after he had out-generaled Lee by such magnificent strategy as to evoke the highest praises of the best judges of war. It was a self-surrender similar to that which called forth the cruel criticism of Field Marshal the Duke of Berwick upon the parallel action of Louis XIV., 7th June, 1693. Berwick, courtier as he was, could not keep silent, and in bitterness of spirit he declared that the King's treason to himself was incomprehensible; that there could have been no good reason for it; that he could never learn anything to justify it; and that the only conclusion he could come to was that it was God's will it should be so. The Elector of Bavaria expressed about the same idea after the battle of Ramillies, 23d May, 1706; and, since it is admitted that the physical courage of both Mary and Bothwell was indisputable, all that can be said to throw the slightest glimmer of light upon such suicidal madness on their part is to refer the whole matter to the immediate influence of Providence, and remember the story of Jehosaphat and Ahab at Ramoth-Gilead, where God allowed "a lying spirit to go out" and "entice" Ahab, and "prevail" in leading him to his destruction. In the case of Mary and Bothwell, "the lying spirit" was Kirkaldy of Grange, and he prevailed.* "*Fiat voluntas tua*" was one of the

* It has even been surmised that Mary was struck with Kircaldy, and that he was fascinated by Mary (Burton, V., 129), on this occasion

mottoes of the Templars. "Thy will be done." "And it was so!"

Among the many letters written and received on the subject of "Mary, Queen of Scots, a Study," two contain observations which cannot be omitted. It is said of Marshal Clark, Napoleon's Minister of War, that, after the campaign of "One hundred days," in the summer of 1815, and while he continued to enjoy the favor of the restored Louis XVIII., "Those whose base extortions he had repressed in other times now joined their clamors against him, and the Royalists [Queen's party] cared not to say a word in his defence." Compare Dr. Petrick's conclusions—exactly Bothwell's case.

Again, "I believe I told you that I became curiously interested in the story of Mary and Bothwell. I know a living woman who is exactly such a creature as the Queen was, and I know a living man who is as exactly such a being as the Earl, only I believe the *living Earl*—if he had been there three hundred and fifteen years ago—would have fought it out to the bitter end at Carberry Hill. In

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and he eventually became another of her victims. There is no doubt that some unrecognized influence began soon after to work upon him, and converted him into one of her champions. Having hunted out Bothwell in 1567, he espoused her cause in 1569, took up arms in her behalf and perished like Bothwell through Murray's "foul accomplice," Morton, and the latter's English allies. Kirkaldy betrayed Mary at Carberry Hill in 1567, and he was betrayed by his own troops in Edinburgh Castle in 1573, six years afterward captured and ignominiously hung by Morton.

fact I know he would, because he belongs to a race who have held high commands in battle, and have either conquered, fought it out to the last, or died sword in hand on the field. I also think the living woman would have "caved," just as the Queen of Scots did; not from want of physical courage, but from what the Yankees term "inward cussedness," or that moral cowardice which arises from utter selfishness.

"Causes of good or evil seem to accumulate, when a very slight thing is the beginning of a succession of blessings or curses. All things conspire, till the recipients of blessings are smothered, or the victims of curses are crushed. Till the cup is full, overflowing, till the burden is unbearable, merciless, till good becomes satiety, or evil cruelty—all the world seems to delight in contributing or robbing, deifying or anathematizing."

"Never stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture watching
From his high aerial lookout,
Sees the downward plunge and follows;
And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions.
So disasters come not singly;
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise
Round their victim, sick and wounded
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish."

RUSSELL'S "*Library Notes*," "*Types*."



"*But though its greatness* [like Bothwell's] *has departed, its beauty remains.* Unlike its once proud masters, Decay, though it has destroyed, has not corrupted it; nay, has entranced its majesty, if not its beauty. The few grey hairs that palsy stirs upon the head of Eld, and which in man we pitifully call his "glory;" the trembling limbs that hardly serve to bear him to the wished for grave have here no parallel. The lichen and grey moss efface the ravages that Time has wrought upon the crumbling pile, the ivy binds its broken ruins together, and hides its scars, or crowns them with eternal green, and in every cleft and crevice through the summer long, the wild rose and the wall flower *swing their incense ovee this shrine of Time, and fill the air with sweetness.*"

JAMES PAYNE, "*Kit; a Memory.*"

—"All men must die:
BODIES ARE ONLY SHADOWS."
"*Mandingo Song*," "*Savage Africa.*"

"Go to the battle. It is not lead [the bullet] that kills. It is FATE which strikes us and which makes us die." "*Wollof War Song*," WILLIAM'S "*Negro Race in America.*"

"It is not in my power [to turn back], an irresistible impulse forces me onward to the overthrow of Rome." ALARIC.

"What course shall I steer?" asked the pilot: "Where God pleases to send me; Against that [nation] which God wills to punish." GENSERIC.

"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace."
"*Ecclesiastes*," III., 1 and 8.

IN the foregoing presentation and absolute refutation of the false charges preferred by so many writers against Bothwell, sufficient proofs have been adduced to demonstrate that Bothwell's first criminal intent was suggested by that prime agent of evil, the astute Lethington, or, as he is better known, Maitland, in obedience to the odious craft of Murray and

the insidious destitution of principle of the latter's "old accomplice," the foul Morton. No felonious conception can be imputed to James Hepburn until he became reconciled to Murray and to that illegitimate Stuart's *Ad-latus* and father of lies, Morton. To judge of either of these two it is only necessary to recall the proverbs, "A man is known by his friends and associates," or "Tell me a man's companions and I will tell you the man." Justly, indeed, the Hon. John St. John, in his Tragedy, "Mary, Queen of Scots," makes the Queen declare:

> "O, I was destined in my native land
> To heavier ills; *to Darnley's cruelty;*
> MURRAY'S AMBITION; MORTON'S TREACHERY;
> My subjects mean desertion of their Queen;
> Their base revolt, and baser calumnie."

BANKS, *in his "Albion's Queens,"* (see Note, p. 76, *supra*), endorses this:

> "Thou [MORTON] 'st done
> No ill to me, but as thy nature:
> *A wolf can do but as a wolf*—thou hast it
> Tho' Heaven thy horrid crimes may ne'er forget;
> But let my son revenge [he did] his father's murder,
> Which thou too surely did'st, and laid'st the stain on me."

It would be an attempt false to the purpose of this Trilogy—Mary, James Hepburn, and Bothwell—to endeavor to disprove or gloss over the fact that Bothwell's illicit love for Mary, and her return of such a passion for him, constituted the corner-stone of his subsequent co-operation in the "taking off" of Darnley. He realized

the ideal of James Thomson, in his tragedy of "Agamemnon," 1733:

> "Love, to the future blind, each sober thought,
> Each consequence despising, scorning all,
> But what its own enchanting dreams suggest."

Mary's surroundings in her girlhood and youth were incompatible with any sound comprehension of virtue. Her principal attendant, even when she left Scotland in 1548, was Lady Fleming, her aunt, an illegitimate daughter of James V. Chalmers more than once styles the Bastard Murray "her *minion.*" What can he mean by this term? Or, again, of Henry Brookes, in his better known tragedy of "*Gustavus Vasa,*" 1739:

> "Love is a passion whose effects are various:
> It ever brings some charge upon the soul,
> Some virtue, or some vice, till then unknown,
> Degrades the hero, and makes cowards valiant.
> ——When it pours upon a youthful temper,
> Open and apt to take the torrent in,
> It owns no limits, no restraint it knows,
> But sweeps down all, tho' Heav'n and Hell oppose:
> Ev'n Virtue rears in vain her sacred mound,
> Raz'd in its rage, or in its swellings drown'd."

Still it must be borne in mind that Bothwell was enamored of Mary from the first time that he saw her, and also that she simultaneously experienced a confiding and intimate appreciation of his worth. From that time forward *she leaned upon him, and was thrust more and more into his arms;* and had it not been for the insidious Murray,

it is likely that James Hepburn, and NOT Henry Stuart (Darnley), would have been her second—not her third—consort. As justly observed (page 54, *supra*), Bothwell "was a nobleman, who had hitherto been guilty of nothing dishonorable;" that being a man—as Lamartine admits—"gifted with superhuman daring," he was the only one who felt no fear in undertaking the doing of a deed which the other nobles suggested and devised, incited "thereto" by Murray, "looking through his fingers." That in this Bond he was the Douglas, who had the audacity to "Bell-the-Cat," "and, which none other dared to attempt—according to the morals of the times when it occurred—it [the removal of Darnley] is certainly not dishonoring for Bothwell." Finally, startling as the statement may seem, "Bothwell's [actual] participation in the murder of Darnley has not been strictly proved." Chalmers (1, 141) uses explicit language. "Murray and Maitland condemned him [Darnley] to the *bowstring*," and Archibald Douglas, Morton's cousin, played the part of a Turkish mute, and applied what answered to a *bowstring* in its effects.

Another of the false charges against Bothwell is that he was guilty of ingratitude to Mary, by dragging her down to ruin through his own selfishness, after she had loaded him with benefits and rewards. This is utterly ridiculous.

He had served her mother, the Queen-Dowager-Regent,

with unexampled fidelity against the "Lords of the Congregation," the rebellious nobility; and, after her death, Mary, herself, with equal loyalty. He had shown himself from the beginning the latter's wisest counsellor; preserved her from Murray, Morton and their party; led her armies; pacified the Borders; restored order throughout the realm; and it was not until he had rescued her from the assassins of Rizzio, in the spring of 1566, that he received his first reward (page 48–9, *supra*). Bothwell owed nothing to Mary up to this time. His dignities, his position, his possessions, his influence, were all inherited and inherent. He was born, 1536 or 1537, Lord High Admiral of Scotland, and as such his cradle was his first cabin. While a boy he had fought to suppress, not to abet, piracy. In his nineteenth or twentieth year he already took an active part in public affairs, and was a member of Parliament. When only twenty-one he represented his country at the solemn betrothal of Mary to Francis, when and where he first saw his subsequent sweetheart and wife. The same year he was in the field as a military commander, and in 1558, at most aged twenty-two, he was appointed Lieutenant General of the Scottish Southerly Frontier (Marches or Borders) and Constable of the Headquarters of the turbulent territory, Hermitage Castle. In regard to this appointment, Mary thus expressed herself at a later date: "Notwithstanding he wes yan of verie younge aige, yit wes he chosin out as maist

fit of the haill nobilitie to be oure Lieutenent-Generall upoun the bordouris, having the haill charge alsweill to defend as to assayle." (Labanoff, "*Lettres, Instructions et Memoires de Marie Stuart*," Vol. II., p. 34.)

As Lieutenant, or Warden, Bothwell invaded England, made a destructive raid, and defeated one of the famous perilous-to-encounter Percys, in a noted and notable cavalry engagement. Of this invasion he himself remarks: "I inflicted irreparable damage on the frontiers, and especially upon the [turbulent and inimical] population." In 1559, the "hitherto successful Bothwell" was sent, with a combined force of French and Scotch soldiers, to preserve the "famous fortress" or Castle of Stirling; in 1560 he was sent over to the French Court, over which presided Mary and Francis, to seek military co-operation: likewise into Denmark and Germany for the same purpose. In the spring of 1561 he rejoined Mary, now a widow, and remained at her Court in France until he left that country, and with her, on the same fleet if not in the same ship, returned to Scotland, and became a member of the Royal Privy Council. It may be said that this Council was due to his advice and selection of its members.

In 1560 he was made "*Gentilhomme de la Chambre*" (Chamberlain) to the King of France, with a handsome donation, and, in 1564, when the false Murray drove him forth into exile, the new King of France, Charles IX., made him, on Mary's recommendation, Captain of his

Scottish Body-Guard. In 1563–4, Elizabeth, contrary to right and honor, threw him, when thrown on her coasts by a storm, into captivity, and held him in duress as a dangerous enemy to English intrigue until Mary herself effected or compelled his release. Bothwell was the only man in Scotland that Murray feared. It was at this time, Randolf indicates "the first traces" "of the Queen's partiality for Bothwell." (Burton, IV., 110.) In 1565, all his former dignities, offices and influence were completely restored. In 1566 he was the Queen's Lieutenant General, or military *Alter Ego*, and commanded the Royal army which dispersed the insurgent forces and drove forth Elizabeth's fawning, thoroughly disciplined spaniel, Murray, and the other rebel lords, into the arms of their abettor, the false Machiavellian English Queen. The blows which slew Rizzio were aimed as well at Mary, at Bothwell and the rest of those faithful to her. When Bothwell brought her back within nine days in triumph, she made him Provost of Edinburgh Castle and Custodian or Constable of Dunbar. These were the first acknowledgments of his invaluable services, accompanied with emoluments, that Bothwell had as yet received at the hands of Mary. They did not in reality elevate him a single step, and it was not until he was about to marry her that the Queen made him Duke of the Orkneys—an empty title, as it turned out—a delusion and a snare. In the previous works, "Mary, Queen of Scots," a "Study," and "James Hepburn, a

Vindication," it has been shown that Mary's partiality for Bothwell dates back much farther—perhaps to the earliest months of her first widowhood—than writers are willing to allow. That they did not develop into the absorbing passion that afterwards possessed her is undoubtedly attributable to the malign and adverse influence of her illegitimate half-brother, "the Bastard" Murray. He was jealous of Bothwell as a soldier, as a statesman, and as a suitor, and he poisoned the Queen's mind against the only "REAL MAN" who approached her. Murray persecuted Bothwell to the extent of the power derived from his relationship, both through blood and "Bonds," or political partisanship, from the time of Mary's return home down to the minute that the bullet of Bothwellhaugh avenged James, Earl of Bothwell. It is likely that Bothwell's mode of life had something to do with diverting Mary's feelings from him to Darnley; but, like the pendulum driven to the left by the application of concealed machinery is brought back as soon as it has reached the limits of its sweep, and swings as far to the right, so Mary's sudden "access," which threw her into the arms of Darnley, as soon as she discovered her mistake, brought her back with equal velocity into the embrace of Bothwell. How soon? That it is impossible to prove. There is no direct testimony. Everything is circumstantial. Nevertheless the chain of evidence is very strong that, before Mary was publicly married to Darnley, she was already, from pas-

sion as well as politics, attracted more and more to Bothwell. Solomon, whose "Song of Songs" "breathes such impassioned love," truly declares: "Love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave." Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it; if a man would give his whole substance for love, it would utterly be contemned." Bothwell won; Mary gave!

Yes, the more carefully that the critic—if he be unbiassed—prosecutes his scrutiny, the more he will be convinced of this. It is easy to deny; it is difficult to disprove. It is more facile to assert, and it is not as hard to demonstrate, that she was from time to time deeply, nay, desperately, in love with Bothwell.

"Who journeys far in knowledge grows,
If wise, to wisdom more attains;
The more the outer world he knows
The more the inner vision gains—
The knowledge of the world within:
He clearer sees with deeper ken
That human souls are all akin,
Though diverse are the lives of men."

The proverb reads, "The course of true love never did run smooth." It held good in this case. As St. Augustine says in his "Confessions," "I loved not yet, yet I loved to love. * * * I sought what I might love, in love with loving;" or, as Dante puts it in his "Divine Comedy:"

"Love, that exempts no one beloved from loving,
Seized me [Mary] with pleasure of this man [Bothwell] so strongly,"
That, as thou seest, it doth not yet desert me ;
[Even in, and after, her captivity at Lochleven,]
Love has conducted us unto one death ;
Caina [lowest Hell] waiteth him [Murray] who quenched our life !
[Whither Bothwellhaugh's bullets sent the treacherous Bastard.]

Campbell goes so far as to state that Mary was "blinded by resentment" against Elizabeth's opposition to her marriage with Darnley, "as well as by love" for him, and, from these mingled motives, was impelled by indignation as well as by passion into consummating the union, which soon cost him his life and later hers.

Dargaud—sneer at his correctness who may—develops the rapid action of the tragic drama with trustworthy distinctness. The relations of Mary and of Bothwell had arrived at such a fever heat about the time that the Earl was wounded by John Elliot, of the Park, that a cataclysm was inevitable. It was simply cause and effect.*

* "To the man on whose career and character the correspondence of the day affords us these casual lights let us now return, at that critical point where all eyes were bent on him, and on the *Queen along with him, as in some shape to be sharers in a common destiny.* It was becoming evident that there was something in her sentiments towards him of a warmer nature than those who closely observed it could rationally attribute either to a just sense of his public merits or to simple gratitude for his services to herself. That she should fix her love on him has always been deemed something approaching the unnatural : but, when the circumstances are considered, the conclusion ceases to become so absolutely startling. *Mary was evidently one of those to whom at times—and to her the times were apt to come in quick succession*—a

Looking up into a clear blue sky, considering the condition of the atmosphere, and observing other circumstances inappreciable to those without experience in such matters, enables the careful observer to pronounce this serenity "a weather-breeder." The night closes in without particular change to attract the attention of admiring ignorance. Still there are indications perceptible to the seer, and the morning breaks in gloom and tempest. Knox, in a measure, was right, that "literary prostitute" Buchanan also, Murray, the whole tribe in some degree; but, like birds of prey, they saw nothing in this storm but the promise of gratification for their coarse but natural appetites. Mary returned from her trying gallop to the Hermitage to visit her wounded lover, and, in spite of the inevitable fatigue, instead of seeking repose, spent a large portion of the night in writing to him. This developed the fierce fever which nearly burned out her life. She rose from that

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great affair of the heart is a necessity of life; the necessity now increased in intensity by her utter disappointment in her last attachment, and *the loathing she entertained towards its object.* Who, then, were near her to be the first refuge for her fugitive affections? None but her own nobles, for she was not in a position to treat with a foreign prince; and, in looking around among the most eminent of these, including Huntly, the brother of a former suitor, Argyle, Athole and Arran, *there were none who, on the ground of rank and position, had claims much higher than Bothwell's*, unless it might be Arran, by reason of his royal blood, and he was already a rejected suitor." (Burton, IV., 172.) Burton (IV., 95) speaks of her *policy* in 1563, "when she was not under the influence of the *violent* attachments to which she afterwards yielded.".

sick-bed another woman. Bothwell left his couch—to which the wound received in her service had consigned him—and, only half recovered, hastened to her side; Darnley also came. How was each one received? There is no doubt as to the difference. From this time forward Bothwell rose privately and publicly in her esteem; and, as Bothwell rose, Darnley fell, stumbled, plunged into the pit his follies, cowardice and debaucheries had dug for him, and lost his life. Was Bothwell to blame that he delivered the nation and its queen from such a compound of ambition and imbecility! Since the beginning of the world history teems with similar instances. Is left-handed Ehud blamed for slaying the tyrant Eglon? Was not Jehu exalted for the destruction of Ahaziah and Jezebel? Are not Harmodius and Aristogiton honored for killing one of the Pisistratidæ, oppressors of Athens? Is not Brutus hailed as "the Last of the Romans," although he struck down his benefactor, Julius Cæsar! The Roman Catholics glorified with blasphemous honors the monk Clement, who emulated Ehud in killing Henry III.; and is not Charlotte Corday almost sanctified by the best of people for stabbing Marat? Did Bothwell intend to do more than either one of these, and was he not incited to do whatever he did by the preachings of Knox, the founder of the Scottish Church, and his coadjutors in the work of reformation? It is now positively known that Darnley did not lose his life either through the means employed by Both-

well or at his hands. Darnley was slain by Archibald Douglas, cousin to Darnley, and relative and confidant of Murray and Morton. Out upon such injustice! It was to the interest of Murray's party to throw the guilt upon Bothwell, to ruin him, to persecute him to his life's end, to defame his memory, and to hand him down as the vilest criminal in Scotland, *whereas he was the only* REAL MAN *of his generation*. As was said of the great Hohenstaufen emperor, "Frederick II., with many of the noblest qualities which could captivate the admiration of his own age, in some respects might appear misplaced, and by many centuries prematurely born." Or, again, "In all ages there have been false [undeserved] reputations, founded on some individual judgment, whose authority has prevailed without examination, until, at last, criticism discusses, the truth penetrates, and the phantom of prejudice vanishes. Such has been the reputation of" James Hepburn. "But the eye of Providence, which sees everything from eternity, perceives all this; and that same Providence disposes everything she has predestinated, in the order it deserves. As Homer says of the sun, it sees everything and hears everything."

Bothwell, as a politician, was too honest for his time, or any time. He served through loyalty, true to his motto, "Kiip Trest" ("Be Faithful"), through sheer loyalty to the Queen-Dowager and purest loyalty, fondest love (in many ways the terms are synonymous) to Mary,

Queen and woman. The scales of his magnanimity, adjusted to weigh most precious objects, were incompetent to weigh the sordid, soul-less creatures with whom he had to work, whose religion, patriotism and honor were founded on greed. With all his experience and education he did not appreciate that all revolutions were founded on personal interests, *pecunia*, money and lands. If he had lived to this day he would have seen this truth confirmed. The Netherlanders, who stood fiery death and fiercer torture because it reached individuals, or only a portion of the population, not the whole, would not stand the "tenth penny," Alva's *alcobala*, because it affected every one—every one felt and no one could avoid the extortion. The people of the Thirteen Colonies rebelled because the Mother Country justly sought to impose upon them a small portion of the burden of the expense of their defence against the French and savages. The South took up arms to carry their "peculiar institution," Slavery, on to Free Soil, and protect their property and traffic in human chattels.

So it has been and so it ever will be. The Scotch nobility wanted to retain what they had gripped, and acquire more of the confiscated Church lands, and Bothwell sought to curb their growing power, to maintain the royal authority, and to administer justice without regard to creed or greed. It is susceptible of proof that he did this almost without reward, and even at last with no adequate com-

pensation from this source. All that he held he inherited from his great-grandfather, the first Earl Patrick, except his government of Edinburgh Castle and the Castlery of Dunbar, which were the recompense of his mighty fidelity; he

> "Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
> Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;"—

he, who never placed his neck in the yoke of a Knox—who, lording so long over the consciences of Scotland, thought enough of his own appetites and interests to share at sixty the matrimonial yoke with a rich and noble maiden of fifteen;—he, who planted himself as a barrier to the aggressions of the "Lords of the Congregation;" who had he but filled the maws of this hungry pack with plunder, or reduced them to beggary, and given their possessions to a new tribe of "wild (Nepaul) dogs" and jackals, and had he been contented with the woman, Mary, he might have continued to live on and to love. He fell and lost all because he was a patriot without groveling objects. Had he left the administration and its advantages to the vile aristocracy whose mouths watered for the latter alone, as hungry wolves contemplate a flock of fat sheep, he would not have been branded as a "pirate," and died in exile and captivity. He sought at once to love the Queen as a "real man," and to govern the country as a real ruler. In Scotland two such *roles*, in his day, were incompatible. Love brims earth's cup. Let mortals be content with that. If the goblet of life be filled with that draught, pure and com-

plete, none other will be conceded. The law of compensation will yield no more because, with means to live, Fortune can bestow no more. Wreathe the cup with the most exquisite wild flowers grown amid the thorns along the path of life, and Fate may smile and bless the gift. Encrust the chalice with gems, and at once it becomes the coveted prize of the envious, the sensual and the violent, or the prey of the stealthy or the rapacious robber.

"Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are."





"This is Love's house, and this is Love's hour of bliss;
Through the dark grove her windows shine like stars;
List to those flute-players, mark well the bars
Of that sweet prelude, each note like a kiss
That longer grows and tenderer, till you miss
The music in the passion. Nothing jars
On soul or sense: no fateful boding mars
Joy's perfectness; what end shall be of this?

Love hath her day, but Love's day vanisheth;
Vacant her chambers now, below, above;
Her flutes no longer breathe melodious breath;
Dark are her windows now as is the grove;
And echoes of the falling feet of Death
Reverberate through the empty house of Love."

"*Love's Day*."—*The Academy*.

IT is impossible, without entering into the most minute details and at length, to furnish to readers any adequate idea of the utter villainy of the principal Scotch nobility in the time of Mary. They had scarcely signed the Bond at the celebrated Ainslie [Annesley] Supper, 19th April, 1567,* urging the Queen to marry Bothwell, and sol-

* But what was the purport of this celebrated Bond? The writers—after rehearsing the facts which we have already detailed, that the Earl of Bothwell, having been openly calumniated as guilty of the death

emnly pledging "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors," their complete support to her and to him, if the marriage did follow, than—even before the nuptial

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of the late King, as well by placards over the city as by the letters of the Earl of Lennox, had been tried and found innocent by the noblemen, his peers, appointed to conduct the inquest—declare that *the nobleness of his lineage, the magnitude of his services, and their own friendship towards him in all times past, together with that common bond of interest which unites all noblemen together*, as equally subject to the calumnies of their enemies, and the vain bruits of the common people, induce them *to come forward and avouch his perfect innocence, and to promise upon their faith and honor, and truth in their bodies as they are noblemen*, and as they shall answer to God, to defend him in all time to come against all, whosoever they may be, who shall utter slander against his name; and, moreover, considering that the Queen was without a husband, and that *none could be found so fitting for that dignity as himself*, they promise to sustain him in his endeavors to perfect such a marriage, and to render him all assistance against any who shall endeavor to oppose or to prevent it. [If there were no evident tokens of Mary's fondness and partiality for Bothwell, why should he have been selected for so high a dignity and reward?] And should they violate their solemn promise, they call down upon their own heads the vengeance of posterity, and beseech that they may "never have Reputatioun or Credite in na Tyme heiraftir, but be accounted unworthie and faithles Traytors." The annals of history are filled with many sad and melancholy instances of human treachery and human crime, and our own [English] nation has not been free from such blots upon its brilliant escutcheon; but when we see the same men who have thus, under the most solemn obligations which can bind the mind of man, *dedicate their lives, their fortunes and their honor to the support and defence of a single man*, and the furtherance of his marriage with their Queen, declaring a few short months afterwards that he was undoubtedly guilty of the perpetration of the crime, from the imputation of which they there declared him free, and averring that their sovereign, "by hir un-

knot was tied—they were making arrangements for another "Bond" to pull down the Earl and ruin the Queen. (See Letter of the British spy and tool, Kircaldy of Grange, to the English Earl of Bedford, dated the next day, 20th of April, 1567.) Burton (IV., 235) states that they were concerting their plans for this infernal treachery before the marriage, 15th May, 1567. That is to say they had handicapped the Ainslie-Tavern-Bond by another, calculated to annul their pledges, which had been freely and unreservedly given a few weeks previously. Among the excuses they alleged to whitewash themselves for rising against Bothwell and the Queen, was the charge that the former intended to get possession of the young prince (afterwards James VI.) and make way with him, to assure to himself and to his issue the Crown and the Succession in Scotland. That such issue there would be, Mary herself deemed probable. (Froude, IX., 65.) This lame attempt at exon-

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godlie and dishonorable proceeding in a priveit mariage with him soddenlie and unprovisitlie," was proved beyond a doubt to have participated in that crime, the whole dark array of human guilt seems brightened by the contrast, and the vile act of perfidy stands forth the blackest in the annals of our race. Bright, indeed, was the spirit of prophecy which illuminated their minds when they penned those last words of their sacred Bond, when they declared that, if they violated that pledge, they should "nevir have Reputatioun or Credite in na Tyme heiraftir, but be accounted *unworthie and faithles Traytors*." Their own lips have pronounced the verdict on their fame, and posterity shall confirm the awful sentence for the profit and edification of an admiring world." ("Memoirs of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland," by L. Stanhope F. Buckingham. London, 1844, pp. 177–80.

eration falls to the ground, since it is known that their threefold treason was determined at least a week before either the Queen or Bothwell had manifested the faintest design—or, according to any evidence, entertained the slightest idea—of asking or seeking the guardianship of the Royal child. They had no reason for their suspicions except the suggestion of their own guilty minds, sufficiently capable of engendering such a criminal plot. Whatever course he followed, Bothwell's objective had always been, and was, a grand one. Primarily it was the good of his country, and the hope of bringing order out of chaos. Secondly, it was the possession of Mary Stuart, the object of "the overpowering force of love [which] had already swept away his long tried fidelity." (Buckingham, I., 182.) It is a pity Bothwell had not eaten freely of "Ant's Eggs," which, according to popular superstition, "are an Antidote to Love." Even in this, however, his design was invested with a certain nobility of purpose. From her hand he hoped to receive the sceptre, and from his marriage with her derive the legitimization of an authority which would enable him to bless Scotland with something like a stable and efficient government. That he loved Mary as no other man ever loved her, and that she loved him—as much as her Stuart-Guisan nature—spasmodically and sporadically—would allow, and as she loved no other man, is susceptible of the clearest proof, except to those who resemble the Papists and Southern Rebels, and

are positively unable to see the truth through the atmosphere of their interests and their ignorance, their prejudices and their passions.

Mary Stuart's life—to repeat—was one tissue of mistakes. She started out with the grand error of making Elizabeth her enemy by a public claim to the Crown of England. She endeavored to excuse this on the ground that the act was not her own, but that of her father-in-law, Henry II., King of France. This would be a plausible explanation if she had not adhered to the assumption throughout life, and when she was entirely independent of all control. This obstinacy brought her to the scaffold. Moreover, her indiscretions—beginning as soon as her first husband, Francis, died—were unintermittent. (Burton, IV., 172–3.) She was a perfect "Medusa among Beauties." Every one of her lovers in succession came to a terrible end; with one exception, the noble d'Amville. He alone, in time, had the strength of soul to break the spell. From Chastelard to Babington, to love Mary Stuart, or to be favored by her, was equivalent to a sentence of death. Just consider the list after her return to Scotland; for uncertainty—like one of the dense fogs of the land of her nativity—invests the period of her widowhood in France. She must have in reality possessed the fabulous "Capon's stone," capable of ensuring love. Even the vile Murray expiated his brief intervals of favor by assassination. Chastelard, by the hands of the executioner, heads the death-

roll; Sir John Gordon, avowedly the handsomest man in Scotland, was decapitated in her presence; Rizzio was basely and barbarously murdered at her knees, her second husband abetting and assisting; Darnley was strangled, NOT *killed by an explosion, and* NOT *by Bothwell;* Bothwell, after fearful vicissitudes, perished in confinement; the Earl of Arundel died in the Tower and the Duke of Norfolk on the block there; the Earl of Northumberland lost his head by the axe at York; and the Earl of Westmoreland died in poverty and exile. As for minor victims to her fascination, the rack, the noose, the axe and the gibbet were their inevitable fate.

Mary Stuart's mother, Mary of Guise, Queen-Dowager-Regent, trusted implicitly in Bothwell. Mary herself accorded to him her fullest confidence in emergencies, from the first time they met at Joinville. Had she remained faithful to these first impressions, all would have gone well. Knox would have sanctioned and blessed the union of the Queen and his hereditary chief, to whom he ever, with more or less fondness, inclined, and the Reformers, as a body, in spite of the rascality of their lords, would have followed the anointed of the great Scottish Reformer and the most consistent Protestant of the whole nobility. But, unfortunately, she allowed herself to be beguiled by the arch-hypocrite Murray, and he led her astray and plunged her deeper and deeper into the fatal slough of his arts, or lured her into the meshes of his boundless ambition.

Although a bigoted Roman Catholic, among her first acts, after her return to Scotland, was to assist her intriguing relative to ruin the House of Huntley, the principal prop of her creed. What for? To build up the fortunes of her false brother, who was her most truculent enemy, and thus, by the spoliation of her staunchest friends, to found and fence the fortunes of her bitterest enemies. Unless she had so greatly enriched Murray, he could not have compassed her downfall. Had she married Bothwell when she returned to Scotland, all would have gone well. He was a Protestant who, while unshakable in his convictions, was wholly destitute of bigotry. He would have rallied the Calvinistic pack to her support —the hungry and remorseless pack, which, allowed to follow Murray's lead, hunted Mary to her doom. She passed over devoted fidelity when it might have proved her salvation, and was captured—"captured" is the only word applicable—by the "mere external graces and accomplishments" of a courtly but "silly young fool," and soul-less, "well-made, long lad"—an immature man, just as fit to be a king-consort as the astute Murray was to be a subject. The "deep-seeing ecclesiastic," Mary's uncle, the Cardinal de Lorraine, sent two confidential messengers to his niece, and implored her, through Roullart, to give up Darnley "if she valued her future happiness," styling him, with astonishing perspicacity, "*un gentil hutaudeau*" (an obsolete epithet of contempt equivalent to a "high-

born, quarrelsome coxcomb") "unmeet in any respect to be her consort." Unfortunately things had gone too far. Darnley already possessed her person. Handfasted to him in the beginning of April, 1565, she learned too late the truth of her relative's judgment. She was already surfeited with him when the mistress, in fact,—by a sort of brutal usage or custom in Scotland—became the fully legalized wife, on the 29th of July following. For this outrage on manners and morals, her church—the Roman Catholic, a church which is never false to its Jesuit creed, expediency, that the end justifies the means—and the Papal agent, Rizzio, are alone responsible. All this time her heart of hearts belonged to Bothwell. This cannot be proved by direct, however demonstrable by indirect, evidence. At the public marriage with Darnley (Froude, VIII., 190)—

"For some strange reason," the Queen appeared "at the altar in a mourning dress of black velvet, such as she wore the doleful day of the burial of her husband [Francis]. Whether it was an accident—whether the doom of the house of Stuart haunted her at this hour with its fatal foreshadowings—or *whether simply for a great political purpose*, she was *doing an* ACT WHICH IN ITSELF SHE LOATHED, it is impossible to tell; *but that black drapery struck the spectators with a cold, uneasy awe.*"

The public marriage with Darnley evoked from its originator and manipulator, Rizzio, the secret agent of the Papacy, "the exultant exclamation, '*Te Deum laudamus*' —it is done, and cannot be broken." Blind fool! He praised God for what? For bringing about his own down-

fall and death! He did not foresee that, within eight months, Darnley would compass his murder. Nor did he foresee that a week after Bothwell would be summoned home, destined to avenge him on Darnley, and overturn all for which the exultant Piedmontese had labored and was to suffer.

In "Mary, Queen of Scots, a Study," and in "James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, a (the first) Vindication," sufficient has been said in detail of the removal of Darnley. All that seems needful in this immediate connection is to repeat that "Mary was thrust more and more into the arms of Bothwell" (page 49, *supra*) from the moment he returned home to her support. By handfasting she became the legalized or morganatic mistress of Darnley early in April, 1565; by choice she was the *chere-amie* of Bothwell (Dargaud), before Darnley was a year older, perhaps much sooner.

That Sir Walter Scott, with all his chivalric admiration of Mary Stuart, did not believe in her innocence is admitted by the Queen's warmest advocates. That she lured Darnley—once, and for a short period, the object of a frenzied passion—to his doom is undoubted. The more the facts are studied, the more conclusive must be the judgment of the impartial against her. Amid the direct and circumstantial evidence, her letters (known generally as the "Casket Letters") to Bothwell are the most important proof.

In spite of all the volumes published and testimony that has accumulated, in almost every language of Europe, to prove that the "Casket Letters" and Sonnets and Documents found in the Silver Box, belonging to Bothwell, and delivered over to his enemies by the double traitor, Balfour—are forgeries, the writer reiterates, after more careful consideration, that *their authenticity is undoubted.* After over two years' study of all the testimony, pro and con, his verdict—that of no incompetent critic—must be that *they carry within themselves inherent proof that they are not inventions*, except in the primary sense of the word—*i. e.*, they were accidentally discovered. To emphasize, *the Casket Letters are not* FORGERIES. Those documents are not anomalies. Many women in different classes of life, in more or less polished language, have addressed letters to their lovers as full of passion as those of Mary, demonstrating as complete surrenders of heart and soul to the object of their love, to whom they had abandoned themselves and devoted themselves whether for good or for evil. They are exactly such communications as would be sent to a Bothwell, now idolized by a Mary Stuart hating a Darnley, a detested and detestable husband, than whom a meaner creature never lived; and, *as she did write them*, they clear up every difficulty which appears to invest the otherwise enigmatical tie that bound the Queen and the Earl to each other with mysterious intensity. They prove, moreover, that in whatever degree Bothwell was criminal

in blasting away the obstacle, Darnley, between Mary and himself, she, in an equal if not a greater degree, was guilty as instigator, perhaps; as accomplice, assuredly; as spy and lure, certainly; as a receiver of whatever was acquired by the crime, a partner from first to last, at every step, in every degree, in every phase, and in every particular action. Among other arguments urged that Mary did not compose or write these letters, &c., is their orthography, calligraphy, language, style, and sentiment. No one wrote more unevenly in every respect than she did at different times. In a little French work entitled, "The Art of Judging the Characters of Men and Their Handwriting," is shown a letter of Mary Stuart, "who at times wrote elegantly, though usually in uneven lines; when *in haste* and distress of mind; in several letters during her imprisonment which I have read *much the contrary*;" *i. e.*, not elegantly or as ordinarily. This is another strong proof of the authenticity of Mary's letters to Bothwell, which were indited both "*in haste* and distress of mind," or perturbation of mind (D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature," IV., 47). As further proof against her see the curious inedited holograph letter recently discovered, among others of Mary, in the Charter Room of the Earl of Moray, Donibristle House, to the Commendator of St. Colmes Inch, in a mixed dialect of English, Scotch and French. Although a perfectly original document from the hand of the Queen, it is admitted by Agnes Strickland, her *too partial* biographer, to be "al-

most as unintelligible as if written in Welsh." It was indited during Mary's captivity at Bolton Castle, in England, and is dated 23d July, 1568. Such spelling as this epistle exhibits is incomprehensible in a woman of the Queen's capabilities, education, and opportunities. The best proof against Mary is feminine nature in general, and her own in particular, and there is nothing in any of the papers, charged to be hers, in prose or poetry, that is not strictly consistent with both.

It seems almost impossible for a student of this period to tear himself away from discussing the validity of the Casket Letters and Documents. To a person of experience, a man of the world, they carry within themselves every proof of their authenticity. This internal evidence, again, is corroborated by external circumstances. Whoever denies that Mary's infatuation or passion for Bothwell is not demonstrated by them, as well as by her open conduct, is either too prejudiced to judge fairly, or too ignorant of women and the world to be competent to judge at all. Here, apparently out of place in this connection, it seems pertinent to anticipate in regard to the charge of Bothwell's unkindness to Mary, after their public marriage, a similar rule of investigation must be applied. If Bothwell and Mary's connection dated back for the long period alleged, and as good as proven—although a Scotch jury might let them off with the dubious verdict of "guilty, but not proven"—a comparison of testimonies will demon-

strate that their *honeymoon* was only *nominal*, and that, since the edge of possession had long since been turned, it was no honeymoon—in the real sense of the word—at all. Bothwell knew Mary and her failings or proclivities, and since it is admitted that strong love and fierce jealousy are inseparable, this conjunction of excitations, together with the difficulties of his situation, may have made the Earl-Consort less gentle than a "spoiled beauty" was willing to submit to without grievous complaint. The conditions of courting and of marriage, differ vastly in the great majority of cases. Marriage, according to the proverb, "is the Grave of Love." Moreover, Mary was easily discomposed. When crossed, and when in that condition of mind, and in her condition of body—all proved by her faintings and other unmistakable signs—she doubtless used strong phrases not meant in earnest, however forcibly expressed. People undertake to apply to her case rules of judgment which are altogether inapplicable in the nature of things and to women, from queen to quean: since all women in love are alike, whether crowned or in rags. Moral laws and conventional restraints are all very well in the abstract, but whoever has been behind the scenes and seen the litter-strewn corners of life is well aware that a writer must have been very much of a Bohemian, who undertakes to write on subjects that lie entirely beyond the area of the dignity of parlor manners and the proprieties of full-dress-parade or fashionable receptions.

Burton (IV., 228–'9) assures us that:

"The beginning of their wedded life [publicly accepted as such] resembled that of any innocent young couple, affluent in the sources of magnificence and luxury.* They were a *good*

* "Some business had to be done, however, and, among other things, came up the proper diplomatic communication of the events to foreign Courts. A long document of extreme interest contains her instructions to William Chisholm, Bishop of Dunblane, sent as a special envoy to France to convey the intelligence and make suitable explanations. This document is curiously wavering and inconsistent. It begins with a eulogistic biography of her husband—what the French would call an *eloge*. His great services and merits are set forth at length; and since it has to be admitted that he was sometimes under the cloud of the royal displeasure, this is attributed to the envyings that ever dog high merit, and are successful for a time in obscuring it. In this portion of the document it is made clear that Bothwell amply deserved his preferment.

"Having shown what she had done was exactly what in justice and duty she should have done, she next tells how the surrounding conditions coerced her, so that, as a political necessity, she could not do otherwise. She found that his eminent services to the state and to her own person had not been achieved without exciting ambitious thoughts. She saw the somewhat audacious tenor of these, and tried to administer a judicious check to them. She failed. There was another element besides ambition which made him rash and headstrong in his acts—a devouring love for her. These combined motives conduced to rash acts, which brought her into his power. Then, when she considered her position, it was not merely that she was at the mercy of a man exulting in the consciousness of unparalled heroism and statesmanship, and frantically in love with herself, but her whole nature was with him. She referred to the Bond signed at the notable [Ainslie] supper as a great demonstration of the chiefs of the state, such as a sovereign cannot without danger resist. The current in Bothwell's favor was so strong that not one man in Scotland appeared to stand up for her. Then she bethought herself if she was right in her obstinate resistance. She be-

deal seen in public, and frequently rode together in much bravery. Stories were told how when he, still preserving the etiquette of sovereign and subject, would attend her cap in hand, she would playfully snatch it and place it on his head. It may, indeed, be counted one of the most remarkable phenomena of the whole situation that one of the subtlest and acutest women ever born should, in her fool's paradise, have been totally unconscious of the volcano she was treading on."

Any man of the world who has seen much of life, and been behind the scenes, must know that just such letters as are attributed to Mary Stuart have been written under similar cir-

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gan to yield to the wishes of her people, and at the same time her heart relented to the *merits and the deep affection* of her lover. Further, wearied out by the turbulence of the country she was to rule over, she feels how great a relief it will be to herself, how great a gain to law and order, that she shall have for her husband *a man who has command in his nature*, and can be trusted to rule her fierce subjects. These, indeed, would never 'digest a foreign husband;' and of her own subjects 'there was none, either for the reputation of his house or for the worthiness of himself, as well in wisdom, valiantness, as in all other good qualities, to be preferred or yet compared to him whom we have taken.' Again the document takes a twist. There must be something said to palliate the extraordinary haste in this royal marriage. Such alliances were generally affairs on which a sort of congress of friendly royalties deliberated. It was but common decorum that she should have consulted the King of France, the Queen Mother, her uncle, the Cardinal, and some others. Here, again, she throws the blame on the importunity of her lover and the impatient pressure of the ruling powers of the country. Then, as if the writer felt alarm that what she said in her own vindication must react against the other, she pleads vehemently that all her friends must be the friends of him who is inseparably joined to her. The past is past. If he has been to blame, it was because *his devotion overcame his discretion.*" (Burton's "History of Scotland." Vol. IV., pages 229–230.)

cumstances by passionate women to the objects of inordinate and illicit affection again, and again, in every age. Human nature never changes. The mode of expression, perhaps, may vary with the times, but the ideas are always identical. Froude has been charged with bigoted prejudice against Mary. Even that does not invalidate his facts. Before those can be disregarded they must be disproved. All the advocates and champions who have come forward to exonerate Mary are no more than knight errants fighting windmills, unless they can demonstrate that he falsified the records. Examine his chapter xvi., vol. ix. The English Lords who considered these letters were convinced that Mary wrote them. Burton, (iv., xlvii., 278,) draws a conclusion, which is the only explanation of Mary's "giving in" and signing her abdication at Loch Leven. He says that it was her knowledge of the existence of these letters that cowed her, and not the brutal conduct of the Rebel Lords that induced her to set her seal to her own unthroning. Mary's friends admit that Burton is fair, and, yet, Burton is more severe in his measured language than Froude in his asperity, and the former's arguments that the Casket Letters are genuine are not only unanswerable, but convincing. There is no question but that Bothwell was the master spirit. Still Mary was the temptress. A careless study of her character finds traits which at first seem incompatible with the spirit of the letters; but a closer analysis proves that her true character is revealed in them. The want of refinement on which her friends found their denial is due to the time and not to her, and, being consistent with the time, do not invalidate the fact that a Queen wrote them. Another foundation on which her defenders build high is that she was a poet of ability. She was not; and it is very doubtful if the prettiest verses attributed to her were not written at a later date by a bright Frenchman, in the same way that the noted wit,

Rougemont, manufactured bon-mots for the Count d' Artois, and that Cambronne uttered a filthy word which Victor Hugo transmuted into a deathless, despairing outburst of heroism. Whether Mary did or did not write the few lines of her "Adieu to France," or other poetry attributed to her, had she not been a Queen, her versification would be deemed by an accomplished editor worthy of the waste basket. The "Casket Letters" are those of a passionate woman, loathing her husband and loving another man. They are as true to nature as a howl to a wolf or a roar to a lion. Whether or not Bothwell deserved such self-abandonment is something that cannot be brought into the question. Love is blind; Love is lunacy; and to discover why any woman loves any man *a l'outrance*, is a question as impossible to solve as to comprehend hieroglyphics without a key to them. Mary Stuart, of a "tough, healthy nature," which could accommodate itself to the brutality of her captivity at Loch Leven—"a lusty princess"—a full blooded woman, disgusted with an effeminate, debauched, "beardless Adonis," who caught her truant fancy, and yielded to the heroic roughness of the REAL MAN, Bothwell, in herself furnishes the clearest elucidation and the completest proof that the Casket Letters and Sonnets are genuine.*

"Amour! Amour quand tu nous tiens,
On peut bein dire: Adieu prudence!"

In this connection, the remark of the author of the "Heir of Redcliffe" is pertinent: "Hearts can find

* CASKET LETTERS.—Arnold Gædeke, Professor of History in the University of Heidelberg, in his "Maria Stuart," published in 1879, in his text proper, Appendixes I., II., III., has gone into a thorough analysis and examination of the Casket Letters, and his conclusions fully endorse the views expressed by the author.

more ways than you dream of" [to communicate their sentiments], "we had only to meet for the magnetism of mind to be felt." Exactly so! It was this magnetism of mind first drew Bothwell and Mary together, and it breathes or influences or manifests itself throughout the "Casket Letters and Sonnets." Mary appears in them as vividly present in spirit as if she spoke them in person.

People talk about the impassioned tone of the Casket Letters. Men and women felt and wrote four hundred years ago just as they feel and write to-day. Read Perkin Warbeck's love epistle to his ladye love, the "White Rose of Scotland," in 1492 [see author's "Bothwell, a Vindication," page 11] and Otway's love-letter to his mistress—composed under similar circumstances to those of Bothwell and Mary—two hundred years ago, of which the following is a transcript. Do Mary Stuart's Casket Letters breathe more fervent, absolute passion or affection, term it what you will?

To Madam: My Tyrant:—I endure too much Torment to be silent, and have endur'd it too long not to make the severest complaint. I love you, I dote on you; Desire makes me mad, when I am near you; and Despair, when I am from you. Sure, of all Miseries, Love is to me the most intolerable: It haunts me in my Sleep, perplexes me when waking; every melancholy Thought makes my Fears more powerful; and every delightful one makes my Wishes more unruly. In all other uneasy Chances of a man's Life, there is an immediate Recourse to some kind of Succour or another: In Wants we apply ourselves to our Friends; in Sickness to Physicians: But Love, the Sum, the Total of all Misfortunes, must be endur'd with Silence; no Friend so dear to trust with such a Secret, nor Remedy in Art

so powerful as to remove its Anguish. Since the first day I saw you, I have hardly enjoyed one Hour of perfect Quiet. I lov'd you early; and no sooner had I beheld that soft bewitching Face of yours, but I felt in my Heart the very Foundation of all my Peace give way: But when you became another's, I must confess that I did then rebel, had foolish Pride enough to promise myself I would in Time recover my Liberty: In spight of my enslav'd Nature, I swore against myself, I would not love you: I affected a Resentment, stifled my Spirit, and would not let it bend so much as once to upbraid you, each Day it was my chance to see or to be near you: With stubborn Sufferance, I resolved to bear, and brave your Power: Nay, did it often too, successfully. Generally with Wine, or Conversation I diverted or appeas'd the Demon that possessed me; but when at Night, returning to my unhappy self, to give my Heart an Account why I had done it so unnatural a Violence, it was then I always paid a treble Interest for the short moments of Ease, which I had borrow'd; then every treacherous Thought rose up and took your part, nor left me 'till they had thrown me on my Bed, and open'd those Sluices of Tears, that were to run till Morning. This has been for some years my best Condition: Nay, Time itself, that decays all things else, has but increas'd and added to my Longings. I tell it you, and charge you to believe it, as you are generous (which sure you must be, for every thing, except your Neglect of me, persuades me that you are so) even at this time, tho' other Arms have held you, and so long trespass'd on those dear Joys that only were my Due. I love you with that Tenderness of Spirit, that Purity of Truth, and that Sincerity of Heart, that I could sacrifice the nearest Friends, or Interests I have on Earth, barely but to please you: If I had all the World, it should be yours; for with it I could be but miserable, if you were not mine. I appeal to yourself

for Justice, if through the whole Actions of my Life, I have done any one thing that might not let you see how absolute your authority was over me. Your Commands have been always sacred to me; your Smiles have always transported me, and your Frowns aw'd me. In short, you will quickly become to me the greatest Blessing, or the greatest Curse, that ever Man was doomed to. I cannot so much as look on you without Confusion; Wishes and Fears rise up in War within me, and work a cursed Distraction thro' my Soul, that must, I am sure, in time have wretched Consequences: You only can, with that beadling Cordial, Love, assuage and calm my Torments; pity the Man then that would be proud to die for you and cannot live without you, and allow him thus far to boast too, that (take out Fortune from the Balance) you never were belov'd or courted by a Creature that had a nobler or juster Pretence to your Heart, than the Unfortunate (and even at this time) weeping OTWAY.





"I woke
With his last word,
And cried through tears and with uplifted hands:
'Come back, beloved; why to distant lands
Row thy lone way? Oh! come and breathe again
Thy perfumed words, spoke this time not in vain.
Come back!' but the wide vales
Return my yearning cry:
'Come back!' but far he sails;
He heeds not my sad cry.
'Oh! come again, great stranger; why depart?
Come back to heal my pierced, anguished heart.'
I saw his airy skiff
Sail up beyond the sea,
Far o'er a cloudy cliff
That overhung the sea.
And never may return the rapture of my dream?
And never may I hear or know of him?
'Come, oh! come to me,—
Oh! hush, envenomed sea.'
'Farewell, [Marie], to thee.'
Would God I had awoke
Before my heart was broke."

—*All the Year Round.*

"But now the hand of Fate is on the curtain,
And gives the Scene to light."

DRYDEN.

NOTE.—If repetitions present themselves in these successive chapters they are not the result of inadvertence, but intention; endeavors to impress certain proofs and arguments the more forcibly, in order to make more appreciable the evidence in Bothwell's favor, and render more secure his acquittal or exoneration.

THE chronic condition or malady of the Scottish nation throughout the greater part of the XVI. century was little better than that of Mexico after it was emancipated from the Spanish yoke, a constant and hot fever of revolution. After the death of James V., father of Mary, the Reformation, which had been kept down more particularly by Cardinal Beatoun, began to acquire a relative strength, such as it actually possessed in no other country. It grew stronger and stronger with every succeeding year, until it might have wrested the power from the Queen-Dowager, Mary of Guise, had it not been for the military intervention of the French. To the assistance of the Reform party Queen Elizabeth sent a fleet, under one of the ablest seamen and soundest commanders of the day, Admiral Winter, and an army under an excellent soldier and wise leader, Lord Grey. Between them the French were expelled. To this war, as regards the French fleet, as to previous and subsequent ones with the same nation and others, especially with Spain, would apply the motto of the medal struck to commemorate the overthrow of the Invincible Armada:*

* Divine Order.—"How often might a man, after he hath jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them out upon the ground before they would fall into an exact poem, yea, or so much as make a good discourse in prose? And may not a little book be as easily made by chance, as this great volume of the world? How long might a man be sprinkling colors upon a canvas with a careless hand before they could happen to make the exact picture of a man? And is a man easier made by chance than his picture? How long might twenty thousand

"*Afflavit Deus et dissipantur.*
(God the Almighty blew,
And the Armada went to every wind.)"

Well might the poet sing:

"Thank him who isled us [English] here, and roughly set
His Saxon in blown seas and storming showers."

Just preceding their expulsion of the French the Queen-Dowager died, displaying at her end a policy which, if it had been exhibited at an earlier date, might have made the royal cushion of her daughter much easier for its occupant. It was exactly the policy of Alexander Jannæus, King of Judea, in regard to the Pharisees, his life-long enemies and victims. His death-bed astuteness (B. C. 78) left his family in the possession of an authority which otherwise certainly would have been disputed.

The enforced withdrawal of the French from Scotland, under the impulsion of England, very much resembled that of the forces of Louis Napoleon, three hundred years afterwards, from Mexico. In 1560 the English said "Go!" and the French went. In 1865 the re-united United States notified the French "Either go, or—!" that is, more imperatively "Go!" and without the necessity of the application of force, they went. As in 1560 in Scotland, so in 1865 in Mexico, the departure of the French left the popular party in

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blind men which should be sent out from the several remote parts of England, wander up and down before they would all meet upon Salisbury Plains, and fall into rank and file in the exact order of an army? And yet this is much more easy to be managed than how the innumerable blind parts of matter should rendezvous themselves into a world."

Archbishop John Tillotson.

the ascendant. When Mary returned, in 1561, the "Lords of the Congregation" exercised the controlling power. Her acceptance of Murray, their leader, enabled her to tide over the first four years of her administration in a sort of sullen peace. Her sex and her graces, and her very impotence, had a great deal to do with the meanwhile acquiescence in her authority. As long as there was no king, and Murray controlled events, there was no actual outbreak. No doubt the courage, ability and fidelity of Bothwell acted as a balance-wheel, even in a so-shackly-piece of machinery. To use a very strong, but vulgar expression, Mary, undoubtedly, felt a "sneaking kindness" for the Earl from the first time that they were thrown together after the death of her husband, Francis II., at the time (1560) when he was sent out by her mother, Mary of Guise, to France on a political mission. Bothwell had experienced the same love at first sight for her, when they met before the betrothal in 1557–'8. This affection was growing stronger and stronger, and might have resulted in a union which would have consolidated the monarchy, when Darnley made his appearance, and with his airs and graces "captured" the Queen. Mary was a "lusty princess," to use the expression of Froude (VIII. 25), and her passionate nature took fire from the appetizing "long lad." Through the intermediation of Rizzio, who, by the elevation of Darnley, expected to fortify his own influence, and that of his church, Mary became in fact, although not in law,

Darnley's bed-fellow. Although this surrender of her person was not generally known, there were surmises of the true condition of affairs, and the mutterings of a storm were soon heard ominously. By the time that Mary was ready to marry Darnley, officially and publicly, she was not only tired of him, but evinced it.* (See 163, *Supra*, &c.)

The Reform party now rose in arms, but the enthusiasm of the nation for their charming Queen, engineered by Bothwell, who she herself selected as her military representative, her soldierly *Alter Ego*, conjured the menacing tempest, and those who had evoked it, after what was styled the "Run-about-raid,"—sometimes styled, also, the "Round-about-raid"—were forced to take refuge in England. Had they not possessed the support of Elizabeth, manipulated with dexterity by her astute Ministry—than whom abler political pilots never conned and steered a ship of state—Mary might now have enjoyed some years of

* "The sage and moderate statesman, Castelnau de Mauvissiere, was sent to Scotland to keep matters quiet, and a better messenger for such a purpose could not be found. Grave, conscientious, friendly and peaceful, he was beyond his age, and was peculiarly free of the impulsive, warlike and ostentatious propensities which have characterized his countrymen in all ages.

"It is significant that in the same memoir in which he describes the beginning of her headlong career (1565), *he mentions Bothwell as her right-hand man*, and likely to be made lieutenant-general of the kingdom—so ostensibly began this man's disastrous influence." (Burton, IV., 127–'8.)

tranquillity—that is, if she had a bold sagacious Bothwell by her side, instead of a cowardly imbecile, Darnley. Through the latters brutish stupidity and insane jealousy of Rizzio, who had engineered his elevation, a new conspiracy or "Bond" was formed against the Italian, which was aimed as well at Mary. It is pretty evident that if Mary, seven months gone with child, had perished at the same time with her Italian favorite, it would not have pained or disappointed the conspirators. If she *had* perished there and thus, Darnley would have been a feeble obstacle to the ulterior plans of the Murray party. Mary was a hardy creature and she survived the shock, to which ordinary women would have succumbed. Between her cajolery of Darnley, and the promptings of Bothwell, she again triumphed in the spring of 1566, as she had in the summer of the previous year. Darnley's betrayal of his associates, through the subtle influence of Mary, made the conspirators, who had thus become the victims of his treason to them—though not by any means through his loyalty to his wife—his implacable enemies. Mary, who had long given her implicit confidence, as well as her affection, to Bothwell, now threw herself completely into his stalwart arms (see 49, *supra*). This was a result, of which to avert the possibility, for political reasons, Mary had brought about the marriage between the Earl and Jane Gordon, sister of the Earl of Huntley, and daughter of the great

Earl Huntley, whom she had wickedly sacrificed, in 1563, to the fox-wolf-cunning-and-voracity of Murray.

It would have been far better for Mary Stuart if her surrender of herself to the REAL MAN, Bothwell, had occurred before she threw herself at the head of the imitation of manhood, the immature Darnley. In the former case her passions would have been gratified without breach of law, and the law would have given her a support in the columnar Bothwell, which she could not have found in any other mate. The fierce blaze of the mutual craving of Mary and Bothwell, fanned by her increasing aversion to her husband, which seems to have gradually inspired her with a disgust at times amounting to loathing, re-awakened in Bothwell all his original passion and wildest hopes. These hopes developed into the only real crime which is chargeable to him throughout life, the getting rid of Darnley, in order that he might occupy his every place. When Bothwell had been nearly killed in the performance of his duty as Warden of the Borders or Marches, and Mary flew as a dispairing sweetheart to the bedside of a severely wounded lover, the curtain rose on the first scene of a tragedy which closed with the ruin of both. From this time forward momentous events succeeded each other with a rapidity almost unparalleled. To get rid of Darnley, and insure himself the sole possession of Mary, and to become king-consort, and through this ownership and elevation to acquire influence and authority to restore peace and

prosperity to his country—certainly a most laudable motive—Bothwell joined hand for the nonce with the Murray faction, and Mary herself became a co-conspirator with her most dangerous enemies to free herself for good and all of the hated and hateful creature who stood between her and her love. The relations between herself and Bothwell are clearly set forth in the papers found in the "Silver Casket," already considered at length. (See pages *supra.*)

Mary's deportment towards Darnley rendered him contemptible, and his own attitude made him detestable and dispicable in the eyes of all. How he strayed off to Glasgow and fell sick, according to some surmises from an insufficient dose of poison—such as, in 1582, sufficed for the removal of the third Regent, the "good (?) Earl of Mar;"—or was stricken down by a foul disease—said to have been brought back from America by the Spaniards; or Italy, by the French, 1492–'7—or by the small-pox; whatever was the cause, he was dangerously ill. There is little doubt that Darnley had a reasonable presentiment that, if he remained in Scotland, he was sure of but a very short lease of life. He had threatened to fly the country and take refuge in France. Such a step would have traversed the hopes of Mary, the desire of Bothwell, and the plans of the conspirators. Mary's objective was a union with Bothwell; Bothwell's the possession of Mary, and, with her, kingly power, and, with both, the restoration of Scottish affairs, and their establishment upon a sound

basis. Mary's views were simply those of a woman in love; those of Bothwell of a man in love, but also of a statesman, a general, a governor, and a patriot. The other conspirators looked farther ahead than either to their own aggrandisement at the expense of both. Could they manage it so that Bothwell, with Mary as his decoy and accomplice, should, with their help, succeed in murdering Darnley; then these confederated rebel lords, acting with the support of public opinion and the clergy, calculated to bring about a cataclysm which would sweep away both Mary and Bothwell, if the Queen took advantage of the death of Darnley to marry the generally accepted murderer. In this manner only could the great Earl be hurled from his pride of place.

This was the project of the rebels, and it was based on their idea that, in getting rid of him, they demolished the greatest obstacle to their immediate and eventual success, seeing that he was the ablest and most powerful personality in Scotland. Feeling certain that Mary must be involved in his ruin, Murray and his peers, or rather assistants and "seids," could thereupon seize the reins of government, exercise an authority akin to royal and divide the spoils. They realized the words of the Psalmist, "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee." They succeeded, but Nemesis avenged all. "While their meat was yet in their mouths, the wrath of God came upon them and slew the fattest of them, and smote down the

chosen men of Israel." [Scotland]. Mary got her man; Bothwell grasped for one month the Royal power; Murray, Lenox, Mar, Morton, in succession, became Regents and perished; meaner agents mounted higher steps of the ladder of preferment and gain; and yet, by poetical as well as prosaic justice to each, became applicable the words of St. Luke in regard to the exulting Herod, "The Lord smote him, * * * and he gave up the ghost."

It is curious how differently the judgment apparently opposite or applicable to different individuals will be warped to condemn the one, to absolve another, to mitigate the penalty of a third, or, with a recommendation to mercy, excuse a fourth. If ever a human being lived who deliberately toled a confiding fellow-creature within reach of the deadly blow of a paramour—for after making every excuse and pleading every justification for him, Bothwell was a paramour in the present meaning of the word—Mary Stuart was the guilty one. He was her paramour in the remote sense of the word, which did not imply originally all that it does now, and he was the same in a bad sense.* Time, place, and circumstance,

* The following conversation from Dr. John Moore's "Zeluco" (1789), shows the same contradictory judgments upon Mary, one hundred years ago, as had already ruled, *pro* and *con*, for two hundred years and still rule throughout the world:

"'In what did he [Buchanan, the Historian] ever shew any want of honesty?' said Buchanan. 'In calumniating and endeavoring to blacken the reputation of his rightful sovereign, Mary, Queen of Scots,'

noble thoughts, great plans, patriotic objects, besides undoubted affection, were his justification. He was a man of one absorbing idea. It was gratified. He ought to have been satisfied. His honeymoon was a realization of the magnificent story, "One of the Nights of Cleopatra," that wild conception of Theophile Gautier. Bothwell was the hero of Scottish history, Meiamoun of Egyptian romance. The latter a noble, fearless, Egyptian gentleman—became reckless in his infatuated love for Cleopatra. Fortune vouchsafed the successful revelation of his passion; and the Queen rewarded his audacity with a night's possession of herself, with the proviso that, with the ensuing dawn, her audacious admirer should drink a deadly poison. Meiamoun willingly consents. He enjoyed and he perished. Bothwell was more favored. Instead

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replied Targe, 'the most beautiful and accomplished princess that ever sat on a throne.' * * * * * *

"'I fear you are too nearly related to the false slanderer whose name you bear!' said Targe. 'I glory in the name; and should think myself greatly obliged to any man who could prove my relation to the great George Buchanan!' cried the other. 'He is nothing but a disloyal calumniator,' cried Targe, 'who attempted to support falsehoods by forgeries, which I thank heaven, are now fully detected!' 'You are thankful for a very small mercy!' resumed Buchanan, 'but since you provoke me to it, I will tell you in plain English that your bonnie Queen Mary was the strumpet of Bothwell, and the murderer of her husband!'"

Moore, in his "Fables," remarks of Mary very much as Shakespeare of Cressida:

"*Her very shoe has power to wound.*"

of a night, Fate generously conceded a month. He likewise enjoyed, and to him the result was worse than the fatal draught provided by the daughter of Ptolemy.

Mary lured Darnley into the death-trap. Goodhall declared, one hundred years ago, that Bothwell did not murder Darnley, but that the same men-devils, who deliberately slew Rizzio, avenged the Italian by slaying the arch-plotter and tool, Darnley; he, who was as criminal in his Judas' kiss, which signalled the death of the arrogant musician-minister-of-state on the night of the 9th–10th March, 1566, as Mary was guilty with a like Judas' kiss on the night of 9th—10th February, 1567. It might be said her kiss served as the signal, as it were, for her revenge and her emancipation. The fiction generally accepted as absolute truth by the whole reading public, with the exception of a few critics, sets forth that Darnley perished by the explosion of a comparatively small amount of powder, *emptied* loosely into the room sometimes occupied by the Queen, and underneath the one in which Darnley slept. Undoubtedly Bothwell intended the accomplishment of the death of Darnley by blowing up the house, but erred in his calculations, because at that day, and especially so in Scotland, the explosive properties of gunpowder seem to have been very little understood. Loose powder, even in a very large quantity, would not have blown a stone building so solidly built as houses were then constructed—especially such an one as the Kirk of Field is described to

have been—all to pieces. It would have simply wrecked the interior, lifted off the roof, blown out doors and windows, and shattered everything except the floors and arches. *In such a case, had Darnley's death resulted from the powder deposited loosely by Bothwell's agents, his corpse must have been blackened, charred and mutilated. This was not the case, but exactly the contrary. His body was found, without a sign of violence, two hundred and forty feet from the building, which was blown all to pieces.* How is this to be accounted for? *Thus!* Before Bothwell's servants had brought thither, into the "Kirk-o-Field," a single grain of powder, mines had been laid under the house, their chambers heavily charged; and everything thoroughly looked to. Bothwell's co-conspirators determined that there should be no failure, while they arranged matters so cleverly that the whole odium of the crime would fall upon the Earl, who was to profit immediately by it, they themselves indirectly. In any event, Darnley was to die. They would see to that. How then was it that the victim's body was found not singed, nor blurred, nor mutilated, so far from the house. Darnley, with a presentiment of evil, did not go to bed that night as promptly as usual, but sat up reading the Bible with his body-page, Taylor, who was found, near him, dead also. *Alarmed* at strange or unusual noises, which fell with startling and ominous force upon his sensitive hearing, attentive and suspicious, *he fled* from the house with Tay-

lor, *before the explosion*. His hopes of escape, however, were all in vain, since the house was entirely surrounded by the conspirators. This has been demonstrated at length in the author's "Vindication" of the Earl, published, at length, in the *United Service*, for September and October, 1882. Darnley and his page were caught by Sir Archibald Douglas, his kinsman, and others, assisting, and, after a violent struggle, strangled. The victim plead for mercy in piteous language, which was overheard and recorded, and struggled for his life with all the strength of a young and desperate man. The clothes of Douglas were all grimy with mire in consequence. Why, then, should Bothwell dream that his preparations had slain Darnley? He could not have seen what occurred, because high walls rose between him and the crime. He did not. He was completely justified in always protesting his innocence. Why has so much abuse been poured out on Bothwell for his "supposed" murder of Darnley and so many excuses found for the public assassination of Cardinal Beatoun, by the Calvinists, 28th May, 1546, the sainted (*sic*) Kirkaldy participating and all the Reformers approving, and of Archbishop Sharpe by the Covenanters, 1st May, 1679. "The law and the testimony" must apply equally in all three cases. He intended that Darnley should be killed, and Mary approved of it, but neither were aware that their co-conspirators had previously mined the house scientifically, and had surrounded the premises with a cordon of vigilant and

determined would-be murderers. These did the deed. Why? Because these men-devils were resolved that not only one but three were to be sacrificed. Darnley on the spot, and afterwards Bothwell, and then Mary, through the effects of the murder done by them upon the first named. After Darnley was dead and Bothwell and Mary driven into exile, or thrown into prison, or cast into the grave, then would come the seizure of the government and the division of the spoils. Darnley was the dupe in all and of all; Mary was the lure; Bothwell was the instrument and the dupe of Murray and his faction; and all three were victims in turn, and those who victimized perished, one by one, each in his turn, all without warning and without mercy.

"Life's a bondage to the 'tickers' stern, immutable decrees."*

Darnley was dead. Between Bothwell and Mary the only barrier remaining was extremely slight, and very easily removed. As heretofore shown, Bothwell in the previous year had induced Mary to revive the ancient jurisdiction of the Roman Catholic Consistorial Courts, which had been charged with trying the pleas of consanguinity acknowledged by that creed as valid reasons for divorce. This Roman Catholic Court was re-created or revived 23d December, 1556. As Bothwell was married to Jane (Irving,

* "My personal despair extended itself to all creation, and the *law of fatality arose before me in such appalling aspect that my reason was shaken by it.*" GEORGE SAND.

in his "Eminent Scotsmen," 227, styles her Elizabeth) Gordon, on the 24th February, 1566, any one not wilfully blind must acknowledge that, even at the time of the nuptials, or very soon after, Bothwell was looking forward to find means to bring about a union with Mary. He seemed to be convinced that in espousing Jane Gordon he was tying a knot which would be readily unloosed through her complaisant disposition "for a consideration." Castelnau, the French Ambassador, perceiving already, in September, 1565, that Mary had resolved upon following the dictates of her own passion, while he describes the beginning of her headlong career, he mentions "Bothwell as her right hand man, and likely to be made Lieutenant-General of the kingdom—so, ostensibly, began this man's disastrous influence." (Burton, IV., 128–9.) In the author's two former works on Mary and Bothwell, sufficient attention has been paid to the details of occurrences between the death of Darnley, 9th February, 1567, and Mary's third marriage with Bothwell on 15th May following. The latter was acquitted on his trial before the Privy Council and a Jury of his Peers, 12th April, 1567, and their verdict was ratified by the Scottish Parliament on the 14th of the same month. On the 19th, Bothwell gave a grand supper at the famous Annesley (Ainslie, Anslee) Tavern to the highest nobility and the first men of the country. Before the guests separated, the famous Bond was subscribed—Murray's signature assuredly heading

the list (Buckingham I., 172–4), although, with his usual duplicity, he was not present at the entertainment—declaring Bothwell's innocence and urging his marriage with the Queen. On the 21st April, with her own connivance and approbation, Mary was met and escorted by Bothwell to Dunbar. There altogether willingly or unwillingly, as her foes or her friends allege, the same intimate relations at once existed, or were entered into, between Mary and Bothwell as, two years previously, between Mary and Darnley, after she had "handfasted" herself to the latter nearly four months before the public celebration of their union. Two strong points in favor of Bothwell's action, as consistent with Mary's wishes and careful collusion, are always ignored by her friends in treating of what they elect to style her "ravishing"—which was simply conducting her with the honor of a great lord and the humility of a grand lover to one of the chief military strongholds and royal residences of the kingdom. First, Agnes Strickland, and all her associates, in whitewashing Mary, dwell on the fact that the Queen was slightly attended when Bothwell met her at the appointed place, as agreed upon between them, and consequently could not resist him, and that there was no escort of 300 horsemen, as alluded to in the Casket Letter, styled "Supposititious." These champions ignore *she did have an escort of* 300 *the previous day*, but managed to dismiss, or get rid, of them, that there might not be the slightest obstacle to traverse Bothwell's

nominal seizure, or to justify her in making even a seeming opposition. Mary has been defended with all the subtlety of criminal lawyers' exhausting casuistry to save a criminal, whereas Bothwell has scarcely found an advocate who would dare to enter a plea in his favor. Second, Schiern (242–6), who is no enemy of Mary, here steps in most opportunely with an argument which, supported as it is by documentary and circumstantial evidence, seems to be unanswerable.

"This impression was, however, soon forced to give way before the opinion which subsequently prevailed in Scotland, according to which no doubt could be entertained, even from the beginning, that what Bothwell had undertaken was done in consequence of an agreement with Mary. His conduct was more precisely accounted for at the time in three ways. It was, in Scotland, an old practice that papers were drawn up, by which any one obtained pardon for crimes, this was done so that only the chief crime was expressly mentioned, while merely a clause was added, describing in general terms what offences the person concerned had besides committed. Buchanan accordingly holds that as the murderers of the King, and especially Bothwell, were afraid that there might come a time when it would be seriously resolved to punish them for the deed, they had found out that by the help of such a clause they would be able to get the crime pardoned, the express mention of which in a document might appear as

dangerous to the perpetrators as it would be unseemly for the pardoner. The murder of the Queen's husband could not be mentioned, but another crime of high treason, which was less odious, must be found out, under screen of which the murder of the King, as by a piece of sophistry, could be concealed and forgiven. An attack upon the Queen's exalted person was such an aggravated crime, and therefore nothing more fitting for the purpose could be contrived than that *feigned abduction*. Others explained the strange transaction by alleging that its design was to stop the mouths of those who had long thought that the Queen stood in a too intimate relation to the Earl. More natural than both far-fetched explanations is that which, while still seeing in the abduction merely a preconcerted piece of acting, interpreted it as a direct result of an immoderate love for Bothwell, which made her impatiently long to be able to call him her own. As they who favor this mode of explaining the hurried marriage proceed upon the supposition that *the passion had long before led Mary to give herself up to the Earl*, so one of her later defenders believes that he is able to expose the foolishness of any such explanation by asking the question: "Where was the necessity for a precipitate marriage at all? Was Mary so eager to become Bothwell's wife, with whom she indeed had long been indulging in an illicit intercourse, that she could not wait the time demanded by common decency to wear her widow's garb for Darnley? Was she

really so entirely lost to every sense of female delicacy and public shame—so utterly dead to her own interests and reputation—or so very scrupulous about a little longer continuing her unlicensed amours, that, rather than suffer the delay of a few months, she would thus run the risk of involving herself in eternal infamy?'' These questions are not without force for those against whom they are directed; *but, if the relation be apprehended somewhat differently, it would be possible to meet them. There is with regard to the abduction, and the subsequent sudden marriage, a circumstance which is not ordinarily taken into consideration in this connection*, but to which we might refer as an answer. *Immediately after Mary's third marriage her opponents declared that she had again become pregnant*, and, when the Queen was confined a prisoner at Lochleven, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who had been sent by Elizabeth to Scotland to negotiate her release, wrote in a letter from Edinburgh, of 18th July, 1567, to his mistress: 'I have also persuaded her to conform herself to renounce Bothwell for her husband, and to be content to suffer a divorce to pass betwixt them; she hath sent me word that she will in no ways consent unto that, but rather die, grounding herself upon this reason, taking herself to be seven weeks gone with child; by renouncing Bothwell, she should acknowledge herself to be with child of a bastard, and to have forfeited her honor, which she will not do to die for it.' *Might not Mary*,

under the supposition of which she makes mention, have at this time or earlier believed her pregnancy to be of older date? And, if the Queen had such fear after Darnley's death, might not Bothwell then have found the final encouragement to venture on abduction, and the Queen afterwards an incentive for not at this time rejecting his hand? Even if the abduction to Dunbar had not taken place with the Queen's will, yet the opposition which she there exhibited to Bothwell was, at all events, so small in comparison with her former brave behavior during the catastrophe which put an end to Rizzio's life, that this weakness becomes the weightiest—and properly the only incontrovertible—reason for assuming *an earlier and more intimate understanding between her and the Earl* than she has plainly admitted. When some one mentioned to David Hume that a new treatise had been published, the author of which was believed to have successfully vindicated Mary, the historian only asked: 'Has he also proved that the Queen did not marry Bothwell?' and, when no affirmative answer could be given, he signified that the attempt had failed." (Schiern's "Bothwell," 242–'6.)

To confirm Professor Schiern's view, turn to Raumer ("Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary," Letter xxviii., 1569. Edition of 1836, p. 161). "*Mary never spoke decidedly respecting* the murder of Darnley and *her connection with Bothwell*, or *produced any fact in support of her innocence.* When Sir Francis Knollys at length plainly

put the question to her, she answered, as usual, in some general expressions, and began to weep; on this he broke off the subject." For whatever reasons, she changed her views, if she did do so, Lady Lennox, Darnley's mother, in 1570, believed Mary "indisputably guilty," and Mary's ambassador, the Bishop of Ross, when the terrors of death were upon him, "and while making a clean breast of it, he admitted to Dr. Wilson her [Mary's] share of the murder of Darnley." This admission is pass-key to all the rest.

On the 27th April, the Roman Catholic Consistorial Tribunal was authorized to entertain an action of divorce by Bothwell against his wife. The proceedings began 5th May, and judgment was given in his favor on the 7th. Whoever presumes to question Mary's complicity in the whole matter is simply ignorant that, to accomplish this "Mary had to come personally forward and issue a special authority to that end" (Burton, IV., 221). In the meanwhile Bothwell's wife sued for a divorce against her husband, before the Protestant Civil Court, on the ground of adultery, which was almost simultaneously granted on the 3d May. On the 5th April—mark this!—Sir James Macintosh says that the suit of the Countess of Bothwell against her husband "commenced almost *on the day which the Queen specified as that on which she alleged she had been violated by Bothwell.*" (Buckingham I., 197.) Mary and Bothwell were married according to both

the Protestant and Roman Catholic rites. Bothwell's biographer, Schiern, who examined all the evidence on this disputed point, says the *double* marriage presents perfectly clear proof (p. 258 and note 1) that it was so celebrated according to the Reformed and Romanist manners. Buckingham (I., 200–'2) is equally explicit, and endeavors to explain it on the plea of compulsion. Other historians concur. How any doubt could have arisen or a mistake have occurred can be easily explained. Bothwell had always refused to allow the Roman Catholic clergy to interfere in his affairs, and, therefore, his Protestant rites were public, although, perhaps, to satisfy the prejudices of his bride, he consented to permit a more private marriage according to the Roman Catholic form. Can anything be more sly than Romanism? and Buckingham clears it up by stating "they were married according to the forms of BOTH churches, by Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, and a Catholic priest whose name has not been recorded."

Bothwell's attitude, as soon as he became lord of the land, was noble. His announcement of the accomplished fact to Charles IX. of France was dignified and worthy of his new position. What he wrote to Elizabeth of England was almost haughty and defiant. His letter to her like

"His tread rings iron, as to battleward."

The Murray faction had now attained their object. According *to their representations*, Bothwell had long

been Mary's paramour: he and he alone had murdered her husband Darnley; Mary was his accomplice; immediately after the murder she had hastened to bring about a divorce—before a court constituted or revived by her Royal authority, and especially called upon by herself to act in this case—between Bothwell and his wife; and she, an adulteress and the accomplice of the murderer, had profited by his deed to marry within ten days after the divorce, an adulterer, an assassin, and a regicide. What is more, these noble conspirators accused her and her husband of not only being desirous of getting possession of her son by Darnley, the royal infant afterwards James VI., but even of attempting to poison him. This crime, of "burking" little James VI., was the very one Doctor Story confessed to in 1570. "It was nothing else than making way with the little King of Scots, in the belief that with his life would be removed the principal obstacle to his mother's [Mary's] marriage with some Catholic prince." (Froude, X., 94.) All of Bothwell and Mary's accusers were themselves the originators, abettors, executives of the crimes they charged upon the Queen and her consort, who only acted in accordance with their desires, their suggestions and in furtherance of their ends. Such treachery, hypocrisy, betraying and sacrificing is scarcely recorded elsewhere in history. Grant that Mary and Bothwell were guilty, what were their accusers? Bothwell's crime, if he was as culpable as charged against him, was the

single one that can be brought against himself throughout, for his era, an unusually loyal and honorable career. Murray, Knox's sainted Murray, had been the contriver and instigator of crime after crime for the past seven years. He had kept his fingers out of the fire, but he had looked through his fingers at the execution of every guilty deed which he had instigated. As an example of an honest man and a faithful subject, as a brother and a minister of state, he was a consummate fraud. His co-adjutors, co-conspirators, accomplices, instruments, associates, were, according to poor Hamlet's expression, "as foul as Vulcan's stithy." In comparison to Murray's particular friend, Morton,* the concrete of corruption, Bothwell was a miracle of virtue, and, indeed, among the black flock of ravens which joined in hoarse congratulation over the corpse of Rizzio and rejoiced over the stark body of Darnley, Bothwell, amid such a repulsive brood, was exactly what Petrick styled him, that "*rara avis*, a

* The best evidence of the popular opinion in England as to the especial guilt of Morton is to be found in the many plays of the actual and succeeding periods, in which Mary Stuart is introduced. Several instances have already been adduced: the following is even more pertinent. It is from J. Bank's "*Albion Queens*."

NORFOLK (*speaks*). "Now, only now's the time; *the traitor Morton*,
The false, usurping Regent, is returned,
With all the magazine of hell about him.
The Queen, my lovely Albion Queen's in danger;
And if thou wilt not straight advise thy friend,
Mary 's undone, and Norfolk is no more."

WHITE CROW." Mary had scarcely been united to the consort selected and urged upon her by her chief nobility—a consort whom they had solemnly pledged themselves to sustain against all enemies—than the very magnates who signed the Ainslie "Bond" in favor of the man of her choice and of her marriage with him, entered into a new "Bond" to destroy both. The falsity of their excuses for this was as vile in itself as consistent with their hypocrisy and villainy. Among other charges they alleged that they bonded to protect their infant king, and only rose against him because Bothwell had demanded the custody of the baby prince, whereas the whole of their action was inimical to him before Bothwell had even intimated anything which could be construed into a desire that the royal child should be delivered to his care.

Hitherto, as a rule, with a few honorable exceptions, writers who have treated of the principal events in the life of Bothwell constitute a chorus of different voices or tones, which in its union of effect is damnatory. This is the more surprising as every one of the singers has to depend on the same score or authorities in producing his music. And, yet, although the general result is adverse, the testimony emanating from the majority of composers unfavorable or partially favorable to him is anything but depreciative. In no event of his life is he made to appear so badly as at Carberry Hill; and, yet, even then, the French Ambassador, Du Croc, who disliked Bothwell, is

compelled to admit, in his record of this Sunday spectacle, that Bothwell had not only profited by his military studies and experience, but by his early training in the "humanities."

"*I cannot but say that I saw a* GREAT CAPTAIN *present himself with the utmost confidence, and one who led his troops with bravery and prudence.*" How certain Bothwell still was of the issue of the day at the departure of Du Croc, he also showed, when, on seeing his foes cross the stream, he advised this mediator "to imitate him who wished to establish peace and friendship between the armies of Scipio and Hannibal when these two armies were about to come to blows, just as the two before them were going to do, but who, when he could do nothing and was unwilling to take part with either side, chose for himself a place as a spectator, and thus became witness of the grandest sight which he had ever seen; if Du Croc would now do the same he would never live to witness a greater entertainment, for he should see them fight bravely."

Despite this acknowledged capacity for leadership of Bothwell, it would have been impossible for a Frederic the Great to fight against a superior force, even as to numbers, of comparatively trained soldiers, variously estimated at from two to four thousand—under commanders of considerable experience—with a kernel of two hundred Arquebusiers constituting the Queen's body-guard, and another small troop of his own personal followers, backed by a rabble not more numerous than the array of old soldiers opposed to them.

The majority of historians, poets and romancers combine to accuse Bothwell of want of courage in abandoning Mary at Carberry Hill. Aytoun, who, in his poem, "Bothwell," is cruel enough to write (Part vi., xl.,)

> "Was it a dream? Or did I hear
> A yell of scorn assail my ear,
> As frantic from the host I rode?
> The very charger I bestrode
> Rebelled in wrath against the rein,
> And strove to bear me back again!
> Lost, lost! I cared not where I went—
> Lost, lost! and none were there,
> Save those who sought in banishment
> A refuge from despair."—

in his note to this stanza, the same author is compelled to admit, contradicting himself (258), "I must do Bothwell the justice to say: * * * "*His challenges were not mere bravado, but he was almost insanely anxious to meet Morton in single combat. Bothwell was a man of great physical courage, which is more than can be said of the adversary* [Morton, the Ahitophel of the period] *whom he selected.*" *

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*"I have endeavored, as nearly as poetical requirements would allow, to follow history accurately. I interpret the events thus. Bothwell, by carrying Mary off to Dunbar, at once consummated his own ruin. His fellow-conspirators might easily have rescued her from his hands; but *their object was to have her married to him*, so they delayed. After the marriage had taken place, they lost no time, but strengthened themselves by calling in the aid of such of the Border barons as regarded with jealousy the increasing power of the House of Hepburn. They could also depend upon the assistance of the craftsmen of Edinburgh, a body trained to the use of arms, and not degenerate from

The real facts of the case are these. Bothwell and Mary advanced to Carberry Hill with a force of about 2500

their fathers, who had fought valiantly at Flodden. Bothwell, on the other hand, had none beyond his own troopers in whom he could place perfect reliance. The royal summons had brought to Dunbar many of the East-Lothian barons, headed by Lords Seton, Yester and Borthwick; but they were not partisans of Bothwell, and came simply on account of the Queen. Bothwell was perfectly aware of this, and of the Queen's desire to escape, if possible, from his hands; and that knowledge accounts for his behavior. I shall quote one more from Melville:

"'Both armies lay not far from Carberry: the Earl of Bothwell's men camped upon the hill, in a strength very advantageous; the Lords encamped at the foot of the hill. And albeit her Majesty there. I cannot call it her army, for many of those who were with her were of opinion that she had intelligence with the Lords, especially such as were informed of the many indignities put upon her by the Earl of Bothwell since their marriage. * * * Thus part of his own company detested him; other part of them believed that her Majesty would fain have been quit of him but through shame to be the doer of the deed directly herself.' * * * "*I must do Bothwell the justice to say that, from all the accounts extant, his challenges were not mere bravado, but that he was almost insanely anxious to meet Morton in single combat. Bothwell was a man of great physical courage* ["gifted with superhuman daring"—Lamartine], *which is more than can be said for the adversary whom he selected*, who was very glad to accept of Lord Lindsay of the Byres as his substitute; but a duel under such circumstances would have been ridiculous. Mary wanted to be rid of Bothwell, and signfied as much to the Lords who came in obedience to her summons; but, with that noble spirit which was always her characteristic, she refused to make any terms with the confederated nobles until Bothwell's retreat was secured. Then, and not till then, she took an everlasting farewell [utterly false and unsusceptible of proof] of the man who, instigated by others, *worse traitors than himself*, had achieved her ruin. Her [fiendishly treacherous] reception in the camp of the confederates does not fall within the scope of the poem." Aytoun's "*Bothwell.*"

militia and some 200 regular musketeers. The traitor lords confronted him with a superior number of comparatively trustworthy troops. Le Croc, the French Ambassador, a competent judge, admits that Bothwell with his motley array displayed admirable generalship. Le Croc had so little friendly feeling for Bothwell that he refused to be present at his marriage to the Queen. Consequently any commendation from him is the highest praise, and can be relied upon. Had Bothwell attacked at once, now that the little armies were looking each other in the face, it is most likely that he would have been victorious. Unfortunately Mary insisted upon negotiations; hours were wasted; her "following" without food as without discipline, became tired with waiting, degenerated into an armed mob, took possession of some wagons loaded with wine, drank freely upon empty stomachs, got drunk, and were soon beyond control. The last envoy of the confederate lords, Kirkaldy of Grange, deluded Mary with his specious reputation for chivalry, and she determined to trust him, to her ruin. Bothwell, with his common sense, saw through the trickery and ordered a musketeer to shoot him. If ever a wise end could justify violent means, Bothwell was right. He wanted to kill Melville under similar circumstances, and he was wise also in that case, as it turned out. Mary interposed, saved Kirkaldy, blasted her own life and character, as well as that of Bothwell, and ruined both. It is sometimes best to violate the laws of propriety when

those in the right are dealing with others altogether in the wrong.

Rapin is very clear on these points. Mary always ruined her own cause by obstinacy and precipitation. Bothwell's error in taking the field at this time, arose from courage and consciousness of right. The meeting and parting at Carberry Hill has never as yet, *as a whole*, been clearly stated or fairly told.

Bothwell's worst enemies admit that he was very anxious to meet Morton at Carberry Hill. The miscreant would not fight. Lindsay offered to take his place, but the Queen forbade the combat. Bothwell certainly had a right to choose his opponent, and the husband of a Queen was justified in selecting as his antagonist the chief among his foes, particularly when that chief was the arch-traitor both to himself and to his wife, one in whose blood he had threatened to wash his hands if he had the opportunity.

If Bothwell had not perfectly understood Kirkaldy, it might have been a dishonorable act to shoot a parliamentary acting under a flag of truce. But, will any military man deny that, if an envoy is using his immunity from peril or prison to deceive, a general who grasps the situation, who knows that the success of the operation will depend on the triumph of the deception, and that it is likely to succeed through the ignorance and weakness of a coadjutor—can, in such a case, any military man deny the right of a commander to dispose, summarily, of an indi-

vidual seeking to betray under a flag of truce, and thus, by shooting the intriguer, frustrate the intended treachery? "Fraud vitiates every contract," says the law. Bothwell knew Kirkaldy of old, saw through and through the man, felt he was no better than a traitor, and the event proved that Bothwell's judgment was correct. O wonderful "Book of books" and exponent of common sense, the Bible! what marvelous revelations it discovers of the workings of the human heart. Hebrews (XII., 17) says of Esau, "He found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." Kirkaldy afterwards, carried away by the demoniac fascination of Mary's charms,* repented of his conduct towards the Queen, and became her champion, and Morton, become Regent, of whom he was the tool in this Sabbath-betrayal on Carberry Hill, got hold of him after he surrendered to the English, and, soldier as he undoubtedly was, denied him a soldier's death, and hung him like a felon.

* "Oh, the horrid little monster that I am. Why can't I help it? *I verily believe I shall flirt in my shroud, and, if I were canonized, my first miracle would be, like St. Philomena's, to make my own relics presentable.*—"Hopes and Fears," by the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe."

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Omission. Note to page 175 *supra*, second paragraph.—In "Bothwell; a Vindication," page 11, was furnished a copy of a Love Letter, penned in 1492; and in the present work, page 175–'7, *supra*, the copy of another Love Letter, written about 1700. Here, subjoined, is the copy of a Royal Love Letter, indited in 1613, by the "Foremost man of all this Modern World," Gustaf Adolf, to his sweetheart, the lovely Ebba Brahe, at the age of nineteen, a *chere amie*, out of whose possession he was basely tricked. The three are worthy of comparison.

"Stockholm, 5th April, 1613.

"Most Noble Damsel, adored of my heart,
whom I love most in this world:

"I have received your loving letter, by which you tell me you have submitted to the good pleasure of your father, at my request, with which I must content myself. Praying God to bend in grace your heart, that you think always on me, and remember the faithful love I bear you; and that you may never be persuaded that I think of another than you. Oh, may you pray God, as well as I, that He may let us live to see the day which may bring me the soft consolation and to you the joy. To his guidance—the Holy and Almighty—I commend you, faithful and tender; and myself to your breast, so noble and faithful.—I, to my dying day, oh, cherished maiden of my heart, your faithful and attached kinsman. G. A. R."

Horace Marryat's "One Year in Sweden," Vol. I., page 392.



Bothwell's Book-Stamp.



"The word! Do you remember, Meister? I told you then, that you had found the right one. * * But you look like a happy man, and to what do you owe it? *To the Word*, the only right word: 'Art!'"

He let her finish the sentence, then answered gravely:

"There is still a loftier word, noble lady! Whoever owns it is rich indeed. He will no longer wander—seek in doubt." "And this is?" she asked incredulously, with a smile of superior knowledge.

"I have found it," he answered firmly. "It is 'Love!'"

Sophonisba bent her head, saying softly and sadly, "Yes, yes; Love!"

George Eber's "*A Word, only a Word*," page 348.

"*But, mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth?*
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."
Campbell.

"Discarding modern historians, who in too many instances do not seem to entertain the slightest scruple in dealing with the memory of the dead." * * * "*I am not ashamed to own that I have a deep regard for the memory of* [Bothwell] *Lord Dundee—a regard founded on the firm belief in his public and private virtues, his high and chivalrous honor, and his unshaken loyalty to his sovereign.* But those feelings, however strong, would never lead me to vindicate an action of wanton and barbarous cruelty, or even attempt to lessen the stigma by a frivolous or dishonest excuse. No cause was ever effectually served by mean evasion, any more than it can be promoted by unblushing exaggeration or by gross perversion of facts."

Wm. E. Aytoun, "*Regarding John Graham, of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee.*"

"Women are the priestesses of Predestination." D'Israeli's "*Coningsby.*"

"The man who [like Bothwell] anticipates his century is always persecuted when living and is always pilfered [robbed of his credit] when dead." D'Israeli's "*Vivian Gray.*"

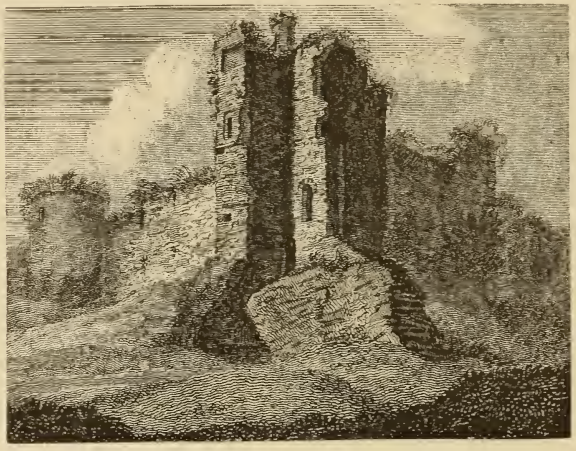
"*With him his Fortune played as with a ball,*
She first has tossed him up, and now she lets him fall."
Verses on Medallion of Count Griffenfeld, *Royal Library, Copenhagen.*

"*He will surely violently turn and toss thee like a* ball *into a large country* [or as in the margin, 'the captivity of a man']: there shalt thou die, and there the chariots of thy glory shall be the shame of thy lord's house. And I will drive thee from thy station, and from thy state shall he pull thee down." [What could be more apposite to the end of Bothwell than these verses.] Isaiah, xxii., 18, 19.

"The black earth yawns, the mortal disappears."
Tennyson's "*Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.*"

TO anticipate, for the purpose of making a point, Bothwell's enemies depict him—the Hereditary Lord High Admiral of his native realm, born in one of the grandest ancestral strongholds and castellated mansions in Clydesdale; the theme of the historian, the poet and the minstrel; celebrated in the words of a ditty known during the Crusades, from the Atlantic to the Dead Sea,

"Bothwell Bank thou bloomest fair"—

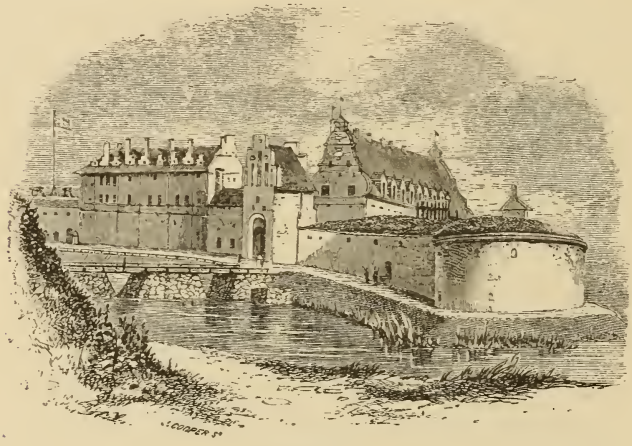


Bothwell Castle on the Clyde.

as dying a maniac in chains, in a loathsome Danish cell. This statement is founded on malice, forgery and ignorance. Notwithstanding all the efforts of individuals and governments, of learning and industry, a

screen, as impenetrable as the "Veil of Isis," fell over the last years of "the great" "Scotland's proudest Earl." His principal advocate, Petrick, says, "*Then suddenly* —(referring to the autumn of 1571)—ALL IS SILENT! a great gap of four years occurs:—for what reason?" There is a solution and a plausible one. For six years the Danish government "had been tormented by the demands of Queen Elizabeth [of England] and the [successive] Regents of Scotland for the deliverance of Bothwell into their hands." Worn out with communications, reclamations and declamations, Frederic II. "allowed the report of Bothwell's death to be circulated, and so put an end to all the worry on the subject." This accounts for the doubts as to whether Bothwell died in 1575, according to Petrick, or in 1577 or 1578, according to Schiern and others. One sad fact is certain. He realized the words of the Prophet, Isaiah, xv., 9–10, in regard to the once mighty Belshazzar, "Thou shalt not be joined with them [thy forefathers and thy peers] in burial." Belted Earl and husband of a queen, his corpse rests in an unknown grave and foreign land. Bothwell, from the fall of 1567 until his decease—whenever it occurred—was "a prisoner of Hope" in the hands of Frederic II., King of Denmark. This monarch was a curious character. He was at once the protector of Bothwell and his custodian—whether at the last a severe or a lenient jailor nothing is definitely known. Falsehoods on the subject have been propagated industri-

ously, but nothing trustworthy. That Frederic allowed him, for years, pocket money, respectful attendance, company and correspondence, and sufficient means to dress in accordance with his rank and enjoy good cheer is certain. In November, 1567, the king styles Bothwell "Our particular Favorite" (Shiern, 332). In January, 1568, Bothwell was living in Copenhagen, without anxieties for the future. When transferred to Malmo, it was still a sort of honorable confinement. His apartment was stately for the time. Even after this,



Malmo-huus.

down to 1571, velvet and silk were furnished for his attire, and his residence in Malmo, except as to duress, was anything but derogatory. He was purely a prisoner of State and of consideration. It was not until the 16th of June, 1573, that he was transferred to Dragsholm. Even then, it is very doubtful if his confinement was as strict as repre-

sented. It is questionable if his treatment in Zealand was more rigorous or galling than that of Mary in England. According to inspiration, Jeremiah was promised again and again, as the recompense for his own unmerited sufferings, undergone in obedience to his call, that his life should be spared. "Thy life shall be as a prey unto thee; because thou hast put thy trust in me, saith the Lord." If life is a boon, and if the wise king was justified in saying, "A living dog is better than a dead lion"—in that while there is Life there is Hope—Bothwell was certainly better off in comfort and safety in Denmark than either one of his enemies perishing in their prime and power by violent ends—deaths* culminating in horror with the burning alive at the stake of the Scottish Lion King at Arms; sacrificed thus on his return to Scotland from his mission to Denmark to solicit the extradition of Bothwell, because on the voyage home he had learned too much of the villainy of Murray and his associates. A moral lesson is conveyed by a time-table presenting the miserable and often horrible manner in which those who persecuted Bothwell went to their last account. It is very comfort-

* It is more than remarkable how every one, of greater or lesser note, who persisted in aspiring to the hand of Mary, came to grief. The most extraordinary instance is that of Erik, King of Sweden, who, on hearsay evidence, became completely enamored of her, and made expensive preparations for a voyage to Scotland to prosecute his suit in person. But the fate of her other admirers came to him, and he ended his life, after many weary woeful years of imprisonment in a vile dungeon, by poison in a plate of pea-soup.

ing to his friends and admirers to learn this. The author has derived the greatest satisfaction from the investigation of each successive terrible and untimely catastrophe.

Extracts from Marryat's "Jutland and the Danish Isles" [Vol. I., 408–19], appended as a Note to subsequent pages, will serve to present a mingling of fact and fable in regard to Bothwell's last imprisonment and sepulture, which is about as true as tradition* generally is—that is to say, there is a basis of fact, but the superstructure is almost all fable.

* Scarcely any man living has had opportunities more ample than the author to become acquainted with the untrustworthiness of popular tradition. In tracing back the history of a neighborhood it was painful to observe the discrepancies manifested in the recollections of the "oldest inhabitant" in contiguous localities. "MEMORY IS ATTENTION," and it is seldom that individuals pay attention to anything that is not of immediate personal interest to themselves. All the passions and all the weaknesses influence memory. People hear what their elders gabble, then talk the matter over and garble it to suit themselves, and transmit a tissue in which truth is like the Bean in a huge "Twelfth Cake." The bean is there, but a hundred slices may be cut before one reveals its presence. The author once sought out a road which, about seventy years since, was a main route between two frequented settlements, one a little port. A number had heard of it, a dozen pointed out depressions which indicated where it must have been located, but only one man could trace it. Why? In his youth he had worked upon it. No one but the author had ever thought it worthy of inquiry. The informant is extremely aged, the investigator is over sixty; in a few years both will have passed away, and after them everything in regard to the case in question will be mere surmise. So it is as to the last days of Bothwell. Horace Marryat advances as a proof that the corpse, which he claims to be Bothwell's, was really so—"a pearl embroidered cushion [pillow], a mark of rank," among the dead of the sixteenth century, "was found in the Scottish earl's

In permitting Bothwell to leave her at Carberry Hill—when the winning cards were still in her hands and retreat to Dunbar was by no means hopeless, nor even uncertain (Wiesener, 408)*—with reinforcements coming up, which

coffin." Even this is apocryphal—mere report, as worthless as tradition ever turns out to be. As "belted Earl," as mighty Magnate, as Hereditary Lord High Admiral of a realm, as Lieutenant General and military *Alter Ego* of a sovereign, as her husband, he was "the observed of all observers!"

"'Tis 'great' to hear the passer by say, There he goes! That's he!" Greatness in a measure is proved when "the world is singling you out and indicating you." As a prisoner, in a foreign land, in a remote castle, on a sea-surrounded islet, Bothwell was buried alive, forgotten.

* That Bothwell, with his acknowledged ability, could have effected a retreat to Dunbar, a fortress impregnable to everything the Rebel Lords could have brought, or kept, together against it, which in itself alone would have insured ultimate success, is demonstrable by a hundred parallel operations. (*Declaration of the Earl of Bothwell, addressed to the King of Denmark.* Agnes Strickland's "Letters of Mary Queen of Scots," II., 324) .All it required was military ability, coolness and intrepidity. He possessed all three (see pages 48–'9, *supra*). The Queen's Body Guard, of Hackbutteers, the men-at-arms of David Home of Wedderburn and of John of Blackadder, Bothwell's own Borderers and the three falconets (light field artillery) with their "constables," would have been amply sufficient to cover a withdrawal of less than twenty miles, especially after impending night set in. The effect upon a fight, at this date, of a few trained musketeers, was almost incalculable. With a few efficient cavalry in support they could have turned this "Black" Sabbath into a bright Sunday. Witness the victory won, in a disadvantageous position on the Gelt, near Naworth Castle, in Cumberland, England, 19th February, 1570, by Lord Hunsdon over Lord Dacre. The latter had 5,000 certainly as good troops as the "Bonded" Lords: the former 1,500, but among these were the trained "Berwick harquebussmen." The volleys of the latter staggered and demoralized the bold Dacre Borderers, horse and foot, and then Hunsdon fell on them with a

would have assured a victory to Mary, this determination of the Queen to separate her fortunes from her husband has always, and in some degree, justly been brought for-

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squadron of horse—such as those under Wedderburn and Blackadder at Carberry Hill—and the rebel armament "went to water." To show the effect of coolness coupled with capacity, recall an incident in the life of Sir Andrew Murray of BOTHWELL, son of the favorite colleague of Wallace, Regent of Scotland. "He was in the Highlands, in 1336, with a small body of followers, when the King of England came upon him with an army of twenty thousand. The Regent heard the news, but, being then about to hear mass, did not permit his devotions to be interrupted. When the mass was ended, the people around him pressed him to order a retreat: 'There is no haste,' said Murray, composedly. At length his horse was brought out, he was about to mount, and all expected that the retreat was to commence. But the Regent observed that a strap of his armor had given way, and this interposed new delays. He sent for a particular coffer, out of which he took a piece of skin, and cut and formed with his own hand, and with much deliberation, the strap which he wanted. By this time, the English were drawing very near, and, as they were so many in number, some of the Scottish knights afterwards told the historian who narrates the incident, that no space of time ever seemed so long to them as that which Sir Andrew employed in cutting that thong of leather. Now, if this had been done in a mere vaunting or bragging manner, it would have been the behaviour of a vain-glorious fool. But Sir Andrew Murray had already fixed upon the mode of his retreat, and he knew that every symptom of coolness and deliberation which he might show would render his men steady and composed in their turn, from beholding the confidence of their leader. He at length gave the word, and, putting himself at the head of his followers, made a most masterly retreat, during which the English, notwithstanding their numbers, were unable to obtain any advantage over him, so well did the Regent avail himself of the nature of the ground."

A parallel to this is the British General Crawford's coolness, during the Peninsular War, under Wellington, in Spain, in quietly

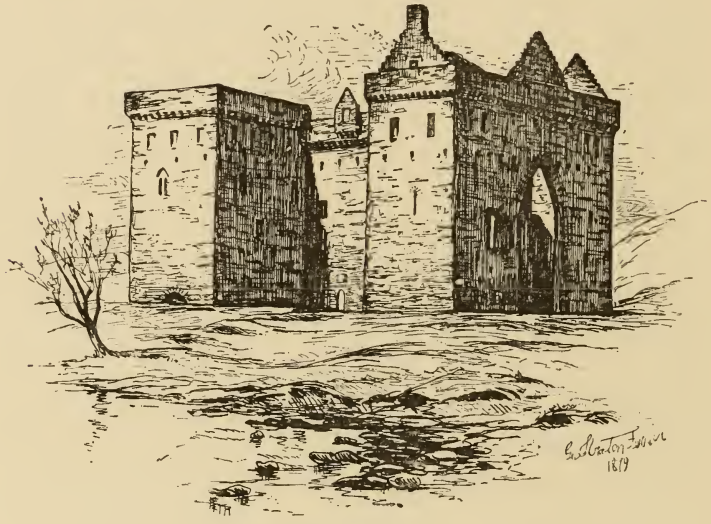
ward as an argument that she had ceased to love him, if she ever did care passionately for him.* Here once more Mary's principal biographer and advocate can be cited against herself and client, admitting (II., 83–'4) that the Queen could be "ungrateful and unreasonable," subject to "strange infatuations;" "had taken her resolution"—devoid of common sense, and blind and deaf to the les-

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stopping his retreat to trice up and flog delinquents in face of the superior forces of the pursuing French, pressing hard upon his rear guard, and so close upon him that spent shots sometimes fell among those present at the punishment. Sir Henry Clinton, the Royal Commander against the Colonies, 1777–82, owed his rise and rank to his successful retreat with a comparative handfull, in the face of the French, during the "Seven Years' War" in Germany; and the same was the case with the noble Fraser, killed, under Burgoyne, in the Battle of Bemis Heights or Second Saratoga, 7th October, 1777. Had he survived, and if Burgoyne had listened to his advice, the wrecks of the invading force might have been able to withdraw into Canada, under the cover of the famous Light Infantry, which Fraser knew how to handle so admirably. The military murder by Morgan's sharpshooters forbade the experiment. Lord Clive, one of the greatest born-generals who ever illustrated the Annals of War, gained all his successes in India—such as Arcot, Arnee, Cowerepauk, Seviavaram, Plassey, &c.—victories which laid the basis of the vast dominion of Great Britain in that Asian peninsula—against greater odds than Bothwell had to contend with, even after his Militia—Temporary or Feudal Levies—had failed him and flunked.

*Mary "was impulsive, hot-headed, warm-hearted, and in her virtues and her faults essentially a woman. *She fell over head and ears in love with Bothwell*, and, as is often the case when this occurs to a woman, allowed her individuality to be absorbed in his, and became for a time a mere tool in his hands. With the exception of this episode, she conducted herself very properly." ("Mary and Elizabeth," in *Truth*, London, Thursday, 11th January, 1883.)

sons of experience—"before she asked advice." If she had only shown a small portion of the energy she displayed eight months before, when, in the rough autumn weather, through a difficult country, and dangerous population, she rode on horseback fifty miles, thither from Jedburgh and back to visit her lover, previously wounded in her service, in Hermitage Castle—his headquarters as Warden of the



Hermitage Castle.

Marches, (see article "Jedburgh Abbey," *Saturday Review*, 30th September, 1882, page 439), Carberry Hill would have been a decisive triumph, instead of a disastrous and disgraceful catastrophe. It was simply the effect of cause; the inevitable quantities uniting in the product: *Ate* and Fate! If readers would study

the most flattering stories of her friends in the light of reason, not feeling, they would find enough therein, to condemn their heroine and absolve Bothwell. Froude's (VII., 369) exposition of her character is masterly, and its correctness is established more and more by comparison and investigation. If this stood alone there would be difficulty in meeting it.*

Rarely, perhaps, has any woman combined in herself so many noticeable qualities as Mary Stuart; with a feminine insight into men and things and human life, she had cultivated herself to that high perfection in which accomplishments were no longer advantitious ornaments, but were wrought into her organic constitution. Though luxurious in her ordinary habits, she could share in the hard field-life of the huntsman or the soldier with graceful cheerfulness; she had vigor, energy, tenacity of purpose, with perfect and never-failing self-possession (?) and, as the one indispensable foundation for the effective use of all other qualities, she had indomitable courage. She wanted none either of the faculties necessary to conceive a great purpose, or of the abilities necessary to execute it, except, perhaps, only this—that while she made politics the game of her life, it was

*To show how fallible, after all, Agnes Strickland—the accepted biographer *par excellence* of Mary, Queen of Scots—proves herself to be, page 119, Note 1, Vol. III., of her "Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots," she states that Bothwell was the author [of the French translation] of the *Latin Libel* (upon Mary) of Buchanan, styled his "*Detectio.*" Such a mistake is not only wicked, inexcusable and absurd, but not more so than many of the epithets Miss Strickland applies to Bothwell and her inconsistent remarks upon him. When this "*Detectio*" appeared, Bothwell was already a captive in Denmark, and no one charges him, after that period, with any reflection upon his ill-fated but false consort.

a game only [like the battles of Pyrrhus], though played for a high stake. *In the deeper and nobler emotions she had neither share nor sympathy.* Here lay the vital difference of character between the Queen of Scots and her great rival, and here was the secret of the difference of their fortunes. In intellectual gifts Mary Stuart was at least Elizabeth's equal; and Anne Boleyn's daughter, as she said herself, was "no angel." But Elizabeth could feel like a man an unselfish interest in a great cause; Mary Stuart *was ever her own centre of hope, fear or interest. She thought of nothing, cared for nothing, except as linked with the gratification of some ambition, some desire, some humor of her own,* and thus Elizabeth was able to overcome temptations before which Mary fell. * * While her sister of England was trifling with an affection for which foolish is too light an epithet, Mary Stuart, when scarcely more than a girl, was about to throw herself alone into the midst of the most turbulent people in Europe, fresh emerged out of revolution, and loitering in the very rear of civilization; she going among them to use her charms as a spell to win them back to the Catholic Church, to weave the fibres of a conspiracy from the Orkneys to the Lands End; prepared to wait, to control herself, to hide her purpose till the moment came to strike, yet with a purpose fixed as the stars to trample down the Reformation, and to seat herself at last on Elizabeth's throne.

"Whatever policy," said Randolph of her, "is in all the chief and best-practiced heads in France, whatever craft, falsehood or deceit is in all the subtle brains of Scotland, is either fresh in this woman's memory or she can fette it with a wet finger." (Froude, VII., 369.)

She was deluded by Kirkaldy, as she had often been before by Murray; but her first act, after she discovered the

awful mistake she had made in disregarding her husband's counsels, was to write to him, and send him a purse or sum of gold. She again wrote to him from Lochleven; she refused to separate her fortunes from his; her thoughts dwelt constantly upon him; and the very night of her escape from Lochleven, "while the men were stretching their aching legs, Mary Stuart was writing letters." To whom? To her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, in Paris, for assistance, and to her lover and husband, Bothwell. She sent the Laird of Ricarton, a kinsman of Bothwell, to raise the Hepburns, united to the "great Earl" by family and feudal ties, and make a dash on Dunbar to secure a port for the arrival of himself and of succor from France, and, when that port of entry was secured, to go on to Bothwell and tell him that she was free. Bothwell himself wrote to Frederic that he was on his way to Scotland, to raise men and money, when he was "treacherously captured" in Carmo-sund. Ricarton did "go on," and found Bothwell in his confinement at Malmo. Another account says, as soon as she breathed the air of freedom, she despatched a messenger to find Bothwell, wherever he might be, and announce the happy tidings of her release, and summon him to her side, whence he never should have been permitted, for her security and honor, to depart. Agnes Strickland, color blind as to every shade which could relieve or glorify the portrait of Bothwell, says that on her flight from Langside, Lord

Herries wanted Mary to take refuge in Earlston Castle, a stronghold belonging to Bothwell; that Mary became greatly agitated, burst into tears, and refused, "as if fearing to encounter her evil genius in his form, and prefering to brave any other peril than that of meeting him again." This is a puerile idea, and unworthy anything but the pen of a woman fighting to rehabilitate one of her sex, and, in so doing, so bitterly prejudiced as to forget the very characteristics of a such peculiar specimen of her sex as Mary. Consistent with their nature, it is likely Mary's love for Bothwell was so strong in her bosom, that she could not bear to tread the halls without him that once she had trodden with him in happier days. There is no greater "suffering"—exclaims Dante—"than to recall past happiness amid present wretchedness." Finally, to demonstrate the fallacy, if not wickedness, of all this misrepresentation of Mary's feelings for Bothwell to screen and excuse the Queen, even as late as the spring of 1571, when she was at Sheffield, she was in correspondence with him in Malmo, and had written, herself, to Frederic II., entreating him not to listen to the pursuasion of the Scottish envoy, Buchanan, laboring with so much enmity and earnestness against her husband. The correspondence must have been patent, for Buchanan told Cecil that, "if he took the trouble, he might intercept some of her letters."

That Lord Boyd, in 1569, obtained Bothwell's consent to the dissolution of his marriage, to enable Mary to marry

Norfolk, shows that the intercourse between the Earl and Queen, by letter and messenger, was still permitted. The fact is, Frederic's whole treatment of Bothwell was regulated by the probabilities of Mary's restoration to her throne. It was not until her case seemed desperate that Bothwell was finally immured, if he was ever actually thrown into a dungeon, which is very questionable.

What became of Bothwell after they parted, forever on earth, at Carberry Hill, Sunday, 15th June, 1567, is soon told. He returned unmolested to Dunbar, and remained there for several weeks undisturbed, although he did not confine himself to the fortress, but cruised about in the Frith of Forth, even penetrating beyond Edinburgh to the neighborhood of Linlithgow, to hold a meeting with Lord Claude Hamilton. Of his political projects at this time no record remains. Confiding the defence of Dunbar to his kinsman, Sir Patrick Whitlaw, he sailed thence, in the beginning of July, with two light vessels, and steered northward to visit his brother-in-law, Huntley, at Strathbogie Castle, about ten miles south-by-west of Banff, to the eastward of the Moray Frith. His intention was, doubtless, to raise forces in the northeast and renew the struggle. The Queen had many friends in that quarter; adherents who did join her after her escape from Lochleven, next year, 1568, and fought for her at Langside. Thence he proceeded to Spynie Castle, just north of Elgin, the residence of his aged great-uncle, Patrick Hep-

burn, Bishop of Murray, by whom he was brought up. Here a project was entertained to murder Bothwell, and a proposition to this effect was made to the English ambassador, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, at Edinburgh. Whether the offer was rejected from policy or morality is not clearly shown. Some difficulty occurred, and Bothwell is charged with having slain one of his illegitimate cousins, who, in conjunction with two Rokebys, English spies incited by greed, were plotting against him. The latter even offered to kill the Bishop as well as the Earl. Throckmorton seems to have objected to such a summary proceeding, because no advantage could be derived from the crime in favor of England and Elizabeth.

Bothwell now determined to visit his dukedom of the Orkneys, and sailed for the chief town of the group, Kirkwall. The opinion of those who have investigated the matter with most attention is that Bothwell—after his failure to enlist the active co-operation of his brother-in-law, Huntley—intended to proceed to the Orkneys, gather what strength he could, and then, by the way of Sweden, proceed to France to arouse the sympathies of Charles IX.—who, personally, was very friendly to him, and had confidence in the Earl based on his service as "Chamberlain" at one time, and as "Captain of the Royal Scottish Body Guard," at another,—and derive from France, not only "the sinews of war," money, but actual military assistance. Fate, however, traversed all Bothwell's bold

projects, and, at Kirkwall, he was received with the treachery he had always experienced from those he had benefited. His castellan, Gilbert Balfour, brother of Sir James Balfour, who had betrayed him after his marriage, and delivered up Edinburgh Castle to the Rebels—both accomplices in the murder of Darnley—turned the cannons of the place upon his feudal lord and benefactor. In consequence of this, Bothwell remained only two days in the port of Kirkwall, and then sailed northward to the Shetlands. Here he met with better treatment. The Bailiff, Olaf Sinclair, was a kinsman of the Earl's (now Duke) mother, Jane Sinclair. Olaf received him kindly, and the people furnished him supplies—a gratuity which was afterwards made the excuse for an onerous tax. Meanwhile, 19th August, Kirkaldy of Grange, Murray of Tullibardine and the Bishop of Orkney, who had married Mary to Bothwell, sailed from Dundee with four ships of war, the best in Scotland, which, in addition to the seamen, carried four hundred picked arquebusiers (musketeers) as marines. The three commanders had authority to bring Bothwell, if taken, to a summary trial, and execute him. On the 25th August, 1567, the four pursuing ships sailed into Bressay Sound, on the shore of which stands Lerwick, the principal town of the Shetland group. At this date, Bothwell's squadron consisted of four small vessels, two of which he had brought from Dunbar, and two Hanseatic armed Pinks, "two-masted lesser war

ships," which he had hired at Sumburgh Head. One of these was named the "Pelican." Unconscious of danger, Bothwell's ships lay at anchor, and a large portion of their crews were on shore. Bothwell, himself, at the time was a guest of the Bailiff, Olaf Sinclair. Those in command who had remained on board, cut their cables and put to sea, and made their way to Unst, the most northerly of the Shetlands. In his pursuit, Kircaldy ran his flagship, the "Unicorn," on a rock, and it went down. Bothwell, meanwhile, made his way by land to the Yell Sound, and thence by water to Unst, where he rejoined his ships. Thence he sent back one vessel to pick up his men who had been left on shore. With the other three he was overtaken, in the last days of August, by Kircaldy with his three remaining ships of war. A hard fight ensued, which lasted for many hours. In the course of it the mainmast of Bothwell's best ship was carried away by a cannon shot, and the south-west wind swelling into a fierce gale put an end to the conflict by dispersing the combatants. The Earl was driven with two of his vessels out into the North Atlantic, and one was captured. Running south-east-by-east before the quartering gale, Bothwell soon traversed the 250 miles of ocean which separated the Shetlands from Norway, and first made the Island of Carmoe, twenty miles north-west of Stavanger, and was piloted into the quiet waters of Carm or Carmoe Sound. The ships had scarcely cast anchor when the Dano-Nor-

wegian ship-of-war "Bjornen," Captain Christern Aalborg, made its appearance. By this Aalborg, Bothwell was "treacherously captured," and carried into the port of Bergen. There his case was investigated by a commission or jury, composed of four-and-twenty principal men of the town, of which the foreman was Dr. Jens Skelderup, Bishop of Bergen. (Gaedeke, 396.) By them he was fully acquitted of the charge of "piracy," with which his enemies had and have so consistently and falsely branded him. There is not the slightest basis for such a charge. This was about 2d September, 1567. After this, the Governor of Bergen Castle showed Bothwell great honor, and gave him a magnificent banquet. The Earl always mentions this governor with favor, and styles him "that good lord Erik Rosenkrands." Nevertheless, however courteously treated, Bothwell was, in fact, a prisoner, and when Captain Aalborg sailed from Bergen, 30th September, for Copenhagen, he carried Bothwell and some of his people with him. In the author's "Vindication" of Bothwell, he has furnished the dry details of the Earl's detention in Denmark, of which the following is the summary: The king, Frederic II., would not consent to the extradition of Bothwell at the urgent requests either of the usurping Scottish government or of Queen Elizabeth, nor would he let him go free. Comparing lesser things with grander, it was exactly the case of "The great Apostle" and the Roman Governor—"and Felix, willing to show the Jews a pleasure,

left Paul bound." Frederic II. and Bothwell never met, but corresponded. In a letter, dated 18th November, 1567, the King designated Bothwell as "Our particular Favorite," and the Earl is syled in the correspondence, "the Scottish King," On receiving Bothwell's statement, Frederic allowed him to remain at Copenhagen, supplying him with apparel suitable to his rank and liberal entertainment.

In January, 1568, when the pressure of the Scotch regency became stronger, Bothwell was transferred to Malmo Castle*—then in Denmark, now in Sweden—on the

* "MALMO.—Soon church-towers arise in the distance, shipping, and a harbor; to the right stands a grim old castle, with staircase-gable and high-pitched roof, encircled by moat and bastion—once the prison of Scotland's proudest earl, the bad and reckless Bothwell. [See engraving, Malmo-huus, page 216.]

"An ancient plan of Malmöhus is preserved in the archives of the Radhus, by refering to which we discover the '*corps de logis*' to be the original palace of King Frederik II.'s time; the remaining buildings were added by Christian IV., as is testified by his cypher, entwined with that of his queen, Anna Catherine, A. K. 1608. * * But, before searching out his prison, we must first turn to the story of Bothwell himself, according to the records (some sixty-eight in number) which still exist in the Royal Archives of Copenhagen. In the autumn of the year, 1567, Bothwell arrived at Copenhagen, where we find him, about the latter end of December, a prisoner in the *king's palace.*

"Frederik was at that time absent from the capital, hunting at Frederiksborg, from whence he issued the following order to Biörn Kaas, the Seneschal of Malmö:

"Frederik, &c. Be it known to you that we have ordered our well-beloved Peter Oxe, our man, councillor and marshal of the kingdom of Denmark, to send the Scottish earl, who resides in the castle of Copenhagen, over to our castle of Malmö, where he is to remain for some

northern shore of the Sound, about opposite Copenhagen. As the greater part of this castle was subsequently destroyed by fire, or "submerged in the stormy waves,"

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time. We request of you, therefore, to have prepared that same vaulted room in the castle where the Marshal, Eyler Hardenberg, had his apartment, and to cover over with mason-work the private place in the same chamber; and, where the iron bars of the windows may not be sufficiently strong and well guarded, that you will have them repaired; and when he arrives, that you will put him into the said chamber, give him beds and *good entertainment*, as Peter Oxe will further direct and advise you; and that you will, above all things, keep a strong guard, and hold in good security the said earl, as you may best devise, that he may not escape. Such is our will.

"Written at Frederiksborg, 28th December, 1567." * *

"We entered the square court of the castle, and * * inquired whether there still existed any 'vaulted rooms' in the building of King Frederik II. time. In reply, we were informed that there were two large vaulted chambers on the ground floor, to one of which was attached a small square cabinet, scooped out in the thickness of the castle wall, towards the moat side. An exterior flight of steps led us to the entry of the chamber in which there is every reason to suppose that Bothwell passed some five years—may be the most tranquil of his unquiet life. It is a lofty, oblong, vaulted room, some thirty feet in length, lighted by strongly-barred windows looking on the court. On opening the door of the square closet, the floor was still covered over with mason-work of a blackish stone, well-worn, and polished by the friction of ages—that long narrow pavement so generally used in buildings of the sixteenth century. We quitted the castle perfectly satisfied that we had found the 'vaulted chamber' we had come in search of—the state-room of early days, in which the husband of Scotland's queen, Frederik II.'s own kinswoman, was ordered to receive '*good treatment.*' On the head of Bothwell, as on that of Mary, rested a fearful accusation—that of murder—an accusation which Frederik II. was reluctant to credit, as he writes word in his letter to the infant James, then eighteen months old, in answer to an epistle penned by the hand

there is no certainty as to what portion was assigned as an abode for "the most distinguished state prisoner of Frederic II." It is supposed that he was located in a

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of Murray. The Danish sovereign refused to receive Bothwell into his presence; but, though he ordered him to be kept *a prisoner, he wished him to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries due to his rank and position*, EVERYTHING SAVE LIBERTY, 'until his case could have better consideration.' Of the doings of Bothwell during his residence at Malmöhus, we know but little. Two days after his arrival (30th December, 1567 [10th January, 1568?]) Peter Oxe writes from Copenhagen to the king to say that the Scottish earl desires to obtain a loan of 200 specie (£40), and to ask whether or not he shall advance it on the king's account; and later, in a MS. register of expenses in the Royal Archives, is preserved a statement, dated 2d March, A. D. 1569, which runs as follows: 'Likewise delivered to Bion Kaas, our man, councillor, and seneschal, at our castle of Malmo; according to order from our high steward aforesaid, English velvet and silk for 75 sp. 6 sk. (£15), of which we have made a present to the Scottish earl, who is imprisoned there.' It was during his imprisonment in Malmöhus that Bothwell composed that narrative of the leading events which terminated in his flight from Scotland, in 1567, as well as of his subsequent adventures, known by the title of 'Les Affaires du Comte de Boduel,' forwarded by him to the Danish sovereign. The MS., entitled 'Les Affaires du Comte de Boduel,' now in the library of Stockholm, is a copy of the original in the handwriting of Dantzay, followed up by his own correspondence with the French king. Bothwell concludes his narrative in the following words: 'Cet ecrit une je prye estre delivré à sa Majesté a fin qu'elle congnosse l'intention et finale volouté de la Royne Madame Marie quì estoit tellelment que je deborois demander a la Majesté de Dannemarch comme allie et confederé de ladite Royne ayde faveur et adsistance tant de geus de guerre que de navires pour la delivrer de la captivité ou elle est.' Lucky had it been for Frederik II. had Bothwell never set his foot on Danish ground, for never was potentate more tormented. First came monthly demands: vehement, and later even violent, from the Earl of Murray, for the handing over of

spacious apartment previously assigned to the governor—a large, oblong, vaulted hall, with windows to the south looking out upon the grand panorama of the Sound, re-

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the earl's person to his custody for capital punishment, *with even hints of a little previous wholesome torture*, such as boot, maiden, or something worse. Our Virgin Queen, too, dictated four letters on the subject to the Danish King, written in a pretty Italian hand, supposed to be that of Ascham, to not one of which did Frederik (wise man) deign a reply, at which neglect Elizabeth expressed herself much wounded, though in one of them, by way of a sop, she adds with her own royal pen, "Vestra bona soror et consanguinea." But *she got no Bothwell* all the same. Then Catherine de Medicis was sure to write, at least once a month, to her envoy, Charles de Dantzay, 'to insist that Bothwell should *not* be given over to the Scotch.' As to Frederik himself, worried out of his senses, he was not at all inclined to deliver up his prisoner, and that for certain reasons of his own; for Bothwell, in a letter dated 13th January (1568), had offered, if the king would procure 'la deliverance de Madame Marie la Reyne sa Princesse,' to cede to him the Orkney and Shetland Isles, a regretted appanage, long since severed from the Danish crown.*

"As matters stood, therefore, it was perhaps as well to bear the worry, and see what might turn up later. So he unburdens his mind by writing to the German princes, his relations, explaining to them what he has done, why he has so acted, and asking their advice; albeit, at the same time determined to follow his own inclination, whatever their answer might be. In the meantime Bothwell goes on drinking, carousing and receiving the visits of his Scotch friends, *snapping his fingers at Queen Elizabeth and the Scottish peers*, until the 16th of June (1573), when he is suddenly removed to the castle of Draxholm, in the

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* "Pour les frais qui y pourroyent estre faicts que je fisse offre à ladite Majesté de vandre les Isles d'Orquenay et de Schetland libres et quittes sans aucune empeschement à la couronne de Dannemarch et de Norwegue comme ils avoyent cydevant quelque tems esté.

"Presenté à Helsingbourg au S. Peter Oxe et S. Jehan Fris Chancelier, le 16th Janvier, 1568."

motely to the west on the Island Hven, the residence of Tycho Brahe; nearer, on the Island of Salthom opposite, and Amager beyond, in fact, the whole interesting and

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island of Zealand. On the 28th of June following, Dantzay writes to his master, the King of France: 'Le Roy de Danemarck avoit iusques à pñt assez bien entretenu le Conte Baudouel, mais depuis peu de jours il l'a faut mettre en une fort maulvaise et estroite prison.' In addition to the testimony of Dantzay, the following entry has been lately discovered in a MS. of Karem Brahe, preserved in the library of Odense: 'In the year 1573, on the 16th of June, was the Scottish earl placed at Draxholm.' Scarce had the prisoner been removed when, on the 26th day of the same month, arrives a letter from the new Regent, Morton, demanding the deliverance of 'Damnatæ memoriæ parricidam nostram,' as he terms Bothwell, which, considering he had been himself a party to the murder of Darnley, is strong language, and with this epistle terminates the correspondence, for on the 24th of November following, Dantzay, after first announcing 'Au Roy—Sr Peter Oxe mourut le 24 jour d'Octobre,' continues, 'le Comte de Baudouel, Ecossais, est aussi decedé,' and this report of the Earl's death was believed by Mary herself, and generally credited throughout the whole of Europe, at the very time he was languishing in a damp unwholesome prison (?) of the Castle of Draxholm. It may be inferred that Frederik had been persuaded by his new Minister, Walkendorf, a man not over-scrupulous as to truth, to announce the death of his illustrious prisoner as the best answer to all the reiterated demands for his person, and thus putting an end to the vexed affair for ever. From this date we hear no more of the Earl, until the record of his death on the 14th April, 1578 (?), and his subsequent interment in the church of Faarveile. * * What was the cause of this sudden change in the treatment of the Scottish earl, so well entertained by the King of Denmark for the space of five years? The Protestants, and those who were hostile to Queen Mary's cause, will tell you that from the year 1572, after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the feelings of the Lutheran ruler of the realm underwent a change towards his Roman Catholic kinswoman, and that Bothwell to him was naught save the husband of Mary. The Roman

lively environs of the Danish capital not farther distant than from ten to twenty miles. Meanwhile the King took care that his food and clothes should be rich and ample. "He

Catholics on their side assert, and that strenuously, the story of his confession to be true, in which he 'malade à l'extremite au chateau de Malmay, declared la Royne innocente de la ditte mort—lui seul ses parens et quelque noblesse autours d'icelle.' The confession of Bothwell, printed by Drummond of Hawthornden, 1625, has disappeared, as well as the other copies known to have existed formerly(?). The Danish archives lend no aid to the solution of the mystery. Frederik may have forwarded the original to Queen Elizabeth, the paper she 'kept quiet,' but *up to the present time the proofs are wanting, and all is doubt and obscurity.* How Malcolm Laing can assert these names are apparently fictitious is surprising. In olden times Malmö, before orthography was settled, was written Malmöye, Malmöge as well as Malmay; all these terminations being different dialects of the word *o* or *ey* island Malm, sand (Mœso-Gothic)—*ay* (island) being the real signification of the name. The Skane nobles were men of note and position, possessors of the lands and castles alluded to, lansmen and governors of fortresses and districts. The spelling of their names in Queen Mary's letter differs from that of the documents preserved in the Scottish College at Paris, but this is not to be wondered at. I myself, in the 19th century, after two years' familiarity with the Danish language, should be sadly at a loss to write them down correctly from dictation. Though old Otto Brahe, father of the illustrious Tycho, was at that time gathered to his ancestors, yet the province of Skane was peopled by his descendants. But argue as you may—well or ill—until the missing document be forthcoming all will be vexation of spirit—so let the matter rest, and each man hold to his own opinion.

"There is nothing more to relate, so let us bid adieu to the vaulted chamber in the degraded fortress of old Malmo-huus, once a prison, far too good and spacious for the most restless adventurer of his age, the husband of Queen Mary—James Erle Boithuille."—"One Year in Sweden," Vol. I., pages 3–20, by Horace Marryat. From the de Peyster Collection, in the New York Society Library.

was detained there [Malmo] as a State prisoner, indeed, but led a luxurious life, and was treated far better than he deserved, being allowed the liberty of shooting and other recreations, while the King of Denmark ordered and paid for velvet dresses and other costly array for his use." When those "Titans of fraud" and crime, the Scottish authorities, empowered Colonel (*Obrist* or *Oberst*) and Captain John Clark, a Scottish mercenary—nominally commanding, in 1564, 206 Scottish cavalry soldiers in the service of Denmark—to demand the extradition of Bothwell, Bothwell turned the tables upon Clark by showing that when the Danish government sent Clark over to Scotland, in 1567, to enlist troops for its service, this agent was induced to expend the money entrusted to him for that special purpose for the benefit of the "Bonded" Lords in rebellion against Queen Mary and Bothwell, and actually marshalled the soldiers, mustered in to serve Frederic, to fight against the Queen at Carberry Hill. Clark was sent before a court-martial, and, in spite of the remonstrances of Elizabeth and Murray, was found guilty, consigned to the same castle, Dragsholm, that eventually received Bothwell within its dragon ward, and died there, a prisoner, before his intended victim.

After this affair of Clark (1568–70), Frederic II. relaxed the restraint on the Earl, and he was allowed full liberty within the precincts of the castle; nay more, he "was allowed no small liberty in Malmo," dressing in

velvet and silk, and leading a tranquil, and by no means an unhappy life. In fact, except that he was not free (Wiesener, 505), "his life was that of a brilliant lord;" an existence far happier, perhaps, and certainly more comfortable than that of the majority of potentates at this era. At a later date, it is said, Captain Clark became reconciled with Bothwell in Dragsholm, and together they drowned their cares and ennui in wine. This kind of living killed Clark in July, 1575, and seriously injured the health of Bothwell.





All upon a summer sea
Sailing in an argosy—
  Rebecs, lutes and viols sounding,
  While the ship o'er wavelets bounding,
Skims the surface of the sea.
  * * * * *
Stealing down a gloomy river,
Where dull water-grasses quiver,
  From a barque come sounds of sorrow,
  Never ceasing with the morrow—
Mournful barque upon the river.
  * * * * *
Sullen clouds obscure the moon,
Darkness cometh all too soon!
  Black the clouds and black the river,
  Black the barque, and oh! the shiver
As it sinks beneath the moon!—*The Argosy.*

Act V. Scene Last. (Abbreviated.)

[Carberry Hill. A knoll, whence the prospect extends to the westward and northward, looking over the nearer lines of the Queen's forces, and towards those, beyond, of the Confederate Lords. In the immediate rear stand three pieces of artillery, pointed at the latter, with a few "Constables" in charge: of whom one, assigned to each gun, at intervals waves his linstock to keep the slow-match alight and ready for immediate use. Near these are groups of royal regular Hackbutteers, belonging to the Queen's body-guard, at ease, and parties of Border noblemen and their retainers, Jackmen, evidently as if just dismounted, and leaning on their long spears. In the front centre are Mary Stuart and Bothwell; and, to the right, but withdrawn a space, Kirkaldy of Grange. Behind the Queen is Captain Blackadder, one of Bothwell's subordinates, watching what is occurring in the enemy's ranks, and his remarks serve as an explanation or *Chorus.*]

Blackadder. [*To Bothwell.*]
Hasten, my Lord, your colloquy: the foe
Are striving to outflank us. Look, their horse
To close the road to Dunbar, headlong spur.
If fight 's the word, now is the time to fight,
Lest we both lose advantage of the sun
Full in their faces; our position too;
And worst, if beaten, our retreat 's cut off.

MARY. [Continuing a conversation which had been going on before the scene opened.]
I am resolv'd to trust Kirkaldy—
BOTHWELL. Ah!
What glamour blinds thee, love? Thou know'st him not:
The hireling spy and England's traitrous tool.
He but deceives thee, with his specious tale;
His boasted chivalry is mere lacker.
Beneath the semblance of the golden truth
Is falsehood's foul and cheap-jack metal. Think
Ere you commit your fortune to such crew.

[Bothwell breaks off suddenly, rushes to a Hackbutteer and, by signs and words inaudible to the spectators, directs him to shoot Kirkaldy, who, shading his eyes against the declining sun, is looking in a different direction towards his own friends. Mary, moved by Bothwell's charges, seems lost for a moment in deep thought; then suddenly perceives Bothwell's intention and throws herself between the musketeer and his aim.]

MARY. What would'st thou do?
BOTHWELL. Slay the deceiving villain
By whom you are infatuated.
MARY. James,
He 's under safeguard of my queenly word,
And, though he were the very knave thou say'st,
He must not die by an assassin shot.
BOTHWELL. [With difficulty restraining himself, and making a gesture to the musketeer to "recover arms," returns to the Queen's side.]
My love, my queen, my sweetheart and my life,
Thy noble nature and thy native sense
Are both the victims of this knave's device.
Is it not better, here upon this field,
To strike one blow for honor and thy crown
Than thus abase thyself to traitors—yield
Thy freedom, and perchance thy life, to those
Who never yet have kept a single Bond
Beyond the signing, had their purposes
But borne their fruit perfidious. Hast thou not
Prov'd me, as never yet woman prov'd man
Or had the chance to do 't? Have I not shown,
By ev'ry thought, word, act, since manhood's dawn,
That Truth and Bothwell were synonymous?
"KIIP TREST!" my motto—emblem of my life.
Was I not faithful to my mother; then
With equal truth did I not turn to thee:
Until thy love, enkindled at my own,
Or my big love, inflam'd by thy bright eyes,
Converted me from loyalty to love?
Have I e'er fail'd thee? Have I not been truth,
Love, faith, devotion: *all* thy sex can ask?
And yet thou dost not trust me; but prefer'st
The specious promise of a hireling tongue!
MARY. I am resolv'd to trust the Bonded Lords;
Not, that I have lost faith in thee, mine own,
But cause 't would seem as if by Fate impell'd,
This is the wisest course and fits the time.
A brief, sad parting and a better meeting
May bring again a long and halcyon term.

BOTHWELL. No, no! No, no! I tell thee, No! 'T would seem
As if, on board a stout still lusty frigate,
Because 't is slightly shatter'd by a squall,
Thou would'st abandon ship and practic'd captain,
To trust a pirate's skiff to save from storm
That lowers, but has not burst. Oh! Mary,
Dost thou love me?

MARY. My acts are the best answer
I have gone through too much for thee to doubt it.
Oh, what have I not done to prove my love? [*Wringing her hands.*]
Oh, what have I not suffer'd to be thine?

BOTHWELL. Then, by the tie united us when twain,
And by the two church rites that made us one,
I do conjure thee, let me fight this day:
Not like a felon bid me steal away.
Never before has Bothwell quit the field,
But all victorious or upon his shield.

[Bothwell takes Mary's hand in his, and they stand thus, grasping each others hands, for some minutes; then clasp each other in a sad but fierce embrace. He glues his lips to hers, then suddenly releases her, and, gazing, seems to discern that neither kisses nor caresses have changed her resolution. His eyes question her.]

MARY. [*Suddenly.*] I am resolv'd to keep my word to Grange.

BOTHWELL. Oh, love! my life!

MARY. [*With a sad smile.*] Alas! we here must part;
Part for a time, assur'd of future meeting.

BOTHWELL. Wilt thou be true to me, and keep thy promise,
So often seal'd with kisses, e'en beside
The dead man's corse; to ne'er even in thought,
Nor word, nor bond, nor deed, annul nor weaken it;
Be my own Mary, till the whelming sea
Or the cold earth put seal to either life?

MARY. I promise. Go! Before it is too late,
Take horse for Dunbar, ere the foeman's horse
Cut in and make escape impossible.

BOTHWELL. [*With desperation.*] Will you not fight,
or let us fight?

MARY. Too late!

[Bothwell seizes her in his arms and kisses her wildly; but, seeing that even in this supreme moment she makes a motion for Kirkaldy to approach, he suddenly releases her and strides to the left of the stage; then turns, and perceives that Kirkaldy has drawn nearer to the Queen. Some one in the rear has given a signal to the enemy, and without, to the right, arise shouts, fanfares of trumpets and triumphant flams of drums.]

BOTHWELL. [*To those without.*] Ho! To horse! To horse!

MARY. [*Giving her hand to Kirkaldy.*] Come, Sir, let us go!

[These two last exclamations are simultaneous as the curtain falls. Rude, loud, triumphant music accompanies its descent, which gradually changes into softer and mournful notes, as the curtain again rises upon a double scene.]

FOTHERINGAY.	DRAGSHOLM.
Mary, with her head on the block, and the executioner standing over her with upraised axe.	Bothwell, lying dead upon the floor of his dungeon at Adelsborg.

[Curtain falls again to sad music, which gradually changes into a symphony, as it rises on the reunion of Mary and Bothwell.]

"JAMES HEPBURN, Earl of Bothwell," *an unpublished Tragedy.*

JUNE 16th, 1573, why does not appear, Bothwell was privately transferred to the Castle of Dragsholm* (Dragon's Island), now Adelsborg. Dragsholm appears to be an isthmus (island?) between Seiro Bay and the La(o)mme Fiorde, one of the arms of the Ise-Fiorde, on the north-west coast of Zealand, fifty-eight miles west of Copenhagen, off the road between the seaport towns of Holbek,

* Leaving the highroad from Copenhagen to Holbek, "before long the imposing Chateau of [Dragsholm, now] Adelsborg [the last place of confinement for Bothwell] appeared in sight, well placed among the surrounding woods, * * * in a private demesne. * * * As we approach the borders of the [tranquil] fiorde, on a little promontory jutting out into the sea, stands a whitewashed gabled church, and its spire of ancient date, simple and unadorned, but made to paint, the village Church of Faareveile, within whose walls repose [what are erroneously represented as] the mortal remains of the Earl of Bothwell, the so-called [the third and best beloved] husband of Mary Stuart, who died a prisoner, some say a maniac, within the walls of Draxholm, where he had been privately removed by the King of Denmark. * * The ancient castle of Draxholm, or *Dragon's Island*, was, in former days, the property of the Bishop of Roeskilde; the huge mass of buildings are still something ecclesiastical in their appearance, surrounded by a moat, and of no architectural beauty. The great tower [represented] in the old engravings of Resen, was destroyed by the Swedes, in 1658; the chapel gutted during the War of the Counts, in 1533. It is the intention of [the present owner, 1860,] Baron Zeutphen Adeler to restore [it] to its former state. * * Before we proceed to visit the church of Faareveile, I may as well explain [in my way] how Bothwell came to end his days within the prison of the castle of Draxholm.

"It was in the year 1567 that sentence of death was passed by the Scottish Parliament on the Earl of Bothwell, at that time resident in

to the east, and Kallundsborg, to the west. Faareveile, where the body of Bothwell is said to have been deposited, is on, or near by, the shore of the L(a)omme Fiorde.

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the Orkney Islands, having under his command a squadron of five light-armed vessels of war, * * * Bothwell's squadron, endeavoring, during a terrific storm, to escape from an armament sent in their pursuit [all mixed up, truth and error], two of his vessels managed to enter the harbor of Karmsund, in Norway. Bothwell here declared himself to be the husband of the Queen of Scots, and demanded to be conducted into the presence of the King of Denmark. Such is the account given by English historians. Now, however, that Bothwell is safe arrived in Norway, it is as well to consult the account given by the Danes themselves. In the '*Liber Bergensis Capituli*' we find the following notice:

"'September 2, A.D. 1568 [1567], came the King's ship "David," upon which Christian of Aalborg was head man: she had taken prisoner a Count [Earl] from Scotland, of the name of Jacob Hebroe *of Botwile*, who first was made Duke of the Orkneys and Shetland, and lately married the Queen of Scotland, and after he was suspected of having been in the counsel to blow up the King [Darnley]: they first accused the Queen, and then the Count, but he made his escape, and came to Norway, and was afterwards taken to Denmark by the king's ship "David [Bear]."' *The accusation of piracy made against the Scottish earl was never credited by Frederic II., or his advisers.* Bothwell had hired two [two-masted, lesser war-ships, called] pinks, when in Shetland, of Gerhard Hemlin the Bremois, for fifty silver dollars a month, commanded by David Wodt, a noted pirate [privateer, or letter of marque, for the terms were then synonymous and expressed by the same word], in which he arrived on the coast of Norway, in a miserable plight, his own vessel [flag ship] having returned to Shetland, with his valuables on board, to fetch his people [and valuables]. Erik Rosenkrantz, the Governor [of Bergen], thought necessary to summon a jury of the most respectable people of the town, 'twelve brewers of the bridge,' to enquire into the Earl's case, and how it was he had become associated with so well-known a pirate. Some of the crew affirmed they knew of

According to generally received accounts, Bothwell was plunged into a dungeon. This is mere surmise. Nothing is positively known.

no other captain than one Wodt, to whom the pink belonged. The commission add, that this Hamburger (as Bothwell styles him in his narrative) was a well-known pirate.

"Still they suspected the Earl was about to go over to Sweden, a country at war with Denmark; they accordingly recommend that he should take an oath that he would keep peace towards his Danish Majesty's subjects, as well as towards all those who brought goods to his Majesty's dominions. On this account only [a fear that the Earl was about to serve the Swedes, and not for piracy] Erik Rosenkrantz sends him a prisoner to Copenhagen. This was, no doubt, the origin of the accusation of 'piracy' made by the Earl of Murray [an unrelenting, malignant, personal foe] against Bothwell by the mouth of the infant king [James VI.], aged eighteen months. *The Earl had come to raise men in the North to aid the royal* [Mary's and his own] *cause.* Indeed, so satisfactory was his examination on this point, it is mentioned in the '*Liber Bergenisis*' that, two days after his examination—

"September 28th [1567], Erik Rosenkrantz gave to the Earl and his noblemen a magnificent banquet; and, again, 'the Earl repaired to the Castle, and Erik received him with great honor.' * * * *

"On the 30th September, comes our last notice: 'The Earl was conducted to a ship and led prisoner to Denmark, that is Malmo-huus. This assertion is not quite correct; as Bothwell remained in Copenhagen until the 30th of December [until 10th January, 1568, if not later], when he was consigned to the custody of Biorn Kaas, Governor of Malmo-huus, together with his companion, Captain Clarke. *Here he remained, well treated, with a liberal allowance from the King of Denmark,* indulging in potations with his comrade, which later brought him to death's door. Many were the requests from the Queen of England and the Scottish Lords to Frederick, demanding that the Earl should be handed over to their custody, to which the Danish Sovereign always replied by a refusal. If they chose to proceed against him they were are at liberty so to do, but judged he must be by Danish

Even Agnes Strickland is forced to admit that the popular tradition of Bothwell's madness is entirely without foundation, and that when at Dragsholm he was treated much

laws. It is related how, after a season, being brought to a state of weakness from the effects of a dangerous illness, his conscience tormented by anguish and remorse [utterly false], he made, in the presence of several witnesses, a confession of his share of Darnley's assassination, exonerating Queen Mary from any participation or knowledge of his crime. Mary, in a letter to her Ambassador on the subject, writes the names of those before whom the attestation was made, to be: Otto Braw, of the Castle of Elcembre; Paris Braw, of Vascu; Monsieur Gullensterna, of the Castle of Fulkenster; Baron Cowes, of Malinga Castle; so Miss Strickland gives them. I have this morning consulted a Danish *nobilier* to see whether I can, among the manors once in possession of these families, find any names similar to those here given. The spelling is obscure, but really not worse than that of a foreigner of the 19th century, if he attempted to write down the names by ear.

"Otto Braw, of the Castle of Elcembre, stands for Otto Brahe, of the Castle of Helsingborg, of which he was governor—father of Tycho Brahe. He died, however, in 1571. [It does not stand to reason that a corse was admitted as a subscribing witness, except in a blood-and-thunder drama, such as the Old Bowery 'Dead Hand.'] His son, Steen, was at that time alive, and resided near Malmo—indeed, the whole province of Skaane teemed with his family, *lehnsmend* and governors, high in authority. Paris Braw, of Vascu, I take to be Brahe, of Vidskovle, a chateau near Christianstad; Gullensterna of Fulkenster, Gyldenstierne of Fuletofte, probably Axel, son of Mogens Gyldenstierne, Stadtholder of Malmo, and himself a Governor; while for Baron Cowes, of Malinge, read Biorn Kaas, Governor of Malmo-huus, whose son, Jorgen, was possessor of Meilgard, in Jutland.

"In the copy of Bothwell's confession, preserved in the Scotch College in Paris, these names are again differently written. The Swedes, to whom Skaane now belongs, possess again an orthography different

better than he deserved; perhaps not worse than Mary was by Elizabeth. Schiern has demonstrated with greater clearness the *utter falsity* of the CONFESSION attributed to

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from the Danes. You will not find them written in two books alike. After a lapse of fifty years, nothing can be more puzzling.

"It was in the year 1573, after the confession, that Bothwell was removed to Draxholm, and treated as a criminal; *though of that no documentary evidence exists.* * * * M. de Dantzay [The French ambassador] writes word to Charles IX. that the King of Denmark, up to the present time, had well treated the Earl of Bothwell, but a few days since had caused him to be put 'en une fort maulvaise et estroite prison.' [This may simply refer to the strength of the Dragon Island keep and its loneliness, characteristics which would affect the judgment and language of a Frenchman accustomed to court life and long residence in a refined capital.] In the month of November, the same year [1573], he again announces, 'le Comte de Baudouel, Ecossais, est aussi décédé.' Bothwell, however, did not die till April 19th, 1578. [Not so, 1575:—1578 is disproved by the very narrator further on.] According to the chaplain of Draxholm, Frederic, tormented by the demands of Queen Elizabeth and the Scotch Regents for his deliverance into their hands, *allowed the report of his death to be circulated, and so put an end to all the worry on the subject.*

"In the chronicle of Frederic II.'s reign, Resen, under the year 1578, after stating that Frederic II. caused the dead body of his father to be removed from Odense to Rosiklde, continues: 'At that very time the Scottish Earl Bothwell also died, after a long imprisonment at Draxholm, and was buried at Faareveile.' That the Scottish Queen, in her damp prison of Fotheringay, receiving her intelligence in secret, should have been misinformed as to the christian names of the Danish noblemen who were summoned to the sick-bed of Bothwell, is not surprising;—such a confusion, too, as exists in these ancient geneologies; such an intermarrying between the families of Kaas, Gyldenstierne, and Brahe; such a changing and exchanging of manors by sale, by dowry, by gifte, *maal and morgen gaffue* (marriage settlement)—my head,

Bothwell. In all the authentic papers known to have been written by him, he insists upon his innocence, and with equal force alleges the guilt of Murray and Morton, and

before we had finished our researches, became a very chaos. [It was, the story shows it.]

"The [supposed] prison of Bothwell is now the wine-cellar of the castle, and the iron ring, to which he is reported to have been attached a maniac [which is false], stands inserted in the wall, between two shelves of the wine-bins—on one lies crusty Port, in the lower Chateau Lafitte. What a tantalizing sight for his wine-loving spectre, should he by chance revisit the seat of his former prison! *Bothwell died at Draxholm two years after his removal thither* [1573, consequently 1575, *not* 1578], and was interred in the parish church of Faareveile. * * * On the iron-bound door [of the church] appears the dragon, titular patron, I suppose, of the place. The interior is simple, of good architecture, with pulpit and altar-piece of Christian IV.'s date, and in sound repair. * * * They raise a folding trap [since definitely closed] in the chancel; a ladder leads to the vault below; on the right lies a simple wooden coffin, encased in an outer one for protection; the lid is removed, a sheet withdrawn, uncovered within which lies the mummy-corpse [this is altogether without proof and apocryphal] of Scotland's proudest Earl. The coffin in earlier times reposed in a vault of the chapel of the Adeler family, but was removed by the baron to its present place for the convenience of those who desire to visit it without intruding on the dormitory of the family. It had always, for centuries, been known as the tomb of 'Grev. Bodvell" by sacristan and peasant. When the wooden coffin was first opened, the body was found enveloped in the finest linen, the head reposing on a pillow of satin (?) THERE WAS NO INSCRIPTION.

Now, I am no enthusiast, and take matters quietly enough, but I defy any impartial *Englishman* [a nationality most inimical to Bothwell living and dead] to gaze on this body without at once declaring it to be that of an ugly Scotchman. [? ! ? ! ? ! Ridiculous assertion, and no proof whatever, as Schiern demonstrates.] It is that of a man about the middle height—and to judge by his hair, red mixed with

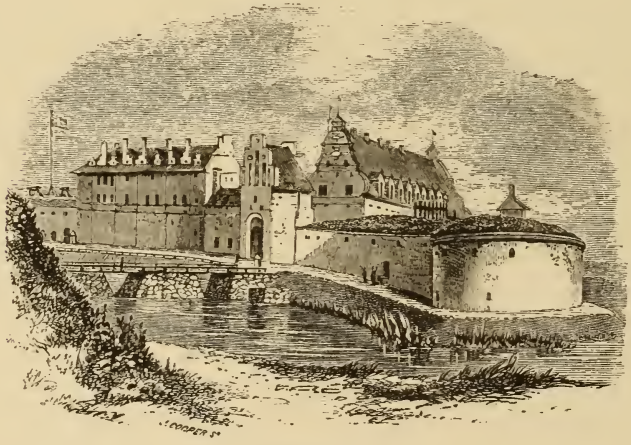
their associates. Even at Draxholm, it is stated that Bothwell "nevertheless, got permission to go hunting." It is supposed that Frederic transferred the Earl from Malmo to Dragsholm to relieve himself from the annoyances of the applications made by the successive Regents of Scotland and the Queen of England. In her endeavors to injure Bothwell with Frederic II. and retaliate upon the Earl in his distress for his life-long patriotic refusals of her invitations to imitate Murray, Morton, Kirkaldy and others, and become her tool, spy, and, like Murray, her "fawning spaniel," traitor to his country, she descended to the meanness of styling Darnley as "King," whereas she had hitherto refused him that title, both while living and when dead,

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grey, of about fifty years of age. The forehead is not expansive; the form of the head wide behind, denoting bad qualities, of which Bothwell, as we all know [how, by misrepresentation? yes!] possessed plenty; high cheek-bones; remarkably prominent, long, hooked nose, somewhat depressed towards the end (this may have been the effect of emaciation); wide mouth; *hands and feet small, well shaped, those of a high-bred man.* I have examined the records of the Scottish Parliament, caused researches to be made at the British Museum—the copy of his 'Hue and Cry' is not forthcoming; *no description of Bothwell exists* [great error], save that of Brantome, who saw [is supposed to have seen] him on his visit to Paris, where he first met Mary, during the lifetime of King Francis. * * Having first severed a lock of his red and silver hair as a souvenir, we let close the coffin-lid. * * Bothwell's life was a troubled one; but, had he selected a site in all Christendom for quiet and repose in death, he could have found none more peaceful, more soft and calm, than the village church of Faarveile." (HORACE MARRYATT'S "Jutland and the Danish Isles;" pp. 408–19. de Peyster Alcove, N. Y. Society Library.)

styling him in her correspondence "the dead gentleman," "*le mort gentilhomme*" (Buckingham, I., 363–'4). Now she invoked vengeance upon Bothwell, as the cruel assassin of his relative and sovereign. And here it may be pertinent to observe that Bothwell was of the noblest blue blood on all sides. He was as nearly related to Mary as he was to his divorced wife, Jane Huntley, as he was descended from Joanna, daughter of James I., King of Scotland, and also from Queen Joanna, or Jane Beaufort, wife of James I., by her second husband, Sir James Stewart, "the Black Knight of Lorn." That Bothwell was in any degree related to Darnley is not shown.

When and where did Bothwell die? Many say in Malmo-huus. Sheer ignorance! Shiern says 14th April,



Malmo-huus.

1578; Petrick in the beginning of November, 1575. Whether he died in 1575 or 1578 there is nothing positive known of the details of his life after 1571.*

Reader, have you ever met with "Historic Doubts,"

* He made no Confession, he left no Testament inculpating himself or exonerating Mary in connection with the Darnley killing, and everything of the kind attributed to him are manipulations or forgeries. The best authorities now unite in conceding this. "Mary Stuart received the intelligence of Bothwell's decease"—says Gaedeke, 410—"without being much moved at it; passionate natures like hers have ever been wanting in feeling." Just so! She was a heartless, although excitable woman. Now Bothwell, then Darnley; now Bothwell then Norfolk, and then the Axe. Anathema upon her, she was unworthy of a "REAL MAN."

Schiern, Petrick and others have shown that no amount of research can discover any data to enable the biographer or antiquarian to lift even the lowest corner of the veil of doubt and ignorance which hangs over the last years of Bothwell. Schiern (386) corroborates Petrick. "The Earl's coffin was brought from Dragsholm to the nearest church at Faareveile. This church, which stands away from the village, on the west bay of Isefjord, in a lonely and quiet spot, the haunt of gulls and sea-fowl, is said to be the last resting-place of him who was the third and best loved husband of Scotland's Queen.

"As tradition still points out in Dragsholm the room which was Bothwell's prison, so among the coffins in Faareveile church, it continues to indicate one, without any inscription or adornment, as the coffin of the famous Scotsman. To ascertain the truth of the legend, the coffin was opened on the 31st of May, 1858, but without any positive mark being seen that the corpse found in it was really Bothwell's."

Marryat asserts that, unmistakably, the body he saw was that of an ugly Scotchman. Schiern explodes such a silly argument and assertion by citing the fact that "Bothwell was not the only Scotchman that was buried in Faareveile Church," and added the question, "How much of the 'ugliness' alleged here ought to be ascribed to the fact of the

or any one of the careful treatises written to prove how unworthy of trust are generally received traditions and the majority of histories, so styled. Do you know? Can you answer at once, Who was Joab? The author has asked this question indiscriminately many hundreds of times, and, except from a constant Bible reader, scarcely ever got a correct answer, if any at all, and yet Joab was the grand and able general of a great king, the father of the wisest monarch that ever grasped a sceptre, and the story of Joab, David and Soloman is told in the Book read by all civilized people. Joab's dispositions and victory at Medeba constitute an example of a class of peculiar battles, of which the latest was our Chancellorsville. Who was Simon Stevin of Bruges? A Dutch mathematician, who was the first to throw light on the darkness which had brooded upon the world, for 1800 years, since Archimedes. Maurice of Nassau was the restorer of military discipline; Simon Stevin was his preceptor in military science, proper,

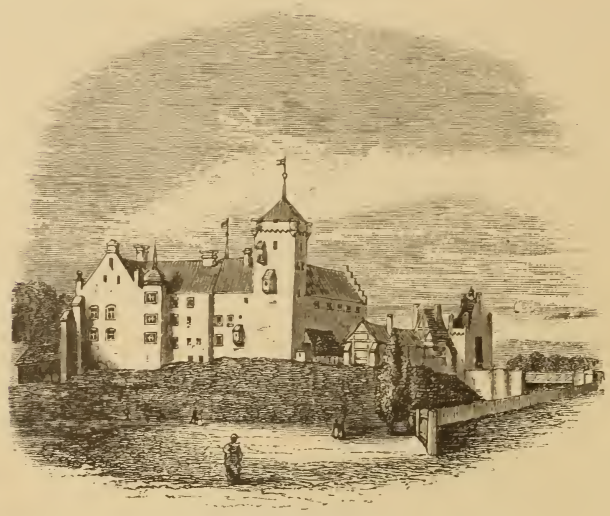
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body having passed three hundred years in the grave, it is certainly not so easy to determine." Why was not this the body of Captain Clark? Marryat says that the corpse he saw was that of a man of middle size. This does not agree with the traditional full-length "columnar," "overtopping tall," portrait of Bothwell. The famous Prussian General, von Moltke, justly conceded that great men would not enjoy posthumous excellence and immortality without poets and historians. By impartial pens Bothwell was represented as a stalwart, columnar, martial figure, as a powerful and imposing military chief, whose resounding tread rang battleward.

castrematation and engineering. Who was John Cavalier? A little Protestant baker's boy, in a small town among the mountains of Languedoc, who, at the age of twenty, made an army, equipped with weapons, mostly curiosities preserved in old armories, until he wrested better from his foes. With some three thousand peasants whom he had drilled, he held at bay sixty thousand regulars—veterans, volunteers and militia—and was a match in succession for two Marshals of France, one of whom was the celebrated Villars, who declared that his youthful opponent had performed "actions worthy of Cæsar." He treated as equal with equal with this same Villars, who was a local *Alter Ego* of Louis XIV., and by keeping such a mass of the best French troops in check in southern France, Cavalier converted Marlborough's campaign, which culminated at Blenheim, 13th August, 1704, from a probability into a certainty, that burst at once the bubble of French invincibility. Bothwell belonged to this class of marvels. Henry Taylor, author of the wonderful dramatic poem, "Philip van Artevelde," tells us

> "The world knows nothing of its greatest men."
>
> "Such souls,
> Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
> Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
> A voice that in the distance far away
> Wakens the slumbering ages."

Bothwell lived on, and died at Dragsholm (? 1575, '76 or '78) faithful to the motto of his house, "KIIP TREST!"



Dragsholm Castle.

Keep Trust! Be faithful!

"A gentleman of credit, noble, honest,—
As true as his own sword."

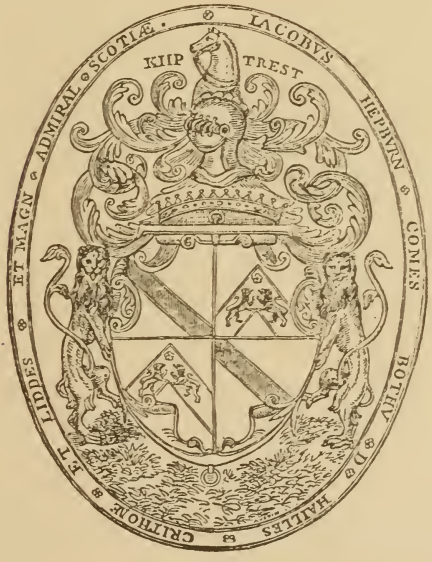
His devotion, boy and man, to Mary of Guise, Queen-Dowager and Regent of Scotland, was inviolate and inviolable, and when Queen Mary returned to Edinburgh she still found his loyalty so lofty and unchangeable, that "it seemed to partake of that devotion which shed a halo over the days of Chivalry." Bothwell committed the crime which, in this world, never receives any other than the enigmatic absolution accorded by Pope Pius III. to the

murderers of Cardinal Beatoun, "REMITTIMUS IRREMISIBILE." "*We pardon the deed which admits of no pardon.*" Bothwell's crime—such a deed—was FAILURE, and, despite his loyalty, bravery, ability, patriotism and manifold other gifts,

> "He left a name at which [his] world grew pale
> To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

Bothwell's culmination or transit realized the language of Macbeth, about to perish:

> "Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more: it is a tale
> Told by an idiot full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing."



Bothwell's Book-Stamp.

APPENDIX.

Arnold Gaedeke (Giessen, 1879,) on the Authenticity of the Casket ("*Chatoullen*") Letters, &c. Translated from the original German.

The genuineness of these celebrated letters has so often been a subject of the most embittered controversy, and so many hypotheses of all sorts, made with such an expenditure of ability, have been advanced* concerning it, that a rehearsal of all the arguments brought out for and against it, appears superfluous, especially since, to the opponents of their authenticity, little peculiarities and immaterial circumstances count for more than the most obvious deductions. *The genuineness of the letters—in my opinion—if one excepts perfect verbal correctness,† no longer admits of a doubt.* The attempts of the majority of recent writers must, decidedly, be rejected,‡ and the rather should this be done, that as good as nothing new is brought forward by them, as a basis for their views. It is the old *hair-splitting*, as to date, style, &c., which is again raked up, and which we encounter about equally in all of them.

There is only the fierce attack on Crawford's deposition, with the reasons given for it, which is new, and, therefore, of some importance, for this a document lately discovered among the Hamilton Papers has furnished the material. This document is a letter which Darnley's father, the Earl of Lenox, it is said, directed to Crawford from Chiswick. In it he conjures him, for God's sake, to furnish further matter of accusation against the Queen, or else the worst result—that is to say, the acquittal of Mary Stuart—was to be feared at York. "By all possible methods, to search for more matters against her," writes Lenox to Crawford, June 11th, 1568. ("Hamilton Papers;" Hosack, I., 199.) ☞ It is well known that the adherents of Mary Stuart have falsified to an enormous extent, and the circumstance that they should have been found in the possession of the Hamiltons is moreover very striking. ☜

However—granted the genuineness of this letter—we can in the extremest case only conclude from it that Crawford, who had been summoned to York as a witness, and was preparing his testimony before hand, may have obtained previous knowledge of the contents of the *Chatoullen* letters, and the contents of the Lenox letter shows nothing at all against their genuineness. The *Chatoullen* letters had been long before the Scottish Parliament. Besides this the anxiety of Lenox was natural. When he wrote the letter in question, Murray had not yet thrown aside his hesitating attitude, which the Duke of Norfolk evidently had caused him to take, and he held back with the principal article of accusation. The anxiety of Lenox was acutely shared by Queen Elizabeth and by the English Commissioners. It is also to be remembered that Throckmorton had already declared, in a report of 15th July, 1567. that there were in Scotland proofs, in Mary's own handwriting—and finally, it is further to be borne in mind, that

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* The attempt of Wiesener has been very justly rejected by Maurenbrecher ("historische Zeitschrift," XIV., 521 ff.)

† The original letters and the original casket (Fassung) are no longer to be found. The letters were in the possession first of Morton, then of Gowrie, and, finally, came into the hands of *James VI., who, no doubt, destroyed them.* We have only the Scotch and Latin translation. as also the retranslation into French of 1572.

‡ The opinion of the correspondent of the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, of the 5th May, 1878, appears very groundless and rash. In a criticism of the works of Chantelauze and Morris he is bold enough to assert, on the basis of the recent publications, "that the view founded on a shuffle can scarcely any longer enjoy general assent."

the, as yet, cherished idea, that, the falsity of one letter being proved, the fate of all the others is decided, does not answer in historical criticism.

The chief arguments for the genuineness of the *Chatoullen* [difficult to be dealt with ?] letters have, up to the present time, been the following :

1. The agreement of the first principal letter with the declarations of Crawford, to whom Darnley, immediately after his interview with the Queen, imparted what was said, in order that the former should give an account of it to his father.

2. The mention of Hiegate, &c., a circumstance which no falsifier could have invented. This Hiegate was a town-clerk of Glasgow, who was said to have made a declaration as to the intention of Darnley to obtain possession of the young prince, his son. The Queen wrote about the affair to Archbishop Beatoun on the 20th January, 1567, and for many years no one knew how to explain the passage concerning it.

3. The peculiar form of the letter, which breaks off in the middle, from want of paper, &c., and is afterwards finished.

4. The confidential letter of the Earl of Lenox to his wife, in which the finding of the *Chatoullen* letters is discussed.

5. The unanimous decision of the English Commissioners, among whom was the Duke of Norfolk. No one held the letters to be falsified, there is nothing of the sort mentioned in the record.

6. The behavior of the Queen herself. Her commissioners declared, only on the 6th December, that all writings which could be brought forward by the rebels were calumnies and private communications, which could in no way be prejudicial to their mistress. Finally the Queen herself declared that Murray was, without doubt, in possession of papers of the highest importance.

To these proofs we are, in my opinion, now able to add a new and not inconsiderable argument. A passage of that first letter has remained up to this day (it has escaped even Froude) unconsidered, and this, simply, because it was not understood. We have, only within a few years, obtained the key to it through Teulet's publications. Just at the commencement of the conversation, we find a short question of Darnley's, whether the Queen had already prepared her "*état*," a question which she answers in the affirmative. We now know that this "*état*" was a List, prepared for inspection, of pensions and pensioners, and which was paid in France, out of the widows's-portion of the Queen, 40,000 Livres ; and that this list was prepared annually and forwarded to France, in order to serve as a *warrant* for the payments. The chief part of the recipients were Frenchmen, or servants living in France, as Beatoun, the ambassador, who received 3,060 Livres. The document of February, 1567, is in existence, signed by Mary Stuart and her secretary, Joseph Rizzio, brother of David, and, therefore, must have been prepared immediately before the Glasgow visit. (Estat des gaiges des dames, desmoiselles, gentilzhommes et outres officiers domestiques de la Royne d'Ecosse, Douariaire de France. Teulet II., 268.)

It is almost impossible that a falsifier should have hit upon this question, and very unlikely that the fact, in general, was known to many persons. Its being a short simple question is of consequence here ; if a falsifier had wished to make use of the circumstance, the passage would, without doubt, have been worded in an entirely different manner. But it is, most of all, of consequence, that in the Scottish Parliament, when the papers were laid before it, no one stood up for the Queen, although Huntley, Errol, and, above all, Herries were present. A circumstance which alone should be of sufficient weight to confute all the objections of apologists. The Parliament declared that "the process against the Queen was caused by her own offence," which was proved by various confidential letters, in her own hand, written to Bothwell before and after the murder of the King.*

* To be attributed to her own default, in so far as be divers her privie lettres written halely by her aun hand, and send be her to James, sometime Earl of Bothwell, chief

I will now turn to the objections which have been made by the other side. As regards the date of the letters, there is to be put into the scale that we have not the original letters, and that, in writing the translations, errors and faults in writing might easily occur. If there were a desire to falsify, it was easy either to omit the date entirely or to give it with the greatest exactness. I can find no contradiction in this regard. The Queen reached Glasgow on the 24th of January; the same night she wrote that long, famous letter to Bothwell, which she finished on the morning of the 25th. Paris set out at once, reached the capital on Saturday night, and brought the answer back to Glasgow on the morning of the 27th. The distances are not so great as to throw any doubt on this. Mary Stuart left Glasgow on the 27th, and arrived at the capital on the 28th. Paris, as a courier, accomplished the journey in still shorter time. Murray's Journal is in error when it makes Bothwell's first arrival in Edinburgh on the 28th, or, what is much more likely, Bothwell, who stayed in the capital on the 25th and 26th, incognito, left the city with Paris, and returned on the 28th.

Hosack's grounds for the spuriousness of the letters have no significance. He directly denies Mary's passion for Bothwell (a thing which cannot be doubted), because she had "known him altogether too long." The audacity of Hosack's conclusions is generally wonderful. He likewise brings up Murray's will as a proof of Mary's innocence.

When Murray, after the murder of Darnley, betook himself to France, he made his will, and in it recommended his only daughter to the care of the Queen, in the most urgent manner. ("Morton Papers." Printed by the Bannetyne Club. I., 19.) At this time Murray had not the slightest knowledge of the *Chatoullen* letters; but, even if he had, he might still have commended his daughter to the care of his sister and sovereign, without thereby admitting the innocence of this last.

The "noisy" method and manner in which Darnley was killed, has also often been brought forward in favor of Mary Stuart. It certainly cannot be denied that the good sense of the Queen would at once cause her, in case she was initiated into the plans *of her lover*, to protest against this way of death, and, if one wishes to be just, it must further be admitted that, besides the declarations of Bothwell's servants—to which I attach but small importance—there is no piece of proof in existence that the Queen had a knowledge of all the details. ☞This, however, diminishes her guilt in a very small degree; it does not even remove the character of treachery from her, since, that something was intended against her husband, Mary Stuart must have known as certainly as it is certain that she stood in a lover's relation with Bothwell. We possess the most indubitable proof of this. ☜

Froude, an opponent, cannot conceal his wonder at the above. A murder by poison, he thinks, would, relatively, have but little injured her character. Aside from the fact that in Scotland such a thing was not usual, Bothwell knew perfectly well what he was about when he chose the "more noisy" mode of death. Already in possession of the *Chatoullen* letters, he then had the means of compelling the Queen to marry him. Exactly this noise-making, and otherwise entirely senseless mode of murder, is a proof, little considered, but very weighty for the genuineness of the letters. ☞From the openness of the crime these letters first obtained their peculiar value. Hence sprang, after the marriage, the curious, heretofore incomprehensible, sadness and despair of the Queen, for whom there was no alternative from submitting to the will of Bothwell, although she foresaw the consequences and was badly treated by her lover. ☜

It is, moreover, frequently maintained, of late, that the style of the letters is too inelegant and unpolished for the Queen to have written them, and that the Sonnets are too poor to pass for the work of so good a poetess; that Mary's letters are refined, elegant, harmonious: these the opposite, "coarse, awkward and the merest patchwork," as

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executer of the said horrible murther, as well before the committing thereof as thereafter. "Anent the retention of our Sovreane Lords Motheris Person Act, 1567, c. 19, Act Parl. III., 27." Burton, IV., p. 438. Scribner & Welford's edit., IV., 264–'5 (3).

Skelton calls them [passion, mixed with conscious guilt, does not produce fine composition].

The Sonnets, however, are by no means so bad, particularly when one compares them with those poems of the Queen on her first husband; in addition the form and [sound of the words ?] as they now appear (are) probably not the original ones. Finally we possess very few really intimate and confidential letters written by the Queen.

But these (last named) letters, as, for instance, the one to the Duke of Norfolk, whom Mary had never seen, betray in their style a remarkable similarity to the style of the *Chatoullen* letters, as Burton has elegantly and strikingly shown (Labanoff, III., p. 4, 11, 18); and this fact is in a much higher degree true of the well known letter which Mary Stuart wrote under passionate excitement to Elizabeth, in which she repels the calumnies of the Countess of Shrewsbury.

Furthermore, a forger would certainly not have introduced this degree of passionateness into the letters, it lay in the character of the Queen; also, he would never have put in the numberless trifles, from doing which, it is the custom for any one to be on their guard in a forgery. Petit maintains, since other grounds of proof fail him, that the Sonnette, in which the words, "I put my son in thy hands" occur, is alone a sufficient proof of spuriousness, because the young Prince had never been in Bothwell's hands. Yet it does not read, "I have put," and it is only intended to imply that Mary with her marriage expected to leave the safety of herself and of her son trustfully in the hands of Bothwell.

Very remarkable, also, is the view of the same author, to the effect that Bothwell would, had he been in possession of the letters, infallibly have shown them to the Lords at the Ainslie Tavern, and not less remarkable, finally, that Bothwell would have destroyed the letters after the marriage, since it was for his interest to annihilate the written proofs of his guilt. They were articles of proof for Mary's guilt; for that of Bothwell there were certainly other and far more weighty ones.

It must be explained, also, that the report of de Silvas to Philip II., of 21st July, 1567, has, as Petit reviews it, been torn out of its proper connection. Elizabeth was, in the highest degree, enraged at Lethington, and the other Lords. In respect to the letters she had not yet a satisfactory understanding. Thus she could speak to de Silvas in no other way.

It is remarkable that Skelton does not completely reject the genuineness of the *Chatoullen* letters, and this shows that he had not been able to get rid of the impression of their testing by the English Commissioners, in Westminster. He thinks that they, in part, really are from the hand of the Queen, but he excepts the two dated from Glasgow and Sterling. The others, he thinks, are from Mary's hand, yet written to Darnley, and taken by the opponents of the Queen, *i. e.*, in this case the falsifiers, from her papers, "in order to intermingle truth and falsehood, and give to the falsified parts the appearance of genuineness." He directly accuses Lethington as the falsifier, he expressly exempts Murray, for the letters were tampered with during his absence from Scotland. The accusing of Lethington is the more senseless since he (Lethington), from direct political reasons, had made the greatest efforts to prevent Murray's accusation and the production of the letters.

The conversation which Murray had with the Spanish Ambassador, de Silva, in London, on his return journey from France, is brought up by Hosack as a vindication. From what was said, however, it can only be concluded that Murray, then, had no precise knowledge in regard to the *Chatoullen* letters. But Hosack immediately concludes that another letter had been first falsified, and at a later time changed.

On the other hand, as regards direct participation in and privity to the murder of her husband by Mary Stuart, people have, up to the present time, gone somewhat too far. That Mignet should, at once, give full faith to the declarations of Bothwell's servants, which they made before their executions, has always been wonderful to me. The probability is very apparent that the accessory's accessories strove to cover themselves under the Queen's participation and approval of it.

It is, too, a decisive weight in the scale, that the chief actor, Hubert, called French Paris, did not make the compromising statements against the Queen until the second day of the examination; on the first day he, on the contrary, only described Bothwell's arrangements and activity. The conclusion is almost self-evident that his last declarations were pressed from him by the opponents of the Queen through hints of escape. Among these, especially belong the story of the costly coverlet, which the Queen caused to be brought away, shortly before the explosion. As to the (particulars) of Hubert's examination and the review of it, we know nothing. Haste was made to have him executed when he was, in the middle of June, 1569, brought to Scotland from Copenhagen by Captain Clark. As being in accordance with these points, the pretended Will of Bothwell is also brought forward by these recent authors. It has very recently been proved, in the most convincing manner, to be a forgery, although not unskilfully done, after very careful examination by Fred. Schiern, in Copenhagen.

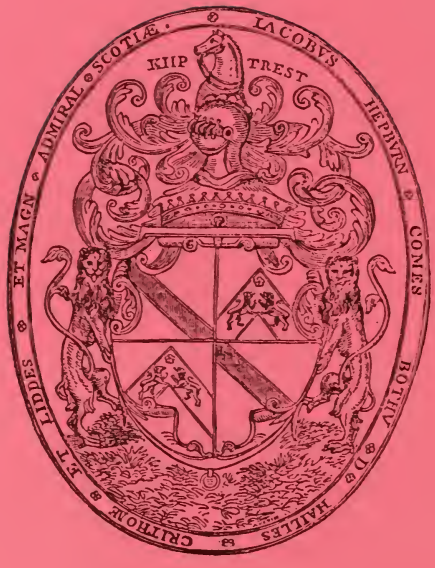
As a new and important proof of the innocence of Mary Stuart, Hosack finally also cites an unquestionably very interesting letter from the Earl of Sussex to Cecil. This letter, however, on closer examination, contains entirely different things from what Hosack would make us believe. Sussex only says, in this letter: "It will be difficult to find ground for an accusation against the Queen, for if her opponents brought forward the letters, she might simply deny these, and justly accuse many among them of having themselves wished for the murder. So there might be better proofs." Thus, now, to draw the conclusion that Sussex considered the letters as falsified is an unhistorical and illogical proceeding, especially as Sussex, at that time, had in no way seen them. This letter is dated 22d October, 1568. That remarkable account of a contemporary (Dr. Thomas Wilson), concerning a confidential conversation, which he says he had with the Bishop of Ross, in relation to the imprisoned Queen, is also worthy of little credit as to its contents, and of doubtful meaning. The Bishop, and thus the representative of Mary Stuart, according to this conversation, not only allows the guilt of his mistress, but accuses her, most unambiguously, of killing, by poison, her first husband, the Dauphin. If Lesly really made this declaration, he appears as one of the most contemptible characters of that time, and Wilson's exclamation, "Lord, what a people, what an ambassador!" seems to be justifiable. We know too little of the personality of Wilson, and of the relations of the two men to each other, to be able to pass a clear judgment in the case. * * *

I come, finally, to the declaration of Crawford. Burton, very properly, emphasizes the weight which his testimony possesses, under any circumstances. It possessed more clearness than any statement of facts which the Lords handed in. Crawford was known as a quiet honorable man, an excellent soldier, who, at a later period, performed distinguished service. Crawford, on his oath, declared what was read to him was true and accurate, "although it was, perhaps, not in the very words." He declared that Lenox, disquieted in regard to the unexpected visit of the Queen, had begged him to take notice of all that passed. And that the King, immediately afterwards, had communicated to him the particulars of the conversation, in order that he might inform his father of them. The commissioners of Mary declined, at Westminster, to hear Crawford orally on the subject. Hosack considers it entirely impossible that any interview could be rehearsed by two eye-witnesses with such similar expressions, and instances two reports of a modern legal speech. The question, however, is here, over some few very definite questions and answers; and, besides, as already mentioned, it is not impossible that Crawford had obtained a look at the Queen's letters before he prepared his testimony. Those letters of Lenox and Wood, which asked from Crawford details in regard to the sojourn of the Queen in Glasgow, in regard to her arrival, suite, conversation, whether she sent off letters and parcels, and had received returns, only show that Lenox was gathering all the materials he could, as, indeed, Murray in like manner, without doubt, caused his *Book of Articles* to be carefully prepared.

Kiip Trest.

The Illustrations

in this work have been derived from various sources. The likeness of Mary Stuart was reproduced from a very rare engraving, labeled "Maria Scotorvm Regina Ex Pictura Frederici Zuchari in Ædibus Nobilissimi ac Honoratissimi Dni. Dni. Baronis de Carlton. *Georgius Virtue Londini Sculpsit*, 1725." Frederico Zucchero, born in 1543, resided several years in England, where he grew into high repute, and painted a portrait of Queen Elizabeth," &c. The photo-engraving of Bothwell Castle is from an old print, one of several so closely resembling each other, it must be correct; Hermitage Castle and Bothwell's Book-stamp are from Prof. Schiern's "Life of the Great Earl;" Malmo-huus is from Horace Marryatt's "Year in Sweden;" Dragsholm from an original by Resen, reproduced in "Jutland and the Danish Isles," by the same author, both of whose works are in the de Peyster Alcove, New York Society Library.


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